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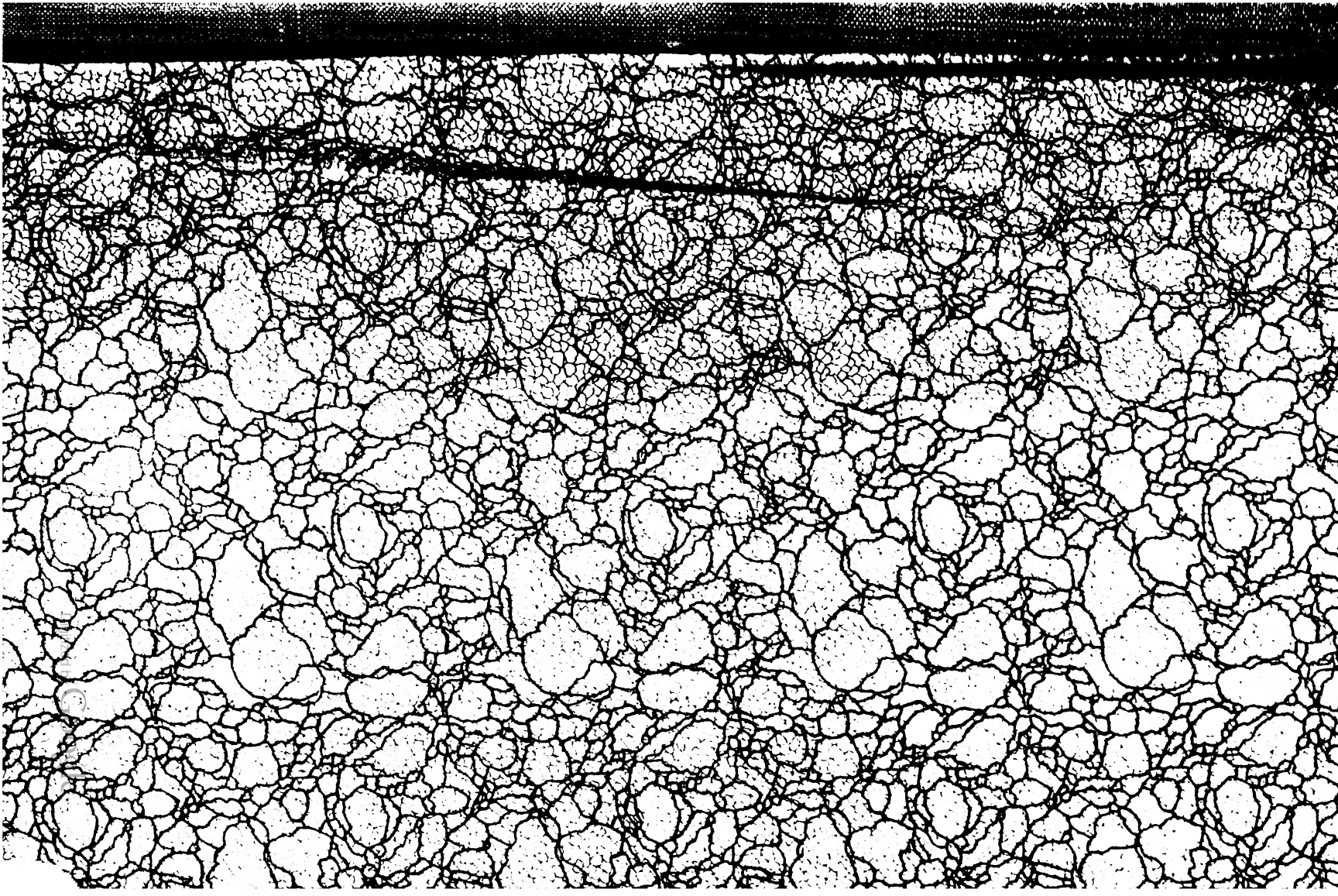

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THE EAGLE'S WINGS
THE AGE OF EXPANSION
1868-1910

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George Dewey.
Admiral of the Navy.
Nov. 1/10.

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The Real America in Romance

THE EAGLE'S WINGS

THE AGE OF EXPANSION

1868-1910

EDITED BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS," "LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS," "VIRGILIA, AND OTHER POEMS," "THE POETRY OF JESUS," ETC.

VOLUME XIII

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THE EAGLE'S WINGS

THE AGE OF EXPANSION

WHAT romance born of an author's fancy is as thrilling as the true romances of American history! It is not within the range of the novelist's imagination to conceive a story better adapted to romantic treatment than is the account of the four centuries of America's development into a world power. The story of the Discovery of the New World reads like a fairy tale; each succeeding generation, from the Age of Conquest to the Age of Union, has served but to enhance the fascination of the story; and the history-makers of the present generation have not failed to furnish a fitting climax.

When we consider the pinnacle of greatness to which this Western Republic has climbed, there seems to be some reason to believe that we to-day are living in her golden age. Into the great crucible, America, every country in the world has poured its stream of liberty-lovers, freedom-seekers; and from this melting-pot has come forth a race whose moral fibre is unequalled in the world. For when before in the history of warfare has a war been waged for the purpose of assisting a neighbor people to gain their liberty?

The idea of such a war, perhaps, is not altogether new; it has been used as a pretext in many a European squabble of pure aggrandizement, or pure jealousy. England intervened to help Holland against Spain, but not for love of liberty; not in the least; it was for hatred and jealousy of Spain. France gave aid to the United States; but would she have done so had she not had a score to settle

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with England? So with all the other cases; but in 1898, not so.

There had been cause, and cause enough, judged by Continental standards, for America to go to war with Spain long ago. Yet she did not go, and she would not have gone, even after the destruction of the *Maine*, had it not been that the nation's heart was pulsing in full and utter sympathy with the Cubans in their struggle for liberty. A war that is fought, not for any motive of self-interest, but from pure charity, pure humanity, is a righteous, an ethically magnificent war, and none but a great country could wage it.

The Age of Union presents the not unusual spectacle of brother fighting against brother, one in the Federal Army, the other under the Confederate flag — the family divided, as the nation was divided. In the present generation, that family is once more fighting under the same flag, one scion with Dewey at Manila, one with Roosevelt and the Rough Riders at San Juan — symbol of a Republic reunited and placed on a higher and firmer foundation than ever before.

The interest of the last volume of the series is further enhanced by numerous autographed portraits of the living men who have contributed to the making of our glorious history. Long may they be spared, not alone to direct The Great Republic, but to guide those weaker peoples who may come under the protection of

THE EAGLE'S WINGS.

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THE EAGLE'S WINGS

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THE EAGLE'S WINGS

THE AGE OF EXPANSION

CHAPTER I

THE HEART OF YOUTH

A YOUNG man stole silently along in the shadow of the stone wall.

Over his shoulder he glanced as he went, taking care to keep out of the moonlight which filled the heavily scented air with a luminousness almost liquid. On the road before him, where the sharp shadow stopped, the dust lay, pure silver in the white moonlight. Far behind him, back along the way he had come, he could hear the faint rhythm of music; the indistinct thrumming of guitars from the open window of some café mingled with his thoughts and seemed to form part of the dream-like thing that he was half finding, half remembering. As he walked swiftly along, crouching still in the black shadow at the wall's edge, his mind was groping for the secret of the spell which held him. He had been here before, or else he was living in a dream.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

He remembered the known and noted facts of his life

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with a half-smile of doubt, of wonder; surely these things had been a part of him; surely they had gone to the making of him! Yet now they were the unrealities: the only real thing in all his life was the delicious fever that held him now, that held him thrilling to his finger-tips with a being that had never been stirred before. He drew in the fragrant breath of the night with an ecstasy of inhalation; surely never before had it been a joy like this, merely to breathe!

He abandoned thought. It was enough to live! And he stepped swiftly on along the silent way. He had left the city now, and the protection of the wall, and he walked erect once more. As he walked, he threw wide his arms to the open night. A few seconds later, he caught sight of the thing that he had come to see; and all his heart leapt throbbing in his throat.

It was there — her light, shining in her window! It was still afar off, and faint,

THE LAND OF CUBA

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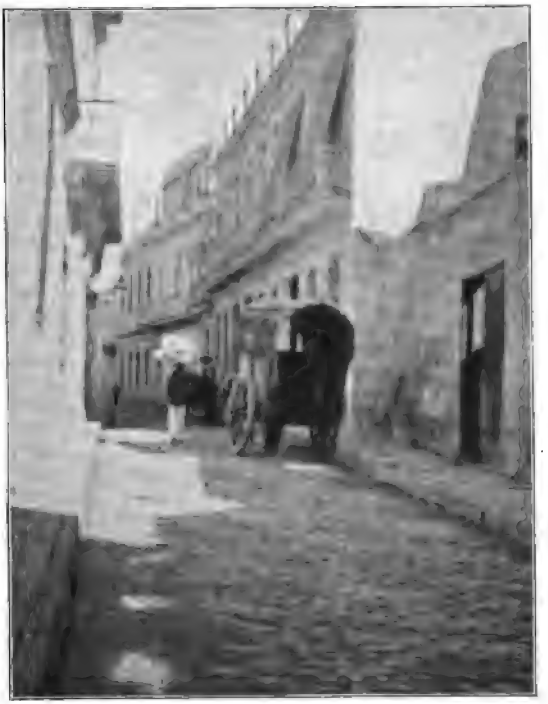

A Spanish Street in Havana, Cuba

and might to other eyes have been mistaken for any other beacon; not to his. He knew it was the candle that shone from her casement; and all his soul went out in worship of that little flame. His heart drove forward his footsteps; and at length, still with that delicious suffocation in his breast, he halted in the shade of a tree, a scant two rods from the low stone wall of the garden of his love.

The night around him now was still, as thought is still. The myriad little noises of the tropical summer night were blurred in his ears to a musical murmur. The moon, nearing the horizon, cast level shadows from tree and bush. He leaned against the bole of the protecting tree, and stood very still. In the low house behind the garden-wall people were about; he could catch the sound of snatches of talk, of laughter. In the window he was watching, the light shone clear. It was her room; she might be there; he might see her, should she chance to come to the window. And for that sight and in that hope he waited, waited while the slow minutes slipped away, and the white moon sank below the

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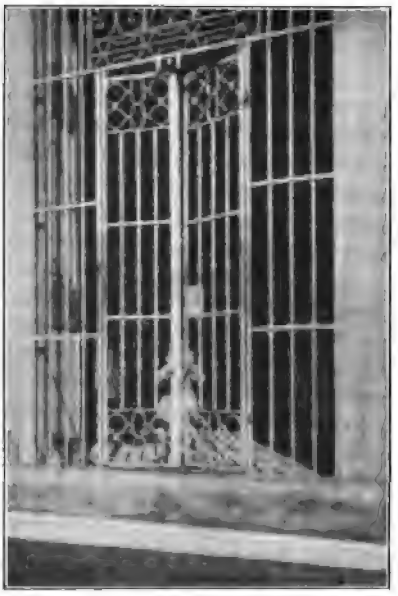

A Cuban Window

hills behind him, and the night grew yet more lonely and more silent. All sounds from the house were over; yet still he stood motionless, patient, heedless of the passage of time. And at last came the moment for which he had waited.

Into the bright oblong space of the lighted casement came suddenly a slender figure, a figure swaying with life and grace, that moved as though moving were music, as though breath were song. One moment she stood outlined clearly in the light; the next, the casement swung to with a faint click. The night was empty; she was gone. After a little while, back along the road down which he had come, went Hernando Stevens, lover. Alone, but not lonely, for his memory gave him wonderful company, and life a wonderful dream.

It was hard upon midnight when he again reached the narrow street that led to the Casa del Toro, where he was staying. The cathedral chimes rang out the hour as he entered his low-ceiled room. A young man stretched languidly out upon a couch regarded him with a quizzical eye.

"Well, Don Quixote of America, did you have a pleasant walk in the sentimental moonlight? How did you manage to escape from the windmills?"

"John Cabanel, humorist," said his friend, with an effort at lightness, and leaning, to hide a flush, he flicked the white dust off his boots.

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"John Cabanel, seer and sage," retorted that gentleman profoundly. "John Cabanel, prophet and oracle! Not that I need to be, old don, to read your ingenuous eyes like a page of large print. I've not lived with you for seven years, boy o' my heart, without learning a little about you. Come, now, out with it! You'll have to tell, one time or another, to get my advice. It may as well be now. I wish to know who she is, the color of her eyes, her age, whether she is just as high as your heart, or three or four feet higher,—and so on. Come on, speak lively, for the hour is late!"

Hernando Stevens went over to his friend and laid a hand affectionately on his shoulder; he stood looking down on him, with a strange, dreaming half-smile upon his lips. It was as though he had not fully returned from another world in which mind and soul had been wandering. John Cabanel reached up and gripped him by the fingers; he smiled still with his quizzical smile, but there was a tinge of anxiety in his eyes for all that. Never were friends closer than these two. After a moment he continued:

"If I had known you were going to fall in love and go wandering about in this deceiving Cuban moonlight like a disembodied soul, I never should have brought you along. One might have

A Country Road in Cuba

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expected me, with my volatile nature, to get into trouble, and run the risk of getting shot by Spanish night-watches, who ask nothing better than to shoot a nice, plump young American,— but not you! You should have been home in bed three hours ago. Instead of which you walk the streets; and why you were n't shot I cannot imagine."

Hernando Stevens sat suddenly down beside his friend.

"I *will* tell you," he said simply. "I do need your help; you must help me to meet her, for I have waited to find her very many years, I think."

He fell silent again, and for a space neither spoke.

"Her name is Inez," he went on after a little, "Inez de Ribera." He said it lingeringly, musingly. But Cabanel, open mouthed, sat suddenly bolt upright, eying his friend in stupefaction.

"Inez de Ribera," he repeated, stupidly. "Inez. My son, what have you done? Do you have any idea what it is that you have done? You have selected not only the single, solitary young woman on the island of Cuba whom I could help you to meet,— but —" his voice deepened — "you have also hit upon the affianced bride of Senor Diego Ramon Vèlandez de Seguria, cousin to the governor general of Havana and this island. Inez de Ribera!" He sprang to his feet and paced up and down the room, nervously, and thinking hard. He brought up in front of his friend with a sweep.

"Hernando," he cried beseechingly, "do you know what you have done? I love her myself! It is she whom I came to Cuba to see, only to learn that she was to marry this hell-hound of a Spaniard whose very name stinks in the nostrils of Europe!" His voice changed, and he looked affectionately at Hernando Stevens. "We are both in the same boat, old boy!" he said.

But the other regarded him in silence; and the light in

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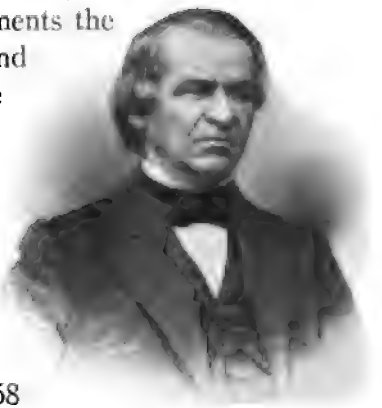
his eyes went out, leaving them dull. For a long minute there was silence in the room. Then Stevens rose slowly, looking Cabanel straight in the eye.

"There is only one thing to do," he said. "We must get her for you. She cannot love this man — she must not be allowed to marry him, if he is what you say. We must save her, you and I, and marry her to you!"

Cabanel reached out and gripped him by the hand; and their eyes were moist. In a few moments the light in their room was extinguished, and two young men lay thinking in the darkness. Presently, one slept; but the other, his sleepless eyes staring into the blackness, lay motionless in grief before the ruin of a dream still-born.



ANDREW JOHNSON

Hernando Stevens and John Cabanel were in the first flush of life's glorious spring. In this year 1868 they had set forth for the first time beyond the bounds of their own great country, now recovering slowly but with dauntless courage from the grievous wounds and sorrow of the Civil War. The two lads had enlisted in the last days of the war, too late to see active service, but in time to share the mourning for the stricken Lincoln in the country's capital. They had been there, too, when Andrew Johnson had become President in Lincoln's place. Sad day was this for the nation whose wounds must be bound up. Only the great Lincoln, with "charity for all, with malice toward none," it may be, could have done this healing work perfectly; as it was, the process was a most painful one, and one which left wounds of its own. Maladministration and squabbles between an unfriendly Congress and a stubborn Executive

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ending in an unsuccessful attempt at impeachment, only went to enhance the difficulties of an already difficult situation. In the South, the negroes, who but a few years before were in slavery, soon filled the legislatures and executive offices. Many of them were given minor judicial positions, and in some few cases negroes even occupied seats on the benches of the higher courts. Numerous offices were created for the "carpet-baggers," those vultures which followed every chance of spoil, now swarming down upon the South. An era of extravagance, better described as outright plunder in some States, set in. Debts were incurred for projected improvements, many of which were never carried through. Taxation became such a burden that the people in their impoverished condition could not meet it. In Mississippi one-sixth of the entire land of the State was confiscated for non-payment of taxes. The spirit of the South was stirred to its depths. Then there arose that "invisible empire" known as the Ku-Klux Klan, an organization to terrorize negroes and exclude them from their newly acquired political privileges. Disorder broke out in all the Southern States. For a while it seemed as if the war itself had been a less bitter thing.

Now in 1868, honor and humanity had triumphed; the wounds were healing as well as aught but time could heal them. All but four of the seceded States had been readmitted; and out of the clouds burst the long-delayed splendor of the sun. Once more a reunited country, respected at home and abroad, was able to assert her rights under the Monroe Doctrine. Relieved of the embarrassment of internal dissension, the government by decisive action had succeeded the year before in convincing the French Emperor that the United States could not tolerate his intervention in American affairs. Napoleon III, accordingly, withdrew the French troops under Maximilian in Mexico, which had been sent

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over when our great republic was thought to be in its death struggle. Maximilian was expected to return with them, but motives which must be admired prevented him from abdicating and returning with the troops that Napoleon had pledged to keep this Austrian prince on the Mexican throne. His mission in coming was the "rejuvenation of Mexico"—poor Mexico, with thirty-six changes of government and seventy-three presidents in forty years! Now, to admit ignominious failure and to abandon his trusted friends was too much. And had not Carlotta gone to Europe in behalf of her husband?

NAPOLEON III

Aided by Generals Miramon and Marquez, who promised to raise troops to replace those recalled by Napoleon, Maximilian took up his quarters at Queretaro. Here, however, he was soon surrounded by forces under President Juarez. His plans to escape were betrayed by one of his trusted generals, who admitted the enemy into the imperial camp, and Maximilian and his generals were forced to surrender. After a short confinement they were tried by a military court and condemned to be shot.

Near Queretaro, on the little eminence called the Hill of Bells, the Emperor and his leading generals, Miramon and Mejia, were led forth to execution. With a look of compassion upon the seven men chosen as his executioners,

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Maximilian exclaimed, "Poor fellows, they have an unpleasant duty before them," and turning to the officer in command, he handed him seven twenty-dollar gold coins to be given his executioners when they had finished their duty. Like his kinswoman, Marie Antoinette, the Emperor faced death with dignity and composure. "My friends," he said, indicating his heart with a gesture, "be good enough to spare my face

THE EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN

and aim directly here." Then looking about him at the beautiful landscape, he exclaimed: "What a beautiful day! It is on such a day as this that I have always wished to die." Miramon, jesting to the last, turned to Maximilian laughingly and compared his position with that of the impenitent thief on the cross. "Permit me, then," replied the Emperor, "to yield this place to you. A brave man like yourself deserves it," and as he spoke he stepped quickly to one side, leaving Miramon in the center. Thus perished one of the noblest princes of the house of Austria, and with his death faded the French dreams of empire on the North American continent.

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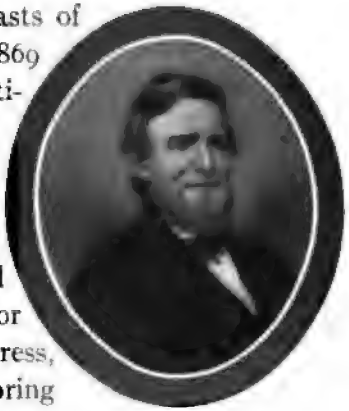
The crisis in Mexico, followed by the purchase from Russia of the wonderful wild acres of Alaska, seemed to open a new era of good feeling and prosperity for the reunited country, the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of which were to be bound together in 1869 by the completion of the first transcontinental railway.



SCHUYLER COLFAX

Throughout this trying time the man who had brought the war to a close at Appomattox bore a loyal and honorable part. Laying aside his sword at the close of the war, he had labored for peace between the President and Congress, and did all that one man might do to bring order out of chaos. Because of the services already rendered to his country, he was looked to to pilot the ship of state safely into port. So highly was he regarded that he was approached by members of both political parties as the most available candidate for the presidency; and in May, 1868, the Republican party nominated unanimously, on the first ballot, U. S. Grant for President, with Schuyler Colfax of Indiana for vice-president. Grant was as good as elected. The crisis was over. The Union had been saved.

PRESIDENT U. S. GRANT

The year ended with a Christmas proclamation by President Johnson, of general amnesty throughout the United States. But in Cuba the year was marked by a fresh outbreak of hostilities. It was the beginning

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of the bitter ten years' struggle for independence. Cuba had many warm friends in the United States. In fact, several attempts had been made to buy Cuba outright. Various sums, ranging from $30,000,000 to $100,000,000, had been offered to Spain for the island, the highest price being offered by President Polk in 1848.

Hernando Stevens was one of Cuba's sympathizers. It was his strong feeling for the Cuban patriots that drew him to the island. He set out upon his mission little dreaming that he was so soon to come face to face with the first keen tragedy of his life. Down in the old chamber of the Cuban Hotel he lay watching for the dawn to come.

At last it came; and a little later, over their morning meal, the two held grave-faced council. Hernando Stevens, his dead hope laid quietly and utterly away in his heart, held so firmly to his conviction that Inez must be saved for Cabanel, that at length he brought his friend to his own belief. An hour from that time the two set out, arm in arm, along the road which would lead them to the tree beside the garden's wall. Neither felt in the mood for speech; so they walked on thoughtfully until at last they stood before the old stone wall, and one stretched forth his hand to the iron knocker upon the hinge.

GRANT'S HOME IN GALENA, ILLINOIS

"Who is there?" came the

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cautious hail from within. An opening wicket disclosed the face of an old negress, who eyed them suspiciously, if coolly.

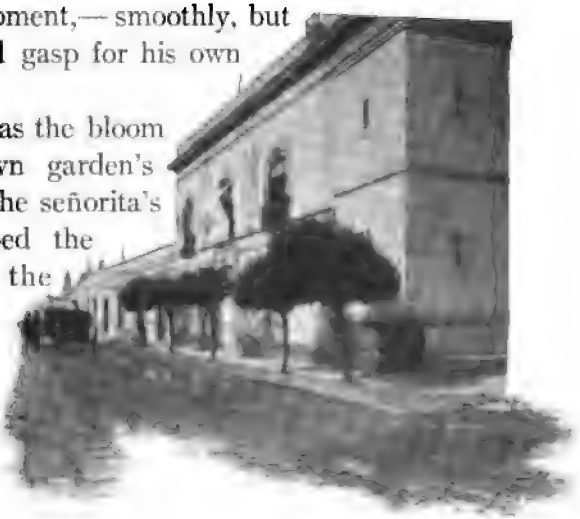
"I desire to see Señor Juan de Ribera," spoke John Cabanel. "I have here a letter in his handwriting; he will remember me." He passed over his letter and the negress, taking it, shuffled off, slapping the wicket shut behind her as she went. In a very few moments, however, she returned, this time with more alacrity, and the young men heard the bolt withdrawn. The door swung open; they entered the courtyard and were ushered into a large room furnished only with a square table in the center and some benches beside it. Their guide motioned toward these benches, nodded her head, and disappeared.

After a brief interval the door opened slowly, and, bending forward his head as he passed the doorway, there entered a white-haired man, Señor de Ribera. He bade them welcome to his house with much polite exaggeration, and bade them be seated. Cabanel introduced his companion. The three sat gravely regarding one another, while the host directed the placing of a flask of wine upon the table, for it seemed to him that his guests must be thirsty after their walk.

"And Señorita Inez, whom I remember so well?" said Cabanel, after a moment,— smoothly, but with a little inward gasp for his own temerity.

"The señorita has the bloom of one of her own garden's flowers," returned the señorita's parent. He dropped the conversation on the topic, it seemed.

"I have come a thousand miles to see her," pursued



MAXIMILIAN'S PRISON

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Cabanel bluntly. Now that he was in the thing, he would see it through. "May I see her, señor?"

"With certainty you may see her, señor," returned the old man; and with another bow he turned to the door. The two callers were left alone.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN

"Well," breathed Cabanel, "so far, so good. I hope she comes soon!"

She did come soon. Perhaps she had seen and recognized the young man as he drew near the house; or perhaps she merely chanced to be near by. At all events, she came, almost at once, and Cabanel leapt forward to kiss her hand.

Hernando Stevens, who rose also at her entrance, gazed with his heart in his eyes. She was so much more beautiful than his heart had pictured, even. She was beauty and music and glory! His slain hope fluttered at his heart, but he grasped and held it still. Cabanel, unheeding his host, who stood smiling a little grimly, still held the young girl's fingers. All things else forgotten, he stood looking into her face, searching, it may be, for the answer he feared. What he saw seemed, on the contrary, to fill him with exaltation, and it was with the air of a victor at the games that he turned to his friend, who still waited with that cold hopelessness riding in his breast.

"This is my friend, Hernando Stevens,— Señorita Inez de Ribera," he said.

"I bid you welcome, señor!" she said. Her voice in his

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THE SITE OF MAXIMILIAN'S EXECUTION AT QUERETARO

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ears at last. He bent low over her hand, which his cold lips barely touched.

"I thank you for your welcome," he said gently. In his soul he said: "She is more beautiful than she was in my dreams. She is the rose of life!"

He walked across to Señor de Ribera, asking him some question which the old man was compelled to answer, thus leaving Cabanel and Inez together on the other side of the wide board. There they talked in low tones for a few sentences.

"Shall I not show our guests the garden?" asked Inez of her father.

"As you wish, my child." But Stevens, with a look into Cabanel's face, declined to follow. "I will stay here out of the sunshine," he said slowly.

The two in the garden talked not at all at first. Then he:

"Is it true what I hear? Are you to marry that Spaniard?" he demanded.

She looked away; would not meet his eyes. At last, and her voice was so low that he had to bend nearer to catch the tremulous syllables:

"My father would have it so — and — you did not write."

"I wrote every week for the mail boat!" he cried.

She eyed him sadly. "I last heard from you a year and a week ago."

He clenched his hands in indignation. "What does it mean?" he cried.

"The foreign mail passes through the hands of the inspectors," she said. "No letters are delivered unless the governor-general wills."

"And Velandez is his cousin!" His face was white with anger. "But you! What did you think? Surely you knew I had not forgotten! Surely you knew?"

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"My letters came back. I wrote you — three times. They came back to me canceled. I thought — I did not know what to think," she finished.

Cabanel, his cheeks white with rage, stood before her. "But that is tyranny," he said bitterly. "That is conspiracy. Tell me, did this Spaniard know of our meetings, then?" At the recollection their hands went out to meet.

"I do not know," she answered dreamily — "You are here now."

"We saw you at the ball," said Cabanel, later, "my friend and I. You came in on your father's arm. Hernando saw you first. I felt his hand clutch my arm. 'Look!' he said. He did not know that I knew you. But he thought, and I knew, that you were the most wonderful thing in this wonderful world. And I knew it; and it is true. And no Spaniard can have you now!"

"No," she answered, "no." There was silence.

THE BRIDGE NEAR QUERETARO WHERE MAXIMILIAN'S LAST STAND WAS MADE

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In the house the old man and the young talked quietly. Perhaps an hour went by, or not so long a time. To Hernando it seemed a year. He welcomed the sound of horses' hoofs in the road outside with an inward sigh of relief. There was a hammering on the gate; a brief colloquy at the wicket; a foot on the corridor floor; and a man dressed in full Spanish uniform strode into the room, his sword rapping against the door-jamb as he passed it.

"I will see your daughter, señor!" he said without preamble, and not glancing at Hernando at all. Señor de Ribera rose, stiffly, in dignity.

"I will see if she will receive you," he said with crisp enunciation. He turned to leave the room, when the Spaniard caught him by the arm.

"No, señor!" he said. "We will go together. I heard her voice but now in the garden. We will go together to find the señorita!" Off he strode. There was nought to do but follow; and follow the two men did, as swiftly as might be. Into the garden went all three, and there, on a seat beneath a rose-tree, sat the sought-for lady; and at her feet, and kissing her hand as though he would never cease, knelt a young man.

With a growl in his throat, the Spaniard started forward; but Señor de Ribera was too quick for him, catching his arm as he moved to draw his sword.

"Thus we find her!" cried Velandez. "Thus my bride is found. Love in the garden! A pretty seeing for a bridegroom. Señor!" to Cabanel, "take your hand from that young maiden's arm!" John stood still, with a smile of contentment on his face. He made no answer of any kind.

The Spaniard hissed an ugly name through his teeth. At the sound the old man at his elbow straightened himself, as at the flick of a lash, and laid his hand very lightly, oh, very lightly indeed, on the Spaniard's sleeve.

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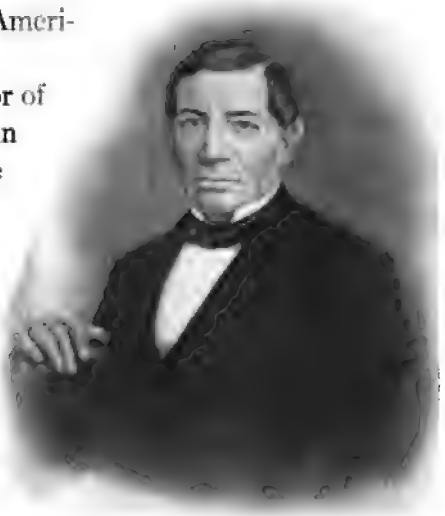
"I have the honor, señor, to claim satisfaction for that word," he said, almost in a whisper. His teeth shut together with a click.

"Not you!" Velandez cried. "This cavalier here shall answer to me. I will throw his bones for the vultures to pick. Señor Americano, I demand —"

"You have insulted the honor of my name," said Ribera, still in that low voice. "I demand the withdrawal of the word which you uttered!"

"Never!" returned the other with a sneer. "If you will have it so, I give you satisfaction first, and then will punish this foreign cavalier, who, since he likes kisses, shall taste the kiss of steel."

"But I am first," Ribera repeated, in a tone of satisfaction.



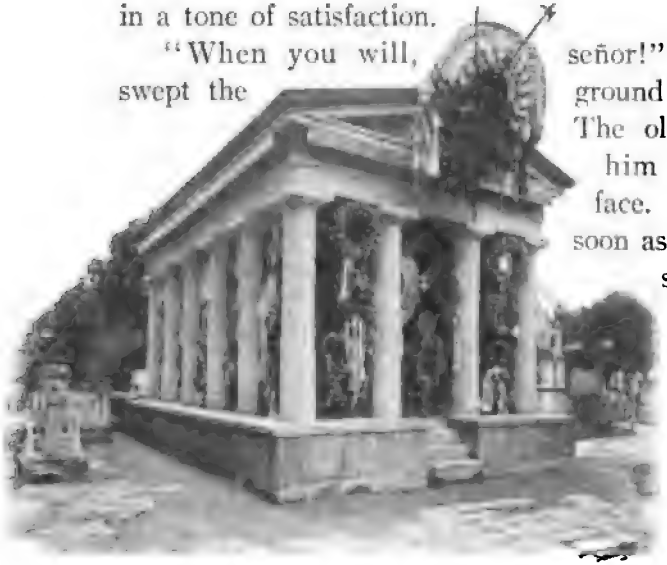
President Juarez

"When you will, señor!" and the Spaniard swept the ground with his bow.

The older man looked him calmly in the face. "It shall be as soon as I can secure my seconds from the city," he said.

The Spaniard frowned.

"That will take time," he growled.



The Tomb of Juarez

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"A little," said his host. "Juan! Juan!" he cried. A servant came; to him the old man gave directions; he left the garden on a run.

During the wait, Hernando Stevens, as the only disinterested party, kept the Spaniard company in the large room. In another apartment Inez and her father were alone. She was weeping, and clung to him, heart-broken.

"Grieve not, *carita mia!*" he said. "It was no fault of thine!"

She wept and would not be comforted.

"The seconds will be here soon," he went on. "It will soon be over."

She raised her head, a new thought striking her of a sudden.

"Why did you send to the city? Could not our guests have served?"

He smiled on her sadly. "I know the Spaniards better than you, my child," he said. "I prefer to have witnesses whom no one can confute." There was no more speech between them until the coming of Juan with those he had gone to fetch. They were four gentlemen of family and authority, Cubans all, but of consequence in the city, and with connections at the court of Spain. Nobody knew better than the Cubans how wise it was to have a friend at court.

The preliminaries were simple, and easily arranged. The old man bade his daughter farewell kindly, put aside her clinging hands, and went out with his friends to where the Spaniard already waited in the garden. Two of the newcomers acted as Ribera's seconds; two as Velandez's. The two Americans stood to one side. In the open space near the arbor, the meeting took place.

The combatants crossed swords gravely. At the word they saluted, broke ground, came together again,— and the fight began. It seemed desperately unfair to the view,

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for the Spaniard was twenty years toward youth. In Hernando's eyes it looked like murder; while to Cabanel, who knew that in another hour he too might be facing that terrible Spanish sword, the sight was one of unholy fascination. He could not take his eyes from the whirling blade.

The old man gave ground. In a rally, he stumbled. The other was on him like a flash. Into his breast, a hand's span, went the Spaniard's sword. Yet even as he fell, the old warrior, with shortened sword, thrust once. Right through the Spaniard's throat the blue blade went. It was finished.

THE TOMB OF MEJIA

By suggestion of Señor Moscoso, the two Americans returned at once to town. There was no sense in having them involved in the investigation, if it could be avoided. It would merely add suspicion to the affair in Spanish eyes. For a month the matter was in debate. An inquest was held, depositions were taken.

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But in the end, the whole blew over. The testimony of the four men was too strong to shake. And — which was the real truth of the matter — the governor-general had always been a trifle jealous of his cousin, anyway. Inez went to live with her father's brother; the governor-general confiscated the estates of Ribera, as well as those of his cousin; and there the matter ended.

A six-month later there was a quiet wedding in the old cathedral. John Cabanel was wedded to Inez de Ribera, and Hernando Stevens, with steady eyes, stood beside his friend through all the long ceremony. At the cathedral door they parted, one to go back to America, the other southward with his bride.

"Good bye, old friend," said Cabanel huskily. "Good bye, old boy!"

"Good bye!" said Hernando simply.

It was done, then. Hernando stood quite motionless in the open sunlight with his eyes fixed upon the carriage that whirled along the road. So deep a sorrow rode in his gaze that a woman standing near marked it.

A Cuban Garden

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"See!" she whispered to her companion. "He loved her too, and must come and assist at the breaking of his heart!" She glanced compassionately at him as she passed. Hernando did not see her — nor anything, save the one thing.

It was over and done. He must take up his life where it was cut in two, and make of it what he could. And somehow, watching that dusty road, peace came into his heart, and a little of the sadness left his eyes. It had been sweet while it lasted: let it last forever! Let it not die, as his youth had done, but let it live ever within him, a candle for his feet. He had loved the most beautiful thing in the world; that should be glory enough.

He knew that this thing which had been, could never be again. He knew that never again was he to know that thrilling of the blood, that delirious ecstasy of mind and heart. He had had it, and it must last him for the rest of his days. He knew that never in this life could he forget the image of her shadow at the window. He knew that, to the end of time, for him, he could not hear a guitar thrumming in the night without remembering a long white road beneath the moon, and a light in a window; that never from his nostrils would quite vanish the odor of the incense-laden air. He wrapped these memories up with his youth, and laid them away out of sight forever.

But ah! that night, when she entered the ballroom on her father's arm! He shut his eyes to hold the memory clear.

He opened them upon a middle-aged world. He went down the street to where his vessel lay at anchor. The next morning he was on the open sea.

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CHAPTER II

SPAIN THE MAGNIFICENT

ON the Iberian peninsula, cut off from Europe by the towering fortress of the Pyrenees, lies Spain. It is not easy for us, a youngling race, to appreciate how deeply into the loam of time extend the roots of the Spanish tree of life. To our hurrying minds a hundred years, or a thousand,— it is all one. On the shore of Lake Michigan stands a mighty city, one of the greatest in the known world, where less than a century ago was spread an uninhabitable swamp, whose night-winds knew the call of owl and wolf and panther.

ALFONSO XII

On the southern shore of Spain lies a city, dreaming by the azure sea, a city named Cadiz, that numbers her years not by tens, nor by hundreds, but by thousands. For it was 3000 years ago, that is to say in 1100 B.C., that the Phœnicians, roving undaunted forth in their swift sea-galleys, made at Cadiz a walled town which they called Gaddir, or the Fortress. This name, a dozen centuries later, was changed by the Romans to Gadez, from which the transition to its present form is a mere matter of pronunciation. Thirty centuries ago there was a city at Cadiz; thirty centuries ago there was a country of Spain. Her people then were, it is true, not of the same race as the

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present people, but something of that old Celtiberian blood runs still in Spanish veins, and will so run till the running of blood be ended.

The Phœnicians, having built their town, and having taken from its vicinity many galley-loads of silver and of copper, went but little farther, either in their roving or in their colonizing. They did indeed stray some little distance out into the Atlantic, beyond Gibraltar, and they decided that they had reached the end of the world, and that here was a very good place to turn back. Turn back they did; and so, a century or so later, did the Greeks turn back, after calling that mighty gateway the Gate of Hercules, and the rocks that guard it, the Pillars of Hercules. They too made settlements in Spain, notably one at the present site of Tarragona. The years passed, and neither Greek nor Phœnician footprints were washed away. The earlier ones, indeed, were kept fresh and new through the agency of another town, also of Phœnician origin, the great city of Carthage.

In the year 218 B.C. there arrived in Spain, on his way to Rome, a general the echo of whose name will never die: Hannibal, son of Hamilcar the Great. Hamilcar, defeated in his wars with Rome, turned his mission over to his son, and Hannibal, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, began the siege of Saguntum, near the site

THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

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of the present Valencia, which siege was the direct cause of the Second Punic War. This war of one man against a nation ended at last as it was foredoomed to end, and a century later the desert claimed Carthage once for all. In Spain, too, the Romans were triumphant, and thus commenced the second of the great movements in the history of the peninsula beyond the Pyrenees.

THE GORGEOUSLY DECORATED THRONE ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

For almost six centuries the Roman hand lay heavy on the land; and the Roman customs prevailed and waxed strong, till the wild Celtiberian temper of the people began to know something of discipline and of the arts of life. Six hundred years of Roman occupation taught many things; but they were over at last. In the fourth century A.D., when the unkempt hordes of Genseric the Vandal swept over the Alps for the first great sack of Rome, another branch of the invading army swept also over the Pyrenees, and overran Spain. In her struggle against Genseric, Rome, eager for allies, made an alliance with the

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Visigoths under Atawulf, the Visigoths being the descendants of the Teutons who had invaded Spain a century before. Atawulf set busily to work and soon expelled the Vandals from his borders; under the celebrated Genseric, however, they returned in greater might than ever, and for a time Spain lay at their Vandal mercy. It was not until the great

THE ROYAL ARMORY, MADRID. THE FINEST COLLECTION OF ARMOR IN THE WORLD; TROPHIES OF SPANISH CONQUESTS FROM MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD

battle in A.D. 428, wherein the Goths and the Romans under Theodoric defeated the undefeatable Attila the Hun, that Spain finally shook herself free of her latest barbarian invaders.

Then, for almost three centuries, the Goths enjoyed their good land in comfort and peace at home, if not abroad. The country prospered; little towns sprang up and throve; the fields provided sustenance, the mines wealth. Take it all in all, it was a satisfactory epoch. One stout Gothic king followed another, with no difficulties except a few religious differences between the Arian and Catholic Christians,

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which latter were finally triumphant, at so early a date as the sixth century A.D. But this state of affairs was too placid to continue forever; when it ended, it did so with violence and completeness, in the year of our Lord 710.

It was in that year that the Moors, urged forward by the terrible onward-thresh of the Hegira, swept like an inundating flood into Spain. The Goths rallied under the last of the Gothic kings, Roderick, and met the dusky foe at the battle of Guadalete. For two days the battle raged, but at the end the Moors, under Tarik the One-Eyed, swept their opponents from the field, after killing nine-tenths of Roderick's army. Thenceforward, for 800 years, Spain was a Moorish province; not willingly so, for during all that time she continued to resist, sometimes openly, sometimes only by means of a feeble but always venomous guerilla warfare.

The Moors, turned back from France by Charles Martel at Tours, confined themselves to Spain; and thus she gained her third great master. The Moorish capital was first founded at Cordova, later at Granada; and there can be no doubt, whatever the rightful owners may have felt, that the Moors were in the main good masters, wise rulers, and strong men. They were more, they were poets and minstrels, too, and to them perhaps, more than to any other source, Spain owes the romance and the beauty of her legends and her lore. The towers of the Alhambra alone are a priceless heritage.

It was during the first half of the Moorish occupation that there came into Spanish annals the man around whom so many legends cling,— the famous warrior, the Cid. From a straitly historical point of view the Cid does not appear to have been a model of constancy, whatever his other virtues may have been; for during the course of his career he served several masters, all with his usual dash

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and spirit. The years of his most brilliant endeavor, however, were devoted to the Spanish cause against the Moors, to whom he became an object of superstitious awe. Not his victories, though, nor those of any of the Spanish heroes, could avail to overturn the Moorish throne. The time for that overthrow came at last, and its coming foreshadowed the era of the widest power that Spain was ever to know.

QUEEN MARIA CHRISTINA AND HER CHILDREN (*From a photograph taken when the present king was a baby*)

The kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were united, in the year 1469, by the marriage of their sovereigns, Isabella and Ferdinand; and it was this union that changed almost the entire face of the known world. Under Ferdinand's obstinate and continuous attacking, the Moors lost foot after foot of ground; city after city they lost or abandoned, and finally, in 1491, the last scene of the 800 years of strife was set around Granada. On New Year's Day of the wonderful year 1492, Granada fell, her last King surrendering his city and his throne and his race's last claim to Spanish soil.

Spain, then, for the Spaniards; at home in their own land at last. But this victory, far-reaching as it was, paled yet into insignificance beside the other happening of this epochal

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year. In his three little ships, manned by his handful of mutinous seamen, Christopher Columbus, a humble gentleman of Genoa, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and gave to the crown of Spain a world as large, or almost as large, as the charted world had been known to be. To the lands held subject to Ferdinand was added a hemisphere. And the captains of land and sea went forth right merrily to make his title good. In the way that Columbus had shown, followed Balboa, De Soto, Cortez, Pizarro, Magellan; this last a farther adventurer than any, who added new lands beyond new seas to the worlds already grasped. Could all Spain's destiny have been left in such hands as these, a different tale might have been for telling. But it is characteristic that at the very moment of this comet-like rise to greatness abroad, the rulers at home were doing their intolerant best to hold the nation back. With glory abroad, and wickedness at home, began the golden era of the Spanish crown.

MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN

When Ferdinand was dead, his successor, the Emperor Charles V, carried on the good work and the bad. He left Spain rather more powerful than he found her,—all ready, in fact, for him who came to be the most powerful monarch in all Christendom, Philip II, Philip the Gloomy, Philip the Cruel, Philip the Bigot; but also Philip the Mighty, the Mag-

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nificent. That we may see how great a space lay under this monarch's hand, let it be stated that in addition to the New World, which was all his without dispute, he now held also lands and islands in Asia, wide reaches in Africa, along the Gold Coast; and in Europe, besides his own Iberian peninsula, he was lord over the Netherlands, full half of Italy, Alsace, Lorraine, and parts of Anjou and of Spanish Navarre. Never in the history of thrones had so immense a territory come under a single hand. Let Spain dwell on the memory; for she held her zenith all too brief a while.

ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN

There was a golden age abroad in another land as well; and the two were soon to meet. Meet they did off Plymouth Hoe, in 1588; and when that meeting was done, Spain's upward march was over. With the shattering of the Armada fell the first hint of twilight on her greatest day. The other losses which followed, notably the loss of the North African provinces, were of comparatively slight moment; of little more was the virtual loss of sovereignty over the Netherlands; but none the less it was a declining and not a rising empire that Philip's death bequeathed to Philip III. This third Philip contrived to lose all the rest of the European holdings, save only Spain itself; but the colonies, the colonies east and west and south, these remained secure.

What boots it to rehearse how, one by one, the stars fell

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away from this mighty constellation? Let the bare mention serve. Early in the seventeenth century the Netherlands gained absolute independence; in the East the Spice Islands came into alien hands; in 1640 Portugal set up as a separate kingdom; in 1660 France took back Navarre; while at the dawn of the eighteenth century England gained a foothold on Gibraltar, which she could not be forced to yield. This, for a while, was all; but the more terrible inroads were still to come.

Napoleon Bonaparte rang the knell of Spanish greatness. Not content with embroiling her in continuous warfare, he, through design or by fatality, robbed her of all but a vestige of her pristine might. While Napoleon sat at her borders, her American colonies saw a chance to free themselves from her yoke; so went Mexico, Venezuela, Argentine, Chile, Peru. Through trickery and finance went Louisiana, first to Napoleon, and from him to the United States; Florida was gone long since, to reclaim captured Havana and Jamaica, so that at last, when the war-clouds rolled away, and Ferdinand VII returned to the throne of his fathers, only the phantom of the old Spain remained to call him monarch. Of all the lands which had once been hers, only a handful was left: in the West Indies, Cuba and Porto Rico; in the East Indies, the Philippines, the Sulus, and the Ladrones.

It seems on the face of it a strange thing that such extensive possessions could melt away so swiftly; but when one considers the causes of that defection, the wonder is no more. The wonder then rather is how, with her pitiless and barbaric colonial policies, Spain could hold her colonies at all. She hardly waited for the flag to float over the New World before beginning the most cruel and rapacious of overlordships. Even Columbus, good man and brave as he was, could not utterly escape the taint. Under the in-

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sistent demands from the crown for gold, gold, gold, he himself was driven to courses for which his heart could find no warrant; he initiated the slave-trade from the Indies, thus striking the first blow at Freedom in the rich and fair lands that he had so devoutly labored to discover.

His little straying in this line, however, was of small importance, and he did it only through stress of circumstance, and unwillingly; those who came after him had no such scruples. They killed for the love of killing; they enslaved for the love of enslaving, as well as for the hope of gain; on the ground of the new lands lay deep the blood of their natural owners, and the Spaniards said of it that "it would make the fields more fruitful."

It was in the island of Cuba that the richest mines were discovered. For the first score of years following its discovery, Cuba was left in peace, for the Spaniards were busy elsewhere, busy in Haiti and other

THE LUXURIANT VERDURE OF CUBA

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smaller islands, working the natives to death in the mines, finding it easier to find new laborers than to feed and care for the ones already in durance. This work ceased perforce in the smaller islands, when all the natives were dead; and then the gold-seekers turned to Cuba.

In its discoverer's ingenuous narrative, he could find no words to tell of the beauty of this virgin land 400 years ago. Spring in Andalusia seemed to him wild and ungentle by the side of Cuba's azure skies and sweet air and luxuriant verdure; and to many, in all ages, it has seemed the same. Soon after the year 1500, settlements were made by the white men; and the whole island came promptly under Spanish dominion,— which meant death. The story of the natives of Haiti and the other isles was told over again here, with greater cruelty than ever. The Indians were reduced to such a condition of misery that thousands died of absolute starvation, and hundreds more starved themselves to death rather than face the life that was left them.

In another generation they were all gone,— a whole people dead of heartbreak,— and Spain was forced to cast about for other laborers to serve her golden need. These laborers she found in Africa, and vast numbers of negroes were transported to work in

AN AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, CUBA

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the Cuban mines. These laborers proved more hardy than the unfortunate natives aforetime; whether they were treated better, having cost time and money to procure, or whether they were of hardier blood, it does not matter. They did, in any event, survive, and their descendants form a large fraction of Cuba's population to-day.

In this manner, with outrage and the letting of blood, the history of Cuba commenced. The city of Havana

THE SLAVE QUARTERS ON AN OLD CUBAN PLANTATION NEAR HAVANA

promptly rose to the dignity of leading city of the Indies; and her story has been a colorful and a picturesque one, indeed. In the years when the Spanish Main was the center of the world's romance, the island knew glorious and terrible days. Around her shores roved the foemen of the black flag; in the harbor of Havana lay keels of every manner and intent. Wanderers from the seven seas, prison-buckos, bluff sea-hearties of Devon and of Sussex, slant-eyed Malays, swart Portuguese, full-blooded Africans, slim, black Spanish hidalgoes,— these and a thousand more makes of men moved in her pageant. Set off by herself by the blue sea, her life was what the sea brought her; and whatever this life may have wanted, it did not lack excitement.

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Shortly before the American Revolution the English, reinforced by men from Connecticut, New York, and the Jerseys, captured Havana,— an event notable as the last appearance in history of Britons and Americans fighting side by side. When in the following year, 1763, it was given back by treaty to the Spaniards, Spain came to the conclusion that her hand upon this, her favorite colony, had been too light. What was needed was a rigorous military government, and this the hapless island now received.

It is not easy to discern at precisely what point the inhabitants of Cuba ceased to be Spaniards and became Cubans,— when, in short, they achieved a heart and a temper all their own, in distinction from that of their parent country. The people on the island, 150 years ago, were of two sorts; Spaniards come over from Spain, either to govern, or for the hope of gain, or because they were deported by the prison authorities at home — these Spaniards, then, for one class; and for the other the descendants of the long-ago imported negroes, changed a little, but very little, by the admixture of some aboriginal native blood. Two widely separate classes these, and strange material for a nation. Yet gradually, insidiously, there came to be a class of men who were certainly not Spaniards, who were certainly not Americans, or negroes, or any other race which had before existed: they were Cubans. There was inevitably much of the Spaniard in them, but they were distinguished from the Spaniards by one salient trait, a trait which was in fact the essence of their being,— an undying and ineradicable hatred of Spain and of all things and people Spanish.

Spain, therefore, made the Cubans; by her own blindness, cruelty, and bigotry she changed her own children into blood-enemies; and having made them so, she proceeded to do her capable utmost to intensify the abhorrence in which they held her. And this is the one thing in which

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Spain has always excelled. She has more machinery, and more elaborate machinery, for the oppression and ill-treatment of helpless peoples left in her power than any nation of these times, perhaps of any times. Her conduct of the government of Cuba is the same as that which she has employed in the Philippines, and wherever else she has had dominion over weaker things than herself.

Not to deal in generalities, it is well to describe, perhaps, as briefly as possible, the principal lines along which Spanish colonial government has been conducted. It was a tax on tea, as Americans may remember, which precipitated one national revolt. For centuries Cuba endured oppression beside which the tax on tea is a mere trifle. To begin with, the governors-general of Cuba were given absolute and despotic power,— power crushing, unquestionable, supreme; power to levy revenues, power to restrict trade; power to abolish education, power of life and death, especially death. It was made a capital offense to trade with any other merchant than the one company which the Crown approved; it was death to purchase goods from any other country or even from a fellow-Cuban. Books and newspapers were

CABAÑAS CASTLE, HAVANA

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THE DEADLINE IN CABAÑAS: HERE THE CUBAN PATRIOTS, KNEELING WITH THEIR FACES TO THE WALL, WERE SHOT BY SPANISH SOLDIERS

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almost unknown, for the entire matter was in hands which took precious good care lest so seditious a thing as reading matter get abroad; for the government believed that where there was no education, there was no possibility of revolt. In one town all owners of books were slain and their estates confiscated,— merely to be on the safe side.

Cubans were not allowed to visit any other country than Spain, and that only under stringent restrictions. They could not even pass from one province to another on the island without a written passport from the *alcalde* of their town. After the loss of all Spain's other American colonies save Cuba and Porto Rico, the severity of Spanish rule was doubled. In Cabañas castle at Havana may still be seen prison cells, the ventilation of which was so arranged that the occupant died of slow suffocation. Her ingenious methods of torture would have done credit to savage Indians. In her eagerness to quell revolt before it should gain a start, Spain through her governors put to death a number of people variously estimated at from 100,000 to 250,000; probably the latter figure is nearer the truth.

It is not surprising that revolt soon became an established fact instead of merely a hope to the wretched Cubans. Spain sowed her own troubles, which were one day to spell her doom. The first insurrection of which there is any record occurred in 1823; and it did not last long. Three years later another attempt ended similarly, with a line of Spanish soldiers shooting into a line of blindfolded patriots. In 1827 the Black Eagle Society was formed, this being the first effort to gain supporters in the United States; it too was an instant failure, and its leaders died the death. For a few years all was quiet until, in 1844, the slaves of a few sugar plantations started a revolt whose only effect was the shooting of more than 2000 Cubans who had never heard even of the cause for which they were shot.

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It was in the great gold year, '49, that the first organized attempt at insurrection was made. General Narcisso Lopez, a Venezuelan who had served in the Spanish army, and who might therefore be supposed to be familiar with its iniquities, became filled with an abiding hope and desire to free Cuba from the Spanish yoke. He recruited his forces in the United States, and though the authorities strove to prevent his sailing, he finally contrived to land a small armed force on the north shore of the island, near Cardenas. He was soon driven away, but in two years he sailed again; and this time he managed to get into the interior, where his forces were eventually cut to pieces by the Spanish and he himself blindfolded and shot according to the usual custom of the business-like government.

ISABELLA II

There were other attempts, too numerous to mention, but all alike in their lack of success, and unanimous in the manner of their finale; and thus the years went by. All this while in the breasts of the people was growing a desire for freedom, a wild dream of hope which as yet they hardly dared to breathe into words. The hour for united effort was not so far away.

There ruled in Spain a queen named Isabella II. She was a remarkably bad ruler, and as a woman she was worse; none more depraved and dissolute ever sat on a throne. She grew so notorious that at length her own family turned on her, and she was finally, in the autumn of 1868, forced to flee to France, whence she never returned. Six years later her son, Alfonso XII, succeeded to the throne and the

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monarchy was restored. Almost simultaneously with the announcement of the Queen's flight came the word of the great insurrection of the inhabitants of the island of Cuba against the throne of Spain.

On October 10, 1868, Carlos de Cespedes, patriot, issued a declaration of independence from Spain, and with an "army" of 124 men he took the field in open revolution. In less than a week his forces rose to 10,000; in a month nearly 20,000 Cubans were in active revolt. They had no arms, no supplies, no munitions of war, no food save what could be foraged. They dared not, having no guns, assail the Spanish soldiery in open battle, but they started a guerilla warfare more difficult to meet than any open fighting could have been. They had no hope of actually defeating the soldiery, but they did hope, by prolonging the contest, to wear Spain out; for two years it seemed as though they might succeed, for the Spaniards were unable to reach them in their mountain fastnesses, to which they retreated when pursued. But the fight was too unequal. The manner of procedure adopted by the Spanish was to kill every rebel they could capture; torture first, then kill, with all their families and connections. In all this torture and outrage the women

THE WALL AGAINST WHICH THE HAVANA STUDENTS WERE SHOT

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suffered with the men. Children, too, were slaughtered, lest they should grow up into revolutionists.

It was when the war was three years old that there occurred a thing which aroused the struggling Cubans to a fresh sense of injury, comparable most nearly in their minds to the Boston massacre in American minds a century before. This was the arrest, trial, and execution of the Havana students in the fall of 1871. At the instigation of the Spanish "volunteers," a company of ruffians not brave enough to fight, but merely to shoot from darkness and in ambush, forty-three medical students of the University of Havana were arrested and flung into prison on the charge that they had "made marks with some sharp instrument upon the glass plate on the burial-vault of a volunteer!"

THE STUDENTS' MONUMENT IN COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA

A heinous crime this; and at the first trial, an honest one, the lads were at once acquitted. This could not be; the volunteers wanted more than that. Accordingly they made application to the captain-general for a new trial, this time by court-martial conducted by military authorities, where there would be no chance for honesty or fairness;

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and the new trial was held. This august tribunal forthwith condemned eight of the unfortunate lads to death, and imposed heavy sentences upon the rest. On November 27, no less than 15,000 volunteers turned out, a triumphant body, and shot to death their eight victims in the open day. A magnificent spectacle, and one which sent a thrill of horror not only through stricken Cuba but through all American breasts as well.

After this the war continued with greater determination than ever, but the odds against the Cubans were too great; already half their forces had been killed, and many more, trusting to a Spanish proclamation of amnesty, had come despairingly in and given up their arms.

In 1873, the sixth year of the war, Cespedes himself was slain by the Spanish troops. It seemed as though free Cuba had received her last, most staggering blow; as though now, in very truth, all were over. It was at this time that there appeared off the harbor of Santiago, on Cuba's southern coast, a vessel bearing at her mast-head the flag of the United States, and on her stern the name *Virginius*. And over her prow, with his eyes straining through the haze, and his heart throbbing with a memory time could not kill,— leaned Hernando Stevens.

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CHAPTER III

INSULTS AND INJURIES

AS the outline of the Cuban coast grew clearer in Hernando's eyes, his heart filled with the same strange sense that he remembered as of old. Not the five years of absence could change that. As he looked at the green line of the shore, he found his blood moving to the old measure; and at that discovery he smiled, half sadly, and shook his head. What business had those old dreams to haunt him now? He was no longer the youth of five years past; he was a man of thirty now,— yes, and a married man, too. He had no reason to be alive to the things that should be dead. Yet all the while the quickened blood went racing through his veins, and the fire in his eye was the flame of youth.

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ALFONSO XIII

After a little a fog shut down around the ship, and sail was shortened at once. The vessel moved cautiously along, taking soundings every minute. Hernando stood gazing into the mist, remembering many things.

Five years. He remembered how the carriage

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had looked when it went over the brow of the hill. Well, no more of that! He must think only of John Cabanel now, and of the chance of seeing him. He wondered if Cabanel were one of the band of patriots the *Virginius* was going to meet. It would be just like old John, he reflected. Probably he was high in the Cuban councils; he would be, for how he hated the Spaniards! He was full Cuban in that, old John! He wondered how the years had dealt with him — and with her; but he must not think of her. He remembered his own wife, with a little pang of loyalty. Yet it was so different. He had married his wife because he loved her as much as he could ever love any woman — save one — and because she loved him, and needed him, and was all alone in the world, as he was alone. Their marriage had been a placidly happy one, and they had been content in their little house, they and their son, Hernando the second, now three years old. No, he would not do differently, had he it all to do over again. His wife was a good wife, and he had been a good husband. The chapter of his heart that was his own, he had kept his own. She never knew, and he was all the more tender with her for the knowledge of that one part of himself which she could never enter. She was an unimaginative woman: Hernando did not think she had ever realized the truth. It was one of the things a man could not help.

To his Cuban experience Hernando owed one other thing beside this fragrant recollection. It was his dislike of the Spaniards and all things Spanish. He had seen enough in that brief stay to show him that "Spaniard" meant tyrant, meant cruelty, meant oppression and outrage and crime. He had seen enough to make him realize the bitter despotism under which the Cubans had groaned so long, and to make him burn with the desire to do what he might to raise the yoke from their shoulders. He was a

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staunch American, too, and there had been deeds of Spain to his own country and countrymen which had filled his soul with helpless anger.

When these United States won their liberty and independence from Great Britain, they did not by that victory become a nation in the eyes of Europe. On the continent, when the matter was thought of, which was seldom, owing to the almost universal continental ignorance of things American, — the idea that there was a new nation in the world was not dreamed of. There were few persons, even of the most intellectual classes, who had any conception of the size of this country or of its incalculable resources. Even Napoleon, astute as he was, accepted a miserable $15,000,000 for the price of the province of Louisiana, which of course then comprised half the Middle West. Fifteen million dollars! It is a beggarly corporation to-day that does not figure in millions, fifteen, or fifty. This same ignorance extended to the foreign conception of the national temper and courage. Great Britain, wise though the Revolution should have made her, came back for more in 1812. If she did not realize that there was a nation here, a power to be reckoned with, instead of thirteen tiny and weakling colonies, is Spain to be blamed for failing to do so?

HAVANA HARBOR FROM CABAÑAS

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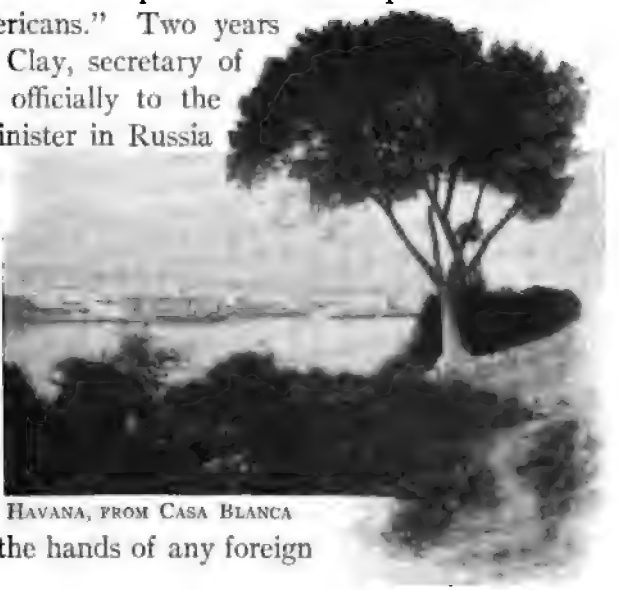
Perhaps the first intimation that Europe really received and accepted of the presence of a world power west of the Atlantic came to her in 1823. At this time Spain, being involved in a struggle with some of her colonies which sought independence, applied for help to the Holy Alliance; it was then that there was formulated the famous Monroe Doctrine, which has been epitomized into the phrase "America for the Americans." Two years later Henry Clay, secretary of state, wrote officially to the American minister in Russia that "the United States would not allow nor permit Cuba (nor any other American island or country) to pass into the hands of any foreign power."



HAVANA, FROM CASA BLANCA

Here was an ultimatum! We may imagine the European powers blinking somewhat; but they evidently recognized the temper of the message, for it put an end, for a time at least, to any projects that may have been set afoot in France or England, or on the part of the Holy Alliance. So far, so good. America had now virtually taken the stand that no change of ownership of Cuba was to occur, excepting only its independence. This had the apparent effect of guaranteeing Spain's title to Cuba; and there is no reason to doubt that this very position was the cause of a great deal of the trouble between Spain and this country. It had the

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effect of making Spain underrate, even despise, the country which, for no evident reason and to no apparent advantage, could give Spain the support of her name, without exacting any price, or even pledge, in return. Very good, Spain reasoned, this is a fool of a country, and we will do what we like with it. And this, when the mood struck her, she proceeded to do. All the men who followed Henry Clay were not of his stature; and a great many things were allowed to pass which caused many a loyal man to blush, and which undeniably justified to a degree the contempt in which Spain held us.

There were numerous instances: there was a ship, the *Black Warrior*, flying the American flag, sailing between New Orleans and New York, which made Havana a port of call; she was in the habit of entering and clearing in ballast, and had, in fact, so done some twoscore times. On one voyage, however, she was seized, without warning or excuse, by the Spanish authorities, her crew imprisoned, her cargo confiscated, and a fine of thrice its value levied against it "for violating customs regulations." Her captain refused to pay any fine whatever, finally secured his crew, and made the best of his way home, leaving the vessel in Havana harbor. A vast deal of talking was done about the "outrage," and after a long while Spain agreed to pay indemnity; and this, after a delay of six or seven years, was done,—done with her tongue in her cheek.

There were many other cases, cases where American vessels were stopped by Spanish war-ships, and subjected to indignities of various sorts; for none of these was proper reparation secured, or demanded. American citizens were executed without

MORRO CASTLE, THE ANCIENT FORTRESS GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOR

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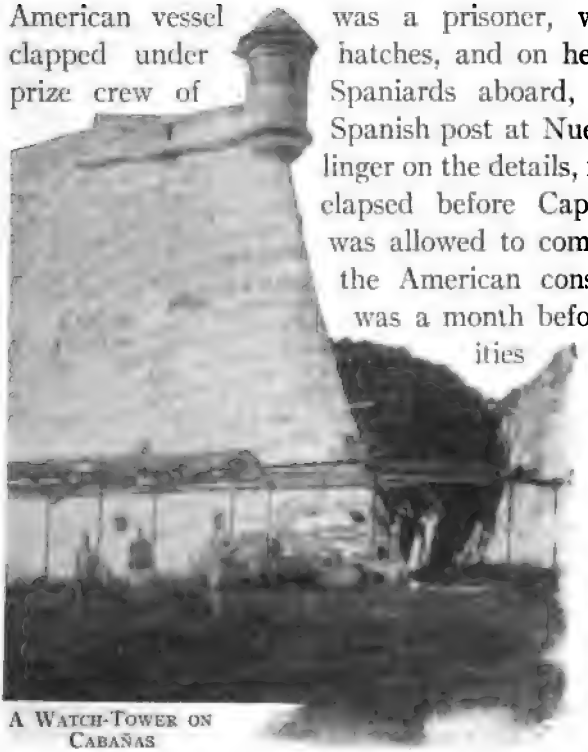
trial, for supposed complicity with Cuban insurgents; in general, there were swarming instances of insult offered but not taken, which might well make Hernando Stevens blush for his native land. Knowing the Spanish tendencies as he did, he could see how the American attitude was construed as cowardice and not as forbearance, and it made his blood boil.

The matter came more nearly home to him in 1869, however, than ever before. It was the year after the start of the Ten Years' War in Cuba, when an American vessel found herself, after a storm, almost helpless near the north shore of Cuba. This vessel was the *Lloyd Aspinwall*, and her captain, McCarty, was an old idol of Hernando's youth. To the *Lloyd Aspinwall*, struggling in the surf, came the Spanish gunboat, the *Hernan Cortes;* and in a very short time the American vessel was a prisoner, with her men clapped under hatches, and on her way, with a prize crew of Spaniards aboard, to a near-by Spanish post at Nuevitas. Not to linger on the details, nearly a month elapsed before Captain McCarty was allowed to communicate with the American consul, so that it was a month before the authorities at Washington learned of the incident. There was a great deal of telegraphing to and fro, and a great deal of smiling behind Spanish



A Watch-Tower on Cabañas

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hands. The American demands were ignored repeatedly by the Spanish premier, Sagasta; the matter dragged on for three months; and at last, disgraceful to relate, the Spaniards agreed to release the *Aspinwall* as an "American vessel bearing dispatches"— in other words, a quibble of the most barefaced sort. The point was not whether or not the *Aspinwall* bore official dispatches; the point emphatically was that an American vessel under an American flag had been seized by Spain on the high seas! And for this not only was no indemnity paid, but none was so much as asked.

But if this was the government's supine attitude, that of the American people was not so. A great proportion of them raged with indignation, and demanded war with Spain. To no effect. The matter was allowed to become forgotten, and little further notice, official or otherwise, was taken of it. But it did have one effect, and that was to intensify the already growing feeling of sympathy with Cuba and the Cubans, existing in this country, and especially in the South. Here they had no sympathy with the government's forbearance, but held that the United States was being altogether too scrupulous in its neutral attitude toward the struggling Cubans. Numbers of Cuban societies found root in our Southern States; and some also in the North.

It was almost a foregone conclusion that Hernando would throw himself into the cause of Cuban independence; so when the leaders of one of these societies approached him, he flamed to an eager consent. From that, to his joining the expedition of the *Virginius*, was but a step. He was thinking it all over now, as the vessel crawled slowly through the mist; wondering what fortune awaited him, and what good might come to the cause of Cuban freedom from the sailing of that ship. Over the *Virginius* floated the flag of the United States: upon her decks were 150 men, friends

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of the "Free Cuba" which was not yet, but which one day was to be.

There is no desire now, on the part of any one, to "whitewash" the *Virginius*. She was, there is no doubt, a filibuster pure and simple. She flew the American flag, which made the United States government liable for whatever overt acts she might commit against the peace of the world, or against any country with whom the United States was at peace. She was, to all intent, no better than a pirate, navally considered, and her crew were outlaws. But they were outlawed in a good cause, the cause of the oppressed against the tyrannous. They were to pay for their belief and their endeavor.

Hernando himself was visited by no doubts. At the same time he could not

THE MOAT OF CABAÑAS CASTLE

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help regretting the manner of his going; he would have preferred a sanctioned effort, with the might of his country behind it, but that was not to be.

The fog lifted somewhat, and dimly, through the rifts, the lookout discerned the shape of a low, dark vessel on the starboard bow. And in another moment a smothered cry of warning rang through the air:

"Spanish war vessel to starb'rd!"

In five minutes the *Virginius* had turned tail and was running before the wind back toward Jamaica, with the Spanish gun-boat *Tornado* in hot pursuit. All that day the two vessels sped eastward, till at last, in the long ending of the summer evening, the *Tornado* overtook her prey. A shot fired across the bows of the *Virginius* brought her to, and she surrendered to the gunboat.

That night the two began their voyage back along Cuba's southern shore; and in due course arrived at the harbor of Santiago. The men of the *Virginius*, shut under hatches, were left under guard all night; in the morning the landing of them began. In dinghy-loads, manned at oar by Spanish rowers and guarded by Spanish muskets, the 150 men were taken ashore. Hernando was in one of the first boat-loads to go. His arms were bound tightly behind him, and he was seated uncomfortably near to a Spaniard who jabbed him with a rusty bayonet whenever he shifted his position. As the boat drew near to the quay Hernando could see a great crowd of men there assembled, watching the disembarkation. Prominent among them was a lean man with a long black mustache, who was decked out in a splendid uniform, with several bars and jeweled crosses and ribbons hanging to his breast or round his neck. This was the captain of the port, and he was in high feather.

He talked loudly in Spanish to the escort who accompanied him, and Hernando, understanding Spanish, found

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THE ENTRANCE TO CABAÑAS CASTLE, HAVANA

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his gorge rising in spite of himself as he listened to the utterances of this resplendent official. The dinghy came to its landing-place, and the prisoners were hustled out upon the stone dock. Here they found themselves under another guard of soldiers, whose bayonets were as much in evidence as those of the *Tornado's* men; and there on the dock's edge the first boat-load stood waiting till the whole tale of the *Virginius's* men was complete. A gloomy and humiliating business this, helped not at all by the insulting comments of the guards, and those still worse from the rabble who swarmed eagerly just beyond, and who craned their necks eagerly to glimpse the American "hogs" who had dared so impudently, and who were now to see what it meant to tremble before the imperial might of Spain.

It was nearly over, but one boat-load remained to be landed, when Hernando saw advancing slowly upon the roadway leading to the dock, a group of three men. At first he gave them little heed, but they carried themselves differently from the swaggering Spaniards, and unconsciously he looked at them more closely. Following the unconscious impulse of a stranger who knows but one person in a strange place, it seemed to him that he recognized in the tallest of the three his old friend John Cabanel. With a half-smile at the absurdity of his fancy, he looked away again. He must be mistaken,— it was nonsense to suppose that he would meet so soon the one and only man he knew in the whole of Cuba! When again his eyes turned that way, the men were gone.

Almost at the same moment, the last boat-load was landed, and the order came to march. With a double guard of soldiers on every side, the prisoners were marched slowly along the dock, and out on to the roadway. And there, all by himself now, but standing regarding the procession with a grim, immobile face, stood John Cabanel. Standing a

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little aloft he was, on the doorstep to a warehouse, and as the forlorn columns advanced he eyed them carefully, with expressionless gaze. Hernando recognized him at once, with a great leap of the heart, and as he drew near he made a sudden movement to attract his friend's attention. He was successful; Cabanel looked swiftly over,— and their eyes met. There was not ten paces distance between them. On Cabanel's face not a flicker of expression; not a gleam of recognition in his eye. He looked Hernando over coolly, casually, indifferently, making no sign; and after another moment his gaze shifted farther down the line of marching men.

Hernando felt a strange constriction in his breath. Cabanel had not known him! Yet he could not believe that, either. There must be some reason for his acting as he had done. The more Hernando thought of it, the more he became convinced that there was weighty reason — surely that was it. Cabanel, in sympathy with the Cubans as he was, would not dare to recognize openly one of the filibusters. It would be as good as a warrant for his own

Morro Castle, from the Entrance to the Harbor of Santiago de Cuba

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arrest. And so comforted, Hernando finally fell asleep, though his bed was nothing but a few mouldy rushes on the stone floor of his cell in the old jail.

One day passed by; two days; three. On the morning of the fourth day there was a movement in the corridors. Men ran to and fro; cries and curses were heard, curses in English. And after all was over, the measured tread of

NEAR HAVANA

A COUNTRY HOME

A COUNTRY ROAD

men marching in step along the rough stone flagging of the corridor. Rumors of strange and terrible portent ran from cell to cell. From the grating of his own door, Hernando could see the gratings of three other cells on the other side of the corridor, and heedless of the passing guards the imprisoned men speculated in low tones across the narrow space. After an hour, the sound of firing was heard, all at one explosion; then silence. Day dragged on to twilight, each leaden hour lingering like a slow snake.

It was almost dark when the prisoner heard a scraping sound at the door of his cell. Rising quickly, he went

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hastily to the door, and there, just inside it, he beheld a small scrap of paper. Eagerly he snatched it, and barely, with the utmost difficulty in the gloom, he managed to spell out the words of it:

"Have hope: am working. J. C."

Hernando had need of all the hope this gave him, for on the following morning the news swept like wildfire through the breathless cells that Cespedes, Ryan, Varona, and Del Sal, the four Cuban patriots captured on board the *Virginius*, had been led out and shot to death against a wall on the day before. That, then, was the meaning of that dead march through the jail! A chill struck the souls of the imprisoned, waiting men. But all that day there was silence, and all that night, and the next day, and the next night.

Then, in a foreboding drizzle of rain, dawned the third day. The dampness in the air was terrible, reaching chill to the bone. All was still in and around the jail, and the morning meal of mouldy bread was brought as usual. It was nearly noon when the sound of marching men was heard once more. This time it was evident to those who listened in such exquisite suspense that more extensive movements were afoot. Thirty soldiers passed down Hernando's corridor; when they passed back again, they were fifty,— for twenty prisoners marched with them. From another wing came seventeen, thirty-seven in all. Of these, eight were Americans, and sixteen were Englishmen. Their footsteps died away on the cheerless air.

A signal shot, a general discharge,— and thirty-seven men were thirty-seven motionless things before a prison wall. That night the face of Fear was at every man's threshold; round each man's heart reached the cold grip of Terror; in every corner of the desolate cells lurked the black shadow of Death. It seemed as though the night

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would never end. End it did, at last, only to give place to a still more terrible dawn.

They took Hernando from his cell two minutes before noon. They led him down the long corridor. His hands were free, but his eyes they had wrapped in bandages. Shoulder to his shoulder marched another man; behind them came another two, behind them a third, then one man, walking alone. The seven, with their guards around them, halted in the prison yard. The cathedral chimes rang out the hour of noon. On his cheek Hernando could feel the hot sunshine, and it felt welcome after the cold and fetid air of the cell. He drank it in gratefully, raising his blind-folded face to it as a Parsee might have done.

PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA, PREMIER OF SPAIN

Just at this moment, while the whole yard stood in silence, came a sudden interruption. A little group of men entered the jail-gate, swiftly. They were soldiers, and they bore between their ranks a man who struggled. As he saw the seven standing there he gave one tremendous jerk, and pulled himself free. He rushed forward, and threw himself with reckless abandon upon the soldiers before the blind-folded seven. In the little instant before they could recover,

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and capture him again, he leapt, almost savagely, upon one of the helpless, waiting men, clasping him with an almost savagely passionate grip about the shoulders as he stood.

Close to Hernando's ears came the words, uttered in a hoarse whisper, but recognized with a great thrill of joy and despair:

"I failed, old Hernando! They 've got me. And — good bye!"

Hernando's arms went round him, strongly, tenderly. In his ear he whispered:

"Never mind, old John! Good bye!"

The soldiers tore them apart.

The seven, with their guards, marched out of the gate, along by the side of the wall. As the gate clanged to behind them, Cabanel's captors led him within the prison-door. They put him in Hernando's cell.

Out in the sunlight seven men stood silent, their backs to a barricade. Straight above their heads rode the tropic sun, casting clean black shadows round the outlined seven on the white stone at their backs. A few paces away ranged the Spanish soldiery, examining their firearms. Drawn up in a slovenly row, they awaited their officer's order. There was not long to wait.

"Fire!"

It lacked still half an hour to 1 o'clock when the last shovel of earth fell black upon their graves.

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CHAPTER IV

HERNANDO THE SECOND

THE years in one's life from four to twenty-four are long years, yet they pass swiftly. Looking forward to them they stretch to an interminable length; to the backward glance they seem to have vanished like a dream. Twenty years — the span of one generation. Yet they weigh but little in the hand of time.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

In Hernando Stevens second, long since become Hernando Stevens first, the twenty years have wrought brave things. There is little resemblance between the round little lad whom his widowed mother clasped to her heart and the straight, lithe, serious-faced young man who now calls her "mother" with such tender deference. The mother would have sought in vain for the little lad of those earlier years; but there is no reason to believe that she complained of the stalwart changeling time had given her.

When, bitterly, heart-breakingly, from the clear sky had come the word that her husband lay dead upon Cuban soil, it had not at first seemed to her that she could find courage to live the cold years out. Perhaps she would not have done so had it not been for the boy that tugged at her heart.

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For his sake she faced the world, and wrung from it a victory more beautiful than those of battle and of death. Her husband's family, long since settled in New England, would have helped her had she permitted it. But she would not, and took up her task alone. The old house in the little village was hers, and here Hernando's boyhood was spent.

In the first days, when her need was keenest, there was great talk in the country of indemnity being exacted by the government from Spain for the murder of the *Virginius's* crew; but of this talk of blood-money Hernando's mother would hear no word. The government talked much of greater restitutions; but its backbone was none too stiff just then, and a conciliatory Congress held back the hand of the more militant Grant. In the end Spain surrendered the *Virginius* and the survivors of her passengers and crew to the United States, an indemnity was paid to the victims' families, and the slate was held to be cleaned!

Putting all this behind her, and setting her brave eyes only on the future, Hernando's future, the mother faced the twenty years. They were busy years with her, as with the great and growing country wherein she made her struggle. To her, absorbed as she was in the great and immediate work of bringing up her son to be worthy to bear the name of his ancestor, Hernando Estévan, there was still time to note the

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GARFIELD DIED, AT ELBERON, NEW JERSEY

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progress of her country toward power augmented, toward ideals as high. Grant, the soldier-President, ruled his eight years, and at the close of his second term began his journey around the world. The attention shown him abroad proved that the greatness so freely accorded him by his countrymen was shared by civilized mankind; and his statesmanlike advice, eagerly sought by foreign rulers, has had a marked effect upon the history of nations, notably the counsel given the Emperor of Japan to maintain a more strictly national policy. Defeated in his aspirations for a third term through precedent rather than unpopularity, General Grant fell under the scourge of a fatal malady. Betrayed by men he trusted, and forced into an innocent insolvency, he was compelled to place in pawn his swords of honor and priceless gifts from the crowned heads of Europe. His recollections of his military life were written "for the money it gave me," as he said, "for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money." Persevering in his task, despite the tortures of his malady, until a few days before his death, he not only provided an income for his family but produced an autobiography that has come down to us as one of the great literary works of the times.

Under the guidance of Hernando's mother, Grant became the first hero of his early boyhood. The influence of this idol of the people came into his life at that period when the boy is essentially a hero worshiper. Over and over again the mother told her son the story of Grant's rise within eight years from a clerk in his father's store, at a salary of $800 a year, to the Presidency; of his struggle against adversity, fighting death and poverty as a common foe; and no doubt in the telling found strength for her own task.

Hernando's first interest in political affairs was aroused by the hotly contested election of Rutherford B. Hayes, who succeeded Grant in the chief magistracy. His election over

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Samuel J. Tilden, whose overthrow of the Tweed ring in New York had won him the confidence of the people, was secured only after long and bitter controversy, through which Tilden's restraint of the extremists within his party bears favorable comparison with Douglas's conduct after his defeat in 1860. And when Hayes's term was ended, came the great names of Garfield, of Conkling, and of Blaine, the "plumed knight," upon the lips of men. Blaine, defeated by Grover Cleveland in his contest for the Presidency, through the defection of the Independent Republicans or "Mugwumps," defeated twice later in his aspirations for the Republican nomination, distinguished himself as secretary of state, first under Garfield and later under Harrison, and there left his mark on history by his successful efforts to unite the republics of the New World through his policy of Pan-Americanism.

Garfield, himself a gallant soldier, having beaten Blaine in the nominating convention,

GARFIELD'S TOMB AT CLEVELAND, OHIO

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was elected President over Winfield Scott Hancock, the "superb," hero of the second day's fighting at Gettysburg. In September, 1881, he died, like Lincoln before him, the victim of an assassin; and all the country mourned the loss of a soul as beautiful, as gentle, as it was good and wise. He was succeeded by Chester Alan Arthur, who finished the term with credit and dignity, if not with distinction. Grover Cleveland followed in 1884, the first Democrat to live in the White House since Buchanan's departure.

GARFIELD'S STATUE IN THE TOMB AT CLEVELAND

Cleveland's political career in New York, as in Washington afterward, was marked by fearlessness and independence of action. His renomination was practically unopposed, but in spite of a great popular majority in his favor, he was defeated in the election by Benjamin Harrison, the great Indiana warrior and statesman. The strengthening of the American navy, begun under Cleveland, was continued energetically by Harrison, and civil service reform

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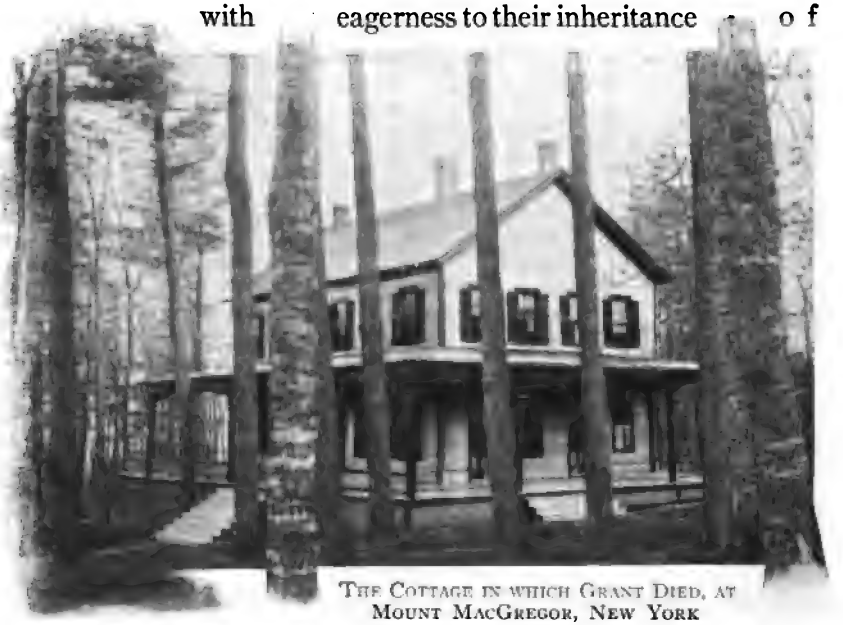
was extended, largely through the efforts of Theodore Roosevelt, a member of the civil service commission.

Hernando's first ballot was cast in 1892, for Harrison, a candidate for reëlection. It was an important event in his life, as in the life of all young men who look forward with eagerness to their inheritance of



THE COTTAGE IN WHICH GRANT DIED, AT MOUNT MACGREGOR, NEW YORK

American citizenship. Harrison was defeated. The Cleveland ticket, with Adlai E. Stevenson for Vice-President, was elected.

Now, in 1894, the twenty years were done; and Hernando's mother could rest at last, her ministry over. Hernando's destiny was in his own hands. Looking back over the difficult past, she was surprised to find how sweet it had become. She found that now she could remember only the pleasant and the precious things, and these, seen by the hesper light, grew daily more gently and more tenderly remembered. Even the hard days when first the world snarled like a wolf at her door, were not bitter now. She had but to look at

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the boy she had brought safely through it all, to be content. Death is one of the few deeply natural things, and she found it so — found that her husband, her lover, seemed merged into the eternal fabric of the world. He was part of her life still, and he lived, in trick of gesture and in tone of voice, again in his son,— Time's compensation.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes

When, in due course, it had come time for the son to go to college, she had sent him forth, with sorrow in her heart perhaps, but bravely, and without holding back, without a tear for him to see. She had done her best: now it was the world's turn. Let Hernando try conclusions with that, and see whether her work was good. Her work was good, and Hernando, when he came to see the work of other mothers, began haltingly to realize just how wonderfully good it was. It takes a good mother to make a good man,— and Hernando came to understand that his was a deep debt when he saw the dower of some of his companions. Hernando found himself judging, weighing, by what standards he had; presently he found that he was clinching standards of his

Samuel Jones Tilden

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own. By this, and this, must a man stand or fall. A college was a queer combination of despotism and democracy. There were to be found aristocracies of money, of blood, of intellect, side by side and coëxistent with the great democracy of human nature.

For the money aristocrats Hernando decided he had little use; money never seemed to him a beautiful thing of itself, and it gained little in his eyes from the things he saw it do in the hands of the gilded youth among his fellows. For the aristocracy of blood, unaccompanied by that of breeding, he found tolerance, but it always seemed to him that the evil aspects of pride showed first. For the third class, the aristocrats of intellect, Hernando sought in vain. They were there, no doubt, hidden under some shabby tutor's cap; but they were not for finding in the happy hurly-burly of Hernando's life at college. To himself he clasped the great human democracy of the living, hungry boy, and in that world of bare humanity he lived for his first two years.

Time enough to think later; living was the first business of life! And he flung himself into the game of living with a zest that knitted him so firmly to the heart of life that he was not likely ever to break that tie. He found his friends by instinct, claiming them not for what they had, or could do, but for their kinship to himself in this great business of living. To one youth in particular Hernando found himself united by a bond that years only made the closer.

Hernando had, perhaps, a talent for rare, close friendships, inherited from his father; at all events, he and Richard, or Dick, Barnabit found themselves at the end of their freshman year welded in a friendship that time could only strengthen and naught but death could end.

They were as different as night and day, these two, temperamentally as far asunder as the poles. Hernando

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GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY

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was straightforward, a trifle over-serious, tremendously singleminded in everything he did,— studious rather, fond of the open air and everything that could be done in it. Dick, on the contrary, was, on the surface, a dilettante. He liked a smattering of all things; he professed a love for disingenuousness, a love for deviousness, for intrigue; he cared little for violent exercise, much for a quiet, somewhat youthfully cynical habit of contemplation; he was no great student, but he had an extremely swift and brilliant mind that flew to its conclusions, despising the process of reasoning whereby conclusions are normally reached. Dick, had he been left to himself, would probably have developed into a snob, a cynical, blasé man of the world, believing nothing very deeply, caring for nothing very deeply, striving for nothing very long; Hernando, for his part, ran the hazard of becoming too serious, too ponderous, too inadjustable. They were excellent foils, each for the other; they corrected each other's faults with candor.

One of Dick's peculiarities was a propensity, highly developed, for falling in love. He fell in and out of these multitudinous affairs with the greatest ease and facility; and the episodes afforded them an endless source of amusement. But Hernando, true to his nature, never followed the other's lead. It was as much as Dick could do to persuade Hernando to escort a young woman to the class hops. It was all right, Dick said, and it might be healthy, but it was abnormal: no honest young man could live that way indefinitely, without an explosion. To which Hernando replied, smilingly, that he had rather blow up than to be blown up from outside — with which cheerful repartee the controversy usually ended.

There came a day, though, when Dick, instead of talking about his affairs, grew silent. It was the end of their senior year, commencement week; and the college campus was

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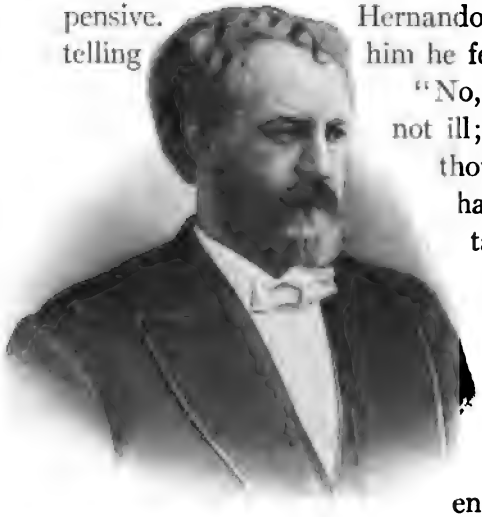
filled with bright eyes and smart frocks, chaperoned by graver eyes and soberer gowns that made for propriety. It was the day before graduation that Dick came home positively pensive. Hernando rallied him about it gravely, telling him he felt sure he must be ill.

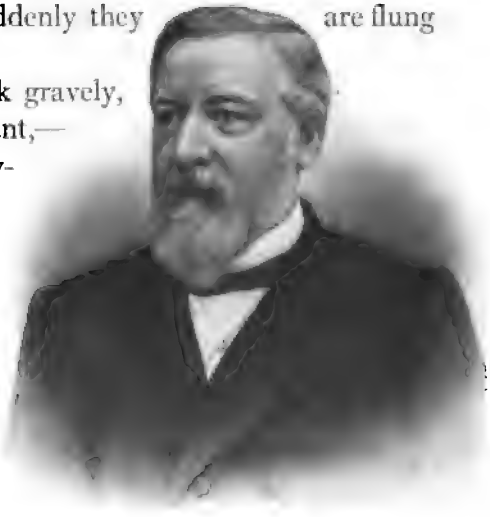


Roscoe Conkling

"No," said Dick lightly; "I am not ill; I am merely awed by the thought that the world is hardly ready for the immortality which will be turned loose upon it to-morrow. Forty-seven assorted chunks of immortality, flung broadcast on the waters of life! It is a shuddersome thought, enough to make any man sober, even one, like myself, who knows well the vanity of all things."

"Well," retorted Hernando, "if the world can stand having philosophy of that sort hurled at its head, it ought to be able to survive the blow of the other sweet boy graduates, no matter how suddenly they are flung upon its breast."

"My child," said Dick gravely, "I fear that you are flippant,—a grievous fault, and grievously shall Cæsar answer it!" With this marring of the classics he hurled a lexicon at the back of Hernando's head. There ensued a battle royal in the old dormitory.



James Gillespie Blaine

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"Beg my pardon," demanded Hernando of the prostrate foe, who gasped for air.

"I beg your pardon, Cæsar, most grievously indeed," came the smothered response from the under dog.

GROVER CLEVELAND

"Beg Cæsar's pardon, and Shakespeare's pardon," went on the inexorable conqueror sternly, grinding the conquered head into the rough rug.

"And Plato's pardon, and Mary Queen of Scots's," he continued when a low grunt had replied. But to this the prostrate one demurred. After a moment the two sat up together on the floor, laughing cheerfully, yet a trifle sadly at the end, for they realized that that was the last scuffle they would ever have in that dormitory where they had roomed for four long, busy, full years. The thought was with them both as they arose and proceeded with their preparations for the festivities of the evening. There was to be a huge faculty reception in the gymnasium, and every one, known or unknown, was to be there. Dick started off early, and, to Hernando's wonder, when he appeared at the hall he was unaccompanied by any one of the opposite

CLEVELAND'S BIRTHPLACE AT CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY

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sex. This was so revolutionary a proceeding for Dick that Hernando, after his first gasp of surprise, felt that grave doing must in very truth be afoot. He determined to find out at once.

Excusing himself from his partner, he followed Dick's progress cautiously, that he might not be detected. In the throng he lost him, and for some time could not discover his whereabouts; but finally he saw him — saw him leaning up soberly against a wall and eying with a fixed and enchanted gaze a young girl just visible through an open doorway leading out on to the wide piazza.

"Ho-ho, sits the wind in that quarter?" thought the amused Hernando. And he looked at the girl closely, so that he might remember her when he saw her once more. Looking, it seemed to him that a very strange thing happened.

It seemed to him that this girl was unlike all other girls, that there was something about her which he had not known to exist. Never having dealt with the sex, he did not realize the triteness of his discovery; to him it was as true as it had been, uncounted years before, to an Adam in Eden. As Hernando stood still, watching this terrible, yet sweet phenomenon, the girl, whose profile had been all that he could see, turned suddenly full-face towards him. As she did so, her eyes, lifting across the little space that separated these two, met Hernando's eyes in a steady gaze. To his surprise, there arose to her cheeks a little, sudden flush, and she made an instantaneous half-gesture of salutation. With his heart in his eyes, Hernando bowed his head, and with head bent remained motionless, his heart thumping. When, collecting himself, he again looked up, fearing that she had gone, she was still there.

Better than that, she was still looking at him, not in confusion now, but with a slight frown puckering her pretty

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brows. It was evident that she had recognized him for some one whom she had known. As he made no sign, she withdrew her gaze, slowly, with dignity, and with a proud lift of her young head she moved out of his sight, on to the half-lighted porch. Hernando, with his heart drumming strange things, went straight to the man in the doorway, to whom she had been talking. He was a classmate of Hernando's, and he went up to him without hesitation.

"I wish to meet that young lady with whom you were speaking," he said.

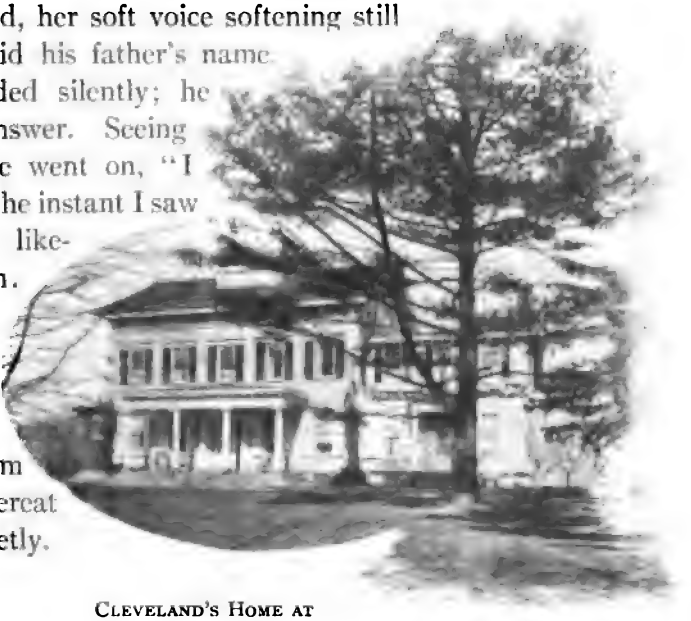
In another moment it was an accomplished thing. Hernando Stevens had been presented to Elaine Cabanel, and the introducer had mercifully vanished.

"Elaine Cabanel!" said Hernando slowly. "Not — not any relation to Mr. John Cabanel?" he went on, almost in a whisper.

"His daughter," she answered with a little bow of a grace that took his breath all over again merely to behold.

"And you are Hernando Stevens, son of my father's old friend!" she said, her soft voice softening still more as she said his father's name. Hernando nodded silently; he did not try to answer. Seeing his emotion she went on, "I recognized you the instant I saw you, from your likeness to — him. We should be friends, you and I —"

"Yes!" said Hernando from his heart. Whereat she smiled, secretly.



CLEVELAND'S HOME AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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"We should be friends, I think — for no two men ever loved each other more than your father and mine. That is how I recognized you; my father has the old photograph of the two together. It stands always upon his table."

Hernando had by now begun to find his voice.

"That must have been it, then," he said in a relieved tone.

"Must have been what?" she queried, watching him curiously.

"I felt the strangest sensation I had ever known, when you turned and your eyes met mine! That must have been why! I did not understand it before."

He spoke with the air of the greatest relief, and again she smothered a smile, successfully. It is impossible that he could have seen it.

"Let me show you the grounds," said Hernando, by an inspiration.

An hour later he had given his heart away forever.

He had found out all about her, or at least he had done pretty well for one so inexpert. He had learned that she was twenty-two years of age, that her birthday was in June, most fitting of months, that her father had sent her five years before to America to be educated, and that she had not returned to Cuba during that length of time. He learned also that her hair was wavy, and the deadest of dead black; that her skin was a creamy white of flawless texture, with a little fugitive flush that came and went in her cheeks; that her eyes were utterly unsafe to behold; that her laugh was worth risking life itself to hear. This was, it must be admitted, exceptionally good work for so green an amateur. And, crowning cleverness, he had found out that she was leaving in the morning, — but he had found out where she was going!

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She was going with a friend to the Maine coast for a month. Hernando began to wonder whether Dick would try to hold him to a tentative agreement they had made to go to Canada for a few weeks when commencement should be over. That would adjust itself, though, no doubt. Meanwhile, there remained this single, charmèd evening, which must be over all too soon.

The reception was done; the halls dark. Home to the dormitory, for the last time, went Hernando Stevens. Slowly, dreamily, he mounted the worn old stairs. Groping in the dark for the baluster, he found it, and pressed thoughtfully on down the hall. There was a light in the room: Dick was home. He greeted the returned one with a tone of magnificent opprobrium.

"You young, depraved, deceitful, under-handed, pig-headed scalawag!" he said. To this Hernando replied only with a vague and senseless smile. He could not respond to the storm that broke over his head; and presently Dick, for very lack of resisting fire, fell silent too.

"Well," he resumed at last, thoughtfully, "I suppose our trip to Canada is off now; I shall have to go with you, though, to keep your feet on earth. When you infants get into trouble of this sort, the result is likely to be very serious. You need an older, more experienced hand along. Yes, I will go with you to stand, like Prout, *in loco parentis*."

And thus it chanced that, true to his word, he went with Hernando to Maine; and a month of magic under magic skies began. Dick, recognizing at once that Hernando's heart was in this matter utterly, banished from his own heart every trace of the real fancy he had felt for Elaine. Neither she nor Hernando ever guessed it; for they were too busy with their own love story. It was a pretty love-making, there under the sunny skies, and beside the shining waters of the New England coast. Yet there was an

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undercurrent of tragedy even to their happiest days. As Hernando's love grew, and as Elaine felt hers for him first tremble into life, the bond that bound them together came to seem an almost predestined thing. They were the second generation to love, Hernando reflected, and Elaine probably made the same reflection to herself.

Benjamin Harrison

It was perhaps just as well that Dick was there. He elected himself their patron saint, and many a gay three-cornered party did they have on beach, or water, or in the old and lonely woods. Had it not been for him, the leaven of light and humor would have been a little lacking; and both unconsciously thanked him for it. In the evenings, seated on the ramshackle porch before the house, they talked, the three, with sometimes Elaine's friends as well, of every known thing under the sun.

Harrison's Home in Indianapolis, Indiana

Dick, who began to find that the sight of the idyl was making him lonely, announced openly that he was now become an out-and-out cynic. He railed at the established order of everything, declared that the ordinary emotions were hackneyed and dull affairs

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at best, and most of them assumed, to boot. He had made up his mind, he said, to deny the existence of any quality, any impulse in mankind which did not make itself felt in deeds. He delivered long disquisitions on the many virtues claimed by the average person, which, when the time came to use them, were never on hand. It was this way, accord-

Tropical Road and Avenue of Royal Palms, Hawaii

ing to him, with religion, generosity, bravery — all the things that people flattered themselves they possessed. Bosh! Did they live up to their religion? Nobody knew more than one person who ever came within a stone's throw of doing so. Did they live up to their pretences of bravery, when the scratch came? No; or if they did, it was merely because some one was watching, and they did not dare be the cowards they wanted to be. Were they generous? Look at the rich! Did they give anything away that did anybody any real good? Not they. It was enough to make a man a socialist.

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Hernando ventured to interpose that a good many socialists had their little inconsistencies, too, but Dick brushed it aside, and swept hastily on.

"I am going to divest myself from this day of all these false garments. Most people are selfish: I am selfish, and I am going to admit it, and live up to it. Most people pretend to a dozen beliefs they do not hold, pretend to piety, to erudition, to love of country. I am going to admit without hesitancy that I have none of these things — to be honest with myself and with everybody else. That is, if I don't find it too much trouble."

Elaine sat up straight in her chair.

"I don't think you mean all you say," she said seriously, "though there is undoubtedly much pretense about most of us. But I think you do not believe, nor should you say it, believing or not, that love of country is a pretense. Surely each of us has that love pure, if no other."

"I'd like to believe it," rejoined Richard; "but if you were to judge by actions, which I seem to have read speak louder than words, our patriots are strange lovers. Look how they gouge and rend their blessed country, if they get half a chance. Look at the very legislators at Washington! How many contracts are let for the country's gain or credit? How many appointments are made for the country's good? Love of country — bosh!"

"I do not pretend that many people do not remember themselves first: but that does not argue that those same men would not sacrifice their lives, if need be, for the country they may have robbed. This is surely true in America, where liberty and country are so closely bound up in each other. Look at the sympathy among your countrymen now with the poor people of my country. And *those* people, even, love their country. Yes, they love Cuba, which has been little better than a scourge, a prison, to them. And

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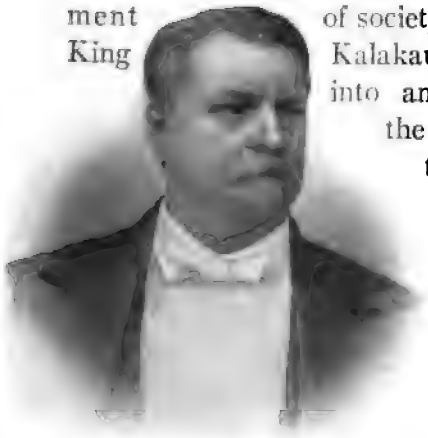
they are ready to bleed and die for her this minute, if there were a chance that by doing so they would help to give birth to Free Cuba!"

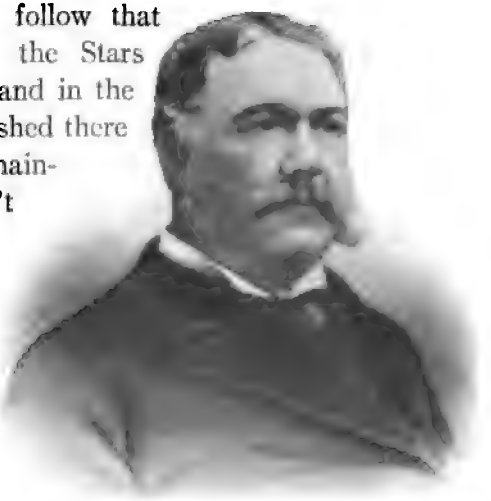
"In Hawaii," said Hernando quietly, speaking for the first time, "was it not American sympathy back of the better element of society in the Islands, that prevented King Kalakaua before his death from lapsing into ancient savagery? Was it not the aid of Americans that enabled the native lovers of freedom to throw off the bondage of the monarchy and dethrone Queen Liliuokalani? Was it not at the advice of these same countrymen of yours that Hawaii applied for admission under our flag?"



WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

"Yes, but a lot of good it did them," answered Dick. "President Harrison's treaty admitting Hawaii into the Union was recalled from the senate by Cleveland, and Hawaii is still out in the cold, where she is likely to remain."

"It does n't necessarily follow that Hawaii won't come under the Stars and Stripes sooner or later, and in the meantime the republic established there on the Fourth of July will be maintained. And why should n't we do as much for Cuba? I tell you the day is not far distant when this country will have something to say to Spain about her treatment of the Cubans."



CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR

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"This war talk has been in the air ever since before we were born," laughed Dick, "but if this country were plunged into war with Spain, how many men do you suppose would rush to the recruiting stations?"

"As many as in 'sixty-one," said Hernando enthusiastically.

DAVID KALAKAUA,
KING OF HAWAII

"Maybe," said Dick, "maybe! But not the ones who prated the loudest of their patriotism, you can be sure of that! This war game is an obsolete institution, anyway. It is time it was abolished altogether."

"War as we think of it now, yes," replied Hernando. "It is an old-fashioned and an absurd way to settle differences. What does it prove to render women childless and husbandless? Does it prove that one nation is right or wrong? No. But though war, I think with you, should be ended forever, there will never be an end of conflict. For only through conflict can come the great movement of the world's advance toward enlightenment, beauty, humanity. You will always have to fight with bigotry, with ignorance, with the brute in man before the goal of the real humanity can be reached."

"It is true," said Elaine. "Here in this country, freedom has been purchased at a terrible price; it is easy to forget how great. But the price was paid, and will be paid again if need be, though perhaps not in the same way. The next conflict may be one of a different sort. America stands now for religious freedom, political liberty! There are other kinds of freedom,— how about the freedom of the powerless from the powerful? How of industrial freedom? Can

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LILIUOKALANI, QUEEN OF HAWAII

any one look at the green hills behind us and say that one man has a right to shut another man from that beauty of the world? It seems to me as absurd as to attempt to enslave the open sea! —" She stopped abruptly.

"My heavens!" cried Dick, in mock stupefaction, "did any one speak of socialists? We have here the most eloquent of them all. Woman, I salute you. I will take my doubtful valor, my doubtful wit, and my doubtful patriotism away from you. I am afraid you would convince me to seriousness, me, myself!"

And with laughter and badinage the conversation ended, not, however, to be utterly forgotten, for all three thought of it many times thereafter. The month of enchantment, meanwhile, was drawing to a close. Hernando hugged each minute as it passed, releasing it with a sigh; for it meant that he stood one minute nearer to the time when he

A GRASS HUT IN HAWAII

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should see Elaine no more. He had not dared to look beyond the time of their parting. For him, when this little vacation on Olympus should be over, the world lay waiting. He did not know what he intended to do, or desired to do, but he had determined to dismiss all such reflections from his mind for this immortal month. Afterward, when she was gone, it would be time enough to think.

July was near its close. Already the twilights were falling sooner, and once or twice there had been a hint of frostiness in the evening air. On one day Hernando and Elaine, leaving the others, wandered away by themselves far in the forest, though still keeping close to the ocean's edge. They walked for some time in utter silence, the woods being so utterly silent themselves that speech seemed a profanation of some cathedral hush. They had walked along thus for some distance, when, as one bursting from a mood, Elaine raised her head suddenly, and spoke:

"I go back to my father's house when this week is done."

Hernando turned; but she held up her hand for him not to speak until she had finished. He obeyed the signal; she went on:

CLEVELAND'S TOMB AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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"I received a letter from my brother Juan to-day. He says that there have been terrible things done in our country. He says that the Spaniards are becoming more despotic and more cruel every day; he thinks that it cannot go on so much longer; he thinks that there will be another revolution — soon."

Here Hernando interrupted, in spite of himself.

"But if that is so — if there is even any chance of that, you must not go back to Cuba; it will not be safe — you —" Again she checked him.

"I must go back," she said, slowly. "My father is — not well. I must go back and see him, before it is too late, Juan says, before it is too late."

She turned her face toward him, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears which she did not attempt to hide. Involuntarily his hand went out to hers, which it caught tenderly, and held. Hernando bent over her then.

"Thou art the sweetest —" then he caught himself. "I am sorry — sorry." He raised her hand to his lips. For a moment neither spoke.

"I think I know what it is that you would tell me," she said at last. "But I cannot listen now. And I honor you the more, my dear, that you do not make me try to listen when I am not able to hear you. It is true that you love me — surely it is true?" She turned to him once more, with a sad little laugh, which had no trace of coquetry.

"Yes!" he said. "Yes; I love you with my heart and my soul — forever!"

"I knew it." She closed her eyes, one instant. When she opened them, it was to return, somewhat tremulously, it is true, to her normal manner.

"Then I will remember what I know; and I will go back to Cuba; and we will be happy for what remains to us of this week. Shall it not be so?"

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"And some day?" asked Hernando uncontrollably.

"Some day,—" she smiled. "Perhaps. Meanwhile,—we shall be friends? You will not forget me if you do not see me? By next year you will not say, 'Let me see: Cabanel, Cabanel, where have I heard that name before?' will you?"

His answer appeared to satisfy her; for once more she smiled. And then, close together, they took up their homeward way. The trees still rustled over them with their vague shadow of sound. Hernando felt a great weight at his heart as though he were losing her forever, even though he knew it was not so. She guessed something of this, and when she spoke her voice was gentler than Hernando had ever heard it. Suddenly he stopped, catching her by the hand.

"May I — once?" he whispered. "It will be for remembrance."

"Not my lips," she said, and came close. He took her in his arms, and kissed her on the forehead. It was very still in all the world.

ARTHUR'S TOMB, RURAL CEMETERY, ALBANY, NEW YORK

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CHAPTER V

THE HACIENDA ON THE HILL

AN old man was sitting on a low bench in the inner court of a rambling Cuban house. His hands lay open on his knees, and not a muscle of him was in motion except his eyes, which kept roving here and there, nervously. Behind his seat stood another old man, a servant; from his brown and wrinkled skin and the shape of his head, he seemed to be a Mexican, and his age might have been anywhere from fifty to a hundred. He watched his master anxiously, and bent forward every moment to scrutinize his face.

MAXIMO GOMEZ

"Pedro," said the seated man suddenly, "stop popping about like a monkey on a stick. I am all right. I do not like to be looked at in that fidgety fashion." There was surprising vigor in his tones, and one saw that he was not so old as had at first appeared. Pedro made no answer to his tirade, except to shrug his narrow old shoulders slightly, and blink his eyes.

"They should be here by this time, Pedro," continued

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his master. "March out in the road and see if there is any sign of their coming. Well, move!"

Pedro moved. In a little while he returned, shaking his head sadly.

"I see nothing on the road, señor," he said apologetically.

"I will walk for a little," replied his master. "Help me to rise."

Once on his feet, he stood erect, an imposing and commanding figure. He was more than six feet in height, and his tall form, while lean to the point almost of emaciation, was possessed of the strength and some of the elasticity of youth. Certainly no one, looking at him so, would have taken him for an old man, for all his white hair. His eagle nose and his bright, restless eyes made him look like some proud old nobleman of a great house.

John Cabanel, at the age of fifty-five, was kept alive chiefly by his indomitable will. He had an affection of the heart which his life in the tropics had not tended to remove. But the desire to live was strong in the long, lean frame, and an indomitable fire burned still in the keen eyes. He leaned for a few steps rather heavily on Pedro's arm, and the two began a slow, solemn progress around the patio. As they went, Cabanel began to talk, half to himself, half to the servant, who evidently recognized the fact that he was not expected to respond, only to listen.

"It was how long ago she went away, Pedro? Five years. Five years is a long time, when one is waiting for anything. And now she is coming back. It is just as well she went away — there was no safety in having her here, with the Spaniards in the city, on the city walls. Will she be changed much, do you think, Pedro? Will she? She used to look a great deal like her mother once, Pedro, only not so fair — only not so fair. They are a long while coming, she and Juan. Do you think anything has befallen

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them? But nothing could, for Juan is careful. Yet it seems strange that they do not come, strange indeed." He broke off, and for a little they walked on slowly.

"She will be twenty-two now, Pedro. Her mother was twenty-two when I married her, a long while ago. Little Elaine — twenty-two years old. She was born in 'seventy-two, and now it is 'ninety-four. Twenty-two years and two months. She has her mother's eyes — Pedro, run once more and see if they are not coming!"

Pedro made a sign, indicating that he could not leave his master, but the other waved him imperiously away, "Go, you! I will wait where I am."

Pedro went, doubtfully. He left the master of the house standing straight and still. And this time he did not have to go in vain. There were noises now outside, noises of horses, and wheels, and servants' voices. As the old man heard them his eye brightened, and he stood up straighter than ever. Then, suddenly, a door opened at the end of the court, and some one, something in white, came running swiftly, eagerly toward him. A great cry burst from him.

"Elaine! Elaine, my child!"

"*Padre mio!*" She flung herself, with a sob, into his arms.

Tenderly she guided him back to his seat upon the bench, sitting down beside him with

CUBAN INSURGENTS

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his hand in both of hers. Behind them stood Juan Cabanel, straight, dark-eyed, dark-skinned, the child of his country rather than of his parents. He smiled down upon his father and sister, and smiled merely, attempting to take no part in the conversation; for Juan was a taciturn man.

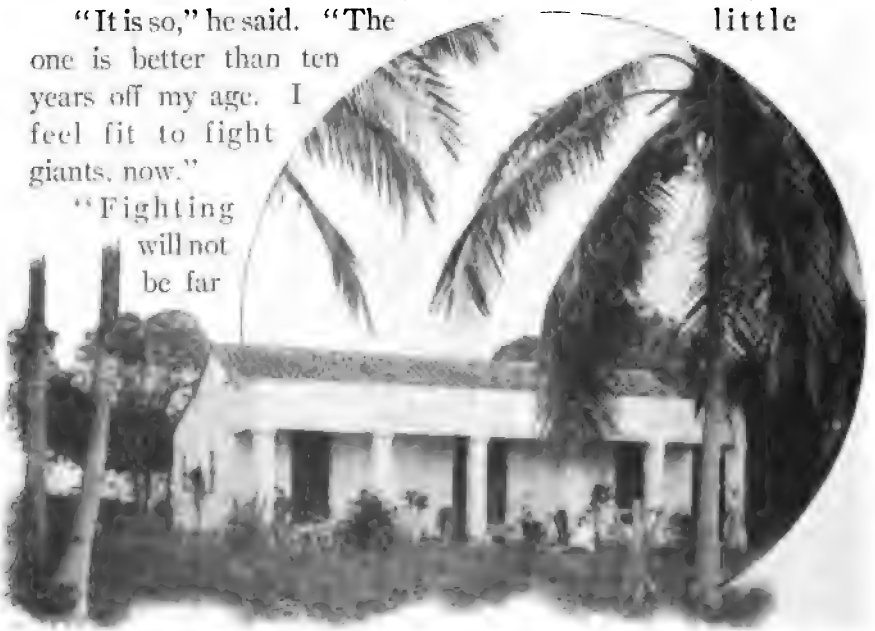
"Is all well with thee? Is all well, little one?" said the father, in Spanish. Elaine turned her glowing face to his, for answer.

"All is well, my father. Now that I am at home, all is well with me."

Later he made her tell about her life in America, her school, and her friends, for though she had told him of all these things in her letters, he wanted also to hear it from her lips. One thing only she did not tell; that she felt she could not speak of, yet. She found herself wondering what her lover was doing at that moment,— yet shook herself free of the thought. That night, when the household was retiring to rest, her father looked brighter and better than he had looked for months. Juan told him of it, smiling.

"It is so," he said. "The little one is better than ten years off my age. I feel fit to fight giants, now."

"Fighting will not be far



A Rural Home in Cuba

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to find," answered Juan grimly, and would say no more. But when the rest of the family had retired, Juan sat up late over his papers, studying, thinking, planning. For Juan was high in the councils of his friends, and few knew better how grave a matter was now upon them.

The Cabanel hacienda was situated a few miles out of Santiago, and was one of the few plantations in that neighborhood; all the others had been destroyed during the Ten Years' War, and never rebuilt. John Cabanel himself, after his imprisonment in 1873, had managed to keep a roof over his head through his personal popularity and his friendship in many high places.

When that war, finally terminated by the repudiated treaty of El Zanjon, was over, the country lay in waste for many a league around. Only the hacienda on the hill stood up, and Señor Cabanel, gathering around him what he could of his plantation workers, settled down once more to a peaceful occupation of his devastated lands. Juan and Elaine had grown up to be young man and young woman; Señora Cabanel, beautiful to the last, had died with her husband's name upon her lips; and on the land about them the Spaniards had laid their heavy hand, with ever-increasing weight.

Now, after sixteen years, the leaven of life was astir again. The Cubans were mustering their forces for another effort toward the liberty of which they had never ceased to dream. In this fall of 1894 the time was almost ripe, and Juan knew that only a propitious moment was awaited. Of this he did not say much to his father, partly from his natural habit of secretiveness, and partly for fear of the effect on the old gentleman's heart, which had been behaving strangely the last few years.

It was wonderful weather, that autumn in Cuba. Elaine, who had been away so long that she had forgotten how

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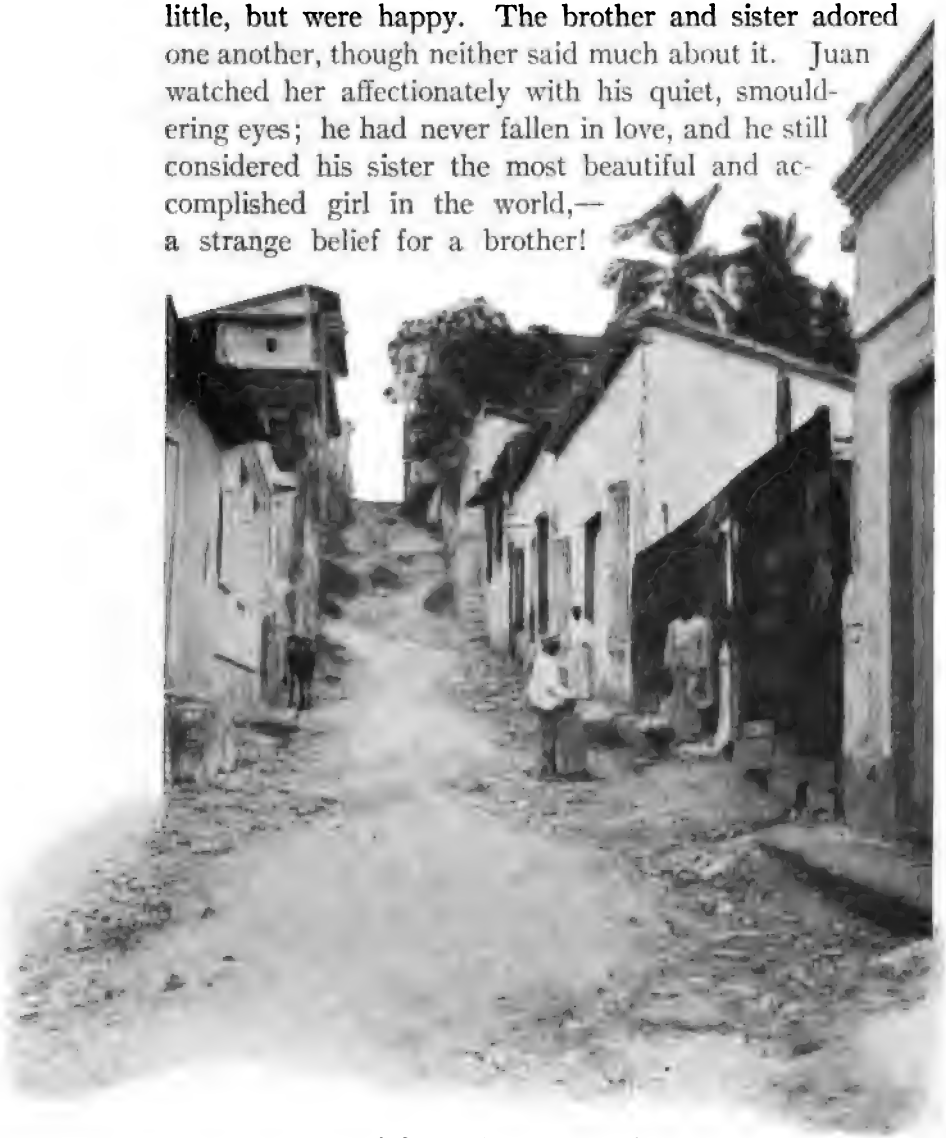
smiling her native skies could be, was never tired of riding, usually with Juan for escort, along the shady and winding roads through the Cuban hills. Her father's health, much improved since her return, gave them little anxiety now, and she was free to revel in the delights of nature, and in remembering the secret that was becoming daily sweeter for remembering. On her long rides with Juan they talked little, but were happy. The brother and sister adored one another, though neither said much about it. Juan watched her affectionately with his quiet, smouldering eyes; he had never fallen in love, and he still considered his sister the most beautiful and accomplished girl in the world,— a strange belief for a brother!



A Street Scene in Old Santiago

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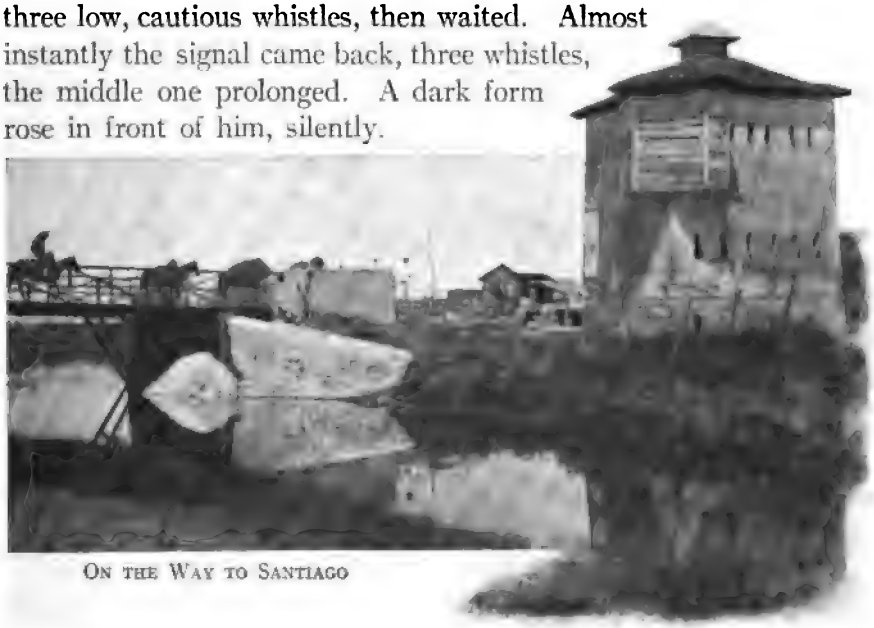
So the time went by swiftly, and soon it was New Year's Day again, and the year 1895 was begun. It was not ten days old when Juan, saying only that he must take a short trip on business, disappeared from home. Only old Pedro, who could be trusted to hold his tongue, knew whither his young master was going; and Juan had given him explicit instructions in the event of his non-return at the stated time.

It was an hour after sundown when the young man found himself nearing his destination, a small town twenty miles from Santiago; his horse, worn out from traveling the heavy roads, went slowly, with hanging head, and Juan kept a sharp lookout on all sides as he moved slowly on through the gathering night. At last he saw before him the landmark which he sought; he dismounted, and tethered his horse in a deep thicket, advancing thence on foot. Presently he found himself in front of a low picketed fence, which a large tree straddled; it was the spot he had come to find.

Making sure once more that he was all alone, he gave three low, cautious whistles, then waited. Almost instantly the signal came back, three whistles, the middle one prolonged. A dark form rose in front of him, silently.



On the Way to Santiago

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"*Cuba Libre*," whispered Juan into this person's ear.

The two moved off together in the gloom. Five minutes later Juan and his guide found themselves in a low, underground room, with ceiling and walls of palmetto wood. Around a table in the center of the room sat seven men. They greeted Juan in a friendly, if preoccupied manner. It was evident that the conference had begun. A lean, dark Cuban, with a high brow and rather a nervous manner, was speaking as Juan entered. He now continued at once:

"As I tell you, señores, the time has come. Neéd I rehearse what we have known so well, and so often heard before? The Spaniards have broken faith with us so often! El Zanjon, where they promised everything and fulfilled nothing, is but one of their many treacheries. If Cuba is to be free, Cuba must free herself! And the time is ripe. I today received the most cheering news from our friends in the Junta at New York City. Cubans in America are doing their utmost for us. I have hope of three vessels being sent us, with money and with arms for our forces. I have set the day, barely six weeks from this one, namely, February twenty-fourth, for the date of our concerted rising. There is greater

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A Cuban Sugar Plantation

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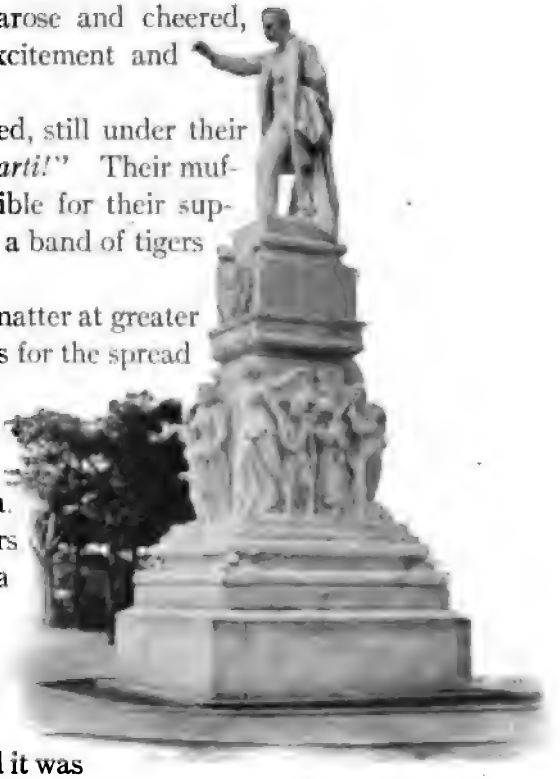
news still. In one week I go to San Domingo to see that great patriot, and matchless leader, Maximo Gomez!"

He paused dramatically. José Marti, a lawyer and an orator, knew when he should end his speeches, and the men around the little table arose and cheered, in whispers, but in intense excitement and enthusiasm.

"*Viva Gomez!*" they shouted, still under their breath. And again, "*Viva Marti!*" Their muffled cheers were the more terrible for their suppression; they had the effect of a band of tigers in leash.

Later, they talked over the matter at greater length. Marti told of his plans for the spread of the rebellion in all the provinces at once; told how he expected to put armies in the field under Gomez, Garcia, Maceo. The Maceo brothers were at this time in Costa Rica but they were coming to Cuba as soon as the time was ripe. Details and plans were discussed for the movements to be begun around Santiago; and it was a late hour when the meeting dissolved. Juan, bidding the others farewell, returned to the place where he had left his horse; in an hour more the room was deserted, and its late occupants were traveling away from it in eight directions, in the growing day.



José Marti's Statue at Havana

The time passed with feverish slowness to Juan till the long waited day of February 24. Tidings were scarce, for Marti was in San Domingo, and there were no more meetings in the underground room. As the days dragged by, Juan

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found the suspense beginning to tell even upon his young nerves. When the great day dawned he felt so vast a sense of relief that he was not the same man. Yet nothing happened. Something did happen, but the news of it did not reach him for several days. Then, like a thunderbolt from heaven, it came! From Havana came the word that the rebels had risen near Matanzas, and that the troops had been sent out hastily to quell the revolt. Simultaneously with this, came word of other uprisings throughout the island; all of them small, but all of them earnest, earnest enough so that Governor-General Calleja ordered the establishment of martial law in the provinces effected, and sent forth the Spanish regiments to the most serious points. His promptness bade fair, for a while, to quench the rising flame; but only for a while. The uprisings in Matanzas and in Santa Clara were soon put down, and the ringleaders, where caught, were instantly executed. It was a different story in Santiago. Here the soldiers could do little or nothing, and the insurgents found their forces swelling to no inconsiderable numbers. Juan, in the thick of things, worked twenty hours a day, and was happy.

Antonio Maceo

In April Antonio Maceo landed in Cuba. Near the eastern extremity of the island he landed, and found himself at once in the greatest hazard. He was discovered by the Spanish forces, who were on the lookout for him, and his life was immediately plunged in jeopardy. When he landed he

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had twenty-five companions; in a week's time, after almost constant pursuit by Spanish cavalry, but three of these were left him. Maceo himself seemed to bear a fetish against death. Four times bullets passed through his hat; each times he escaped, and at last, after being two days without food, and with two of his remaining companions wounded, he arrived in safety at the headquarters of a large band of insurgents, by whom he was greeted with the wildest acclaim. He at once assumed the leadership of this party. The revolutionists had gained a leader.

Three days later there landed, also on the southern coast, two boats from San Domingo. And from them disembarked José Marti, and Maximo Gomez. The revolution was launched.

Spain, meanwhile, was ill at ease. Disquieting indeed were the reports which had come to her of the insurrection; and it was soon agreed at Madrid that Calleja was not the man to deal with the emergency. Accordingly, at the same time that Gomez landed in the south, General Martinez Campos, commander-in-chief of all the Spanish forces on the island, landed at Havana. General Campos was regarded as the foremost general of Spain. He had put down the revolt at the end of the Ten Years' War, and while Spain did not pretend to live up to the terms of the peace that he made, she still felt that he was the best man to send against this second uprising. Yet Campos was not the man at all. Campos was a soldier and a gentleman. His ideas were conciliatory and humane. He did not believe in making war on women and children, nor in shooting unarmed men in cold blood. It can be seen from these facts that Campos and his methods were strangely at variance with the Spanish ideas of colonial government. The only thing that is hard to understand is how he gained such prestige at Madrid. He believed in humane warfare, if any warfare

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can be humane; while Spain's ideas had not varied one iota from those held and practiced by the duke of Alva, one of the great butchers of the world.

However, Campos was selected; and for a while all went well. He began to conciliate the people where he could, to give employment to the unemployed, to alleviate suffering, and to attempt to induce the insurgents to abandon their revolution and go to work in the desolated fields. This time, though, he was dealing with another breed of patriots from the disheartened ones of 1878. The Cubans gathered in small parties, and for his show of leniency they merely waxed the more enterprising. Despite the loss dealt them early by the unfortunate death of Marti, Gomez rose to the occasion valiantly. Struggling at first under great odds, he finally roused the whole province of Puerto Principe to join his standard. When this was done, a great blow was dealt to the Spanish hopes. Gomez now found himself in a strong position; and he proceeded to lay out his plan of warfare along astute lines. The general scheme of his campaign was as follows: first, never to give pitched battle unless he was absolutely sure of victory; secondly, to attack small forts and other Spanish outposts in the hope of gaining arms and ammunition; thirdly, all sugar plantations were to be destroyed unless their owners paid a tax to the insurgent forces. In general, they were to harass the Spaniards at every possible opportunity, never giving battle unless cornered; and they were to make it unpleasant for all Cubans who were not patriotic enough to support the cause of Free Cuba. It was a crafty plan of campaign, and under Gomez's strict hand it was carried out to the letter.

In Santiago de Cuba, Maceo was in command. He was the most dashing warrior of the many insurgent leaders, and his men were more daring and more reckless. At the instigation of Juan Cabanel and some of his friends, Maceo

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PASEO DEL MARTI, MATANZAS, CUBA

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organized a troop of cavalry, of which Juan was lieutenant. This cavalry was early made into the most effective of fighting machines. Mounted on small but wiry and active horses, the little band of horsemen became in a small way what Jeb Stuart's dashing troopers had been in the Civil War. They were everywhere at once, untiring, alert, always attacking unexpectedly, always escaping unharmed before the enemy could make ready to repulse them. Maceo found them the most valuable arm of his command.

Along these lines the revolt progressed. Never were there any pitched battles — only skirmishes, flurries, night attacks. The Spaniards were kept in a state of perpetual unrest, never knowing when they might be fired upon from ambush. It was the most exasperating kind of guerilla warfare to face. Only once was there any semblance to a real battle; and on this occasion, strangely enough, both commanders-in-chief were engaged. A large band of insurgents met Campos and 1500 Spaniards near the little town of Bayamo, one of the Spaniards' fortified points. Maceo, commanding the insurgents, planned his attack on the Spanish center, but through a miscalculation, it was directed against the advance guard under General Santocildes. In the first fire the Spanish general fell dead, and Campos himself escaped death only by a hair's breadth. The fight raged fiercely, the Spaniards being somewhat disorganized by the death of one of their leaders. However, their superior armament enabled them to beat off the enemy, and finally, after a desperate struggle, Campos won his way into the Bayamo fortification. Had the Cubans had a full equipment of arms, the story might have been a sadly different one. It did, however, convince Campos that he was dealing with a dangerous foe; and his movements thenceforward were more cautious than before. Despite his generalship he found himself unable to secure any appreci-

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able advantage over the slippery Maceo, who would not stay in one place long enough to be captured or killed, and who reminded the wearied Spaniards of an extremely lively flea.

General Martinez Campos

In September, cheered by the progress made, there occurred the first meeting of the revolutionist party. All the leaders of the Cubans were there, and delegates were sent from every band of insurgents on the island, as well as from every city and province. The greatest harmony and enthusiasm prevailed, and the meeting was regarded as the most important step yet made toward the end for which they were striving. An election was held, and a constitution was adopted. Executive officers were elected, Salvador Cisneros de Betancourt being chosen president, Maximo Gomez commander-in-chief, and Antonio Maceo lieutenant-general. Laws were passed, regulations were adopted for the conduct of the war and of the affairs of the various provinces; and the republic became at least the foreshadowing of a fact, if not an actually established one. This done, the meeting dissolved; and the generals once more took the field.

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It was dusk of a February day in 1896, just one year from the starting of the revolution, that there came a knock on the gate of Señor Cabanel. Old Pedro went to see who was there, and a moment later, with a low cry of joy, he opened the gate to Juan. The young soldier, lean and brown from his outdoor life in the saddle, asked at once for his father. Without waiting for an answer he followed Pedro to his father's room; and a moment later found himself clasped in Elaine's arms.

General Valeriano Weyler

It was more than six months since he had been home, and while they had had word of him whenever he was able safely to send it, they had heard nothing for a month before his coming, and had begun to dread nameless things. To their questioning at first he answered little; then, seeming to realize that he must talk and be gone, he rose from his seat and talked straight to his father's face as he sat by the wood fire in the open fireplace.

"There is grave word from Havana," he said. "General Weyler landed four days since, to take the command of the Spaniards. It is not safe for man, nor woman, to be on this island now. You, my father, and you Elaine, must go at once. I have made arrangements for you to go by a boat

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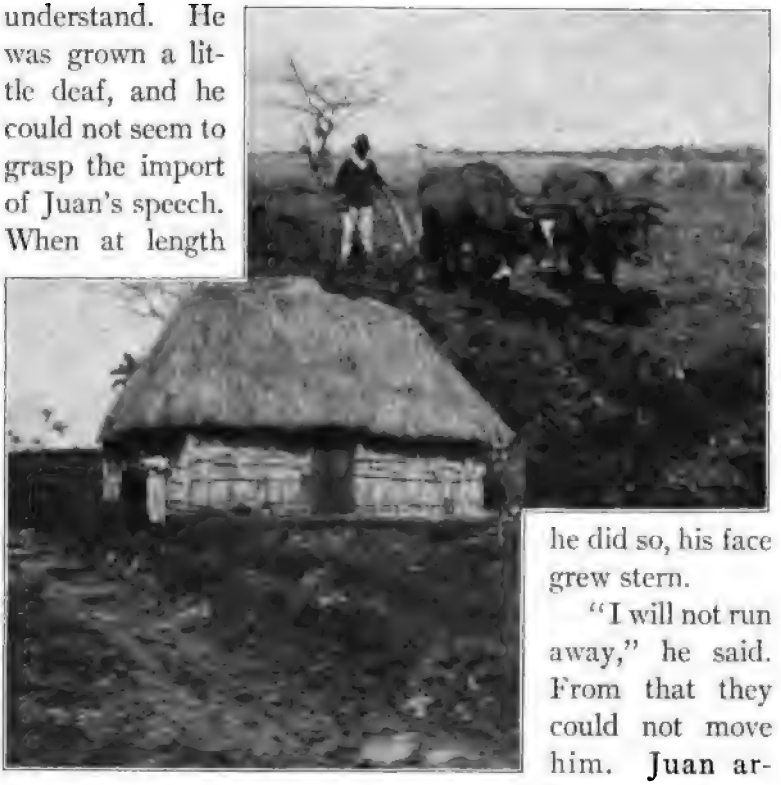
that sails in three days from now. You must make ready. I cannot be near to guard you, and you cannot stay where you are unguarded. That is all I have to say."

It was a little time before they could make the old man understand. He was grown a little deaf, and he could not seem to grasp the import of Juan's speech. When at length he did so, his face grew stern.



On a Cuban Farm

"I will not run away," he said. From that they could not move him. Juan argued, pleaded, swore, pleaded again; to no avail. He told his father he must go if only on Elaine's account; but the old man would not listen.

"I will let no Spaniard, nor ten thousand Spaniards, drive me from my home," he said, and repeated it over and over and over, obstinately.

Juan saw upon his face a look which the younger man recognized, and suddenly he gave up.

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"Then you must go alone," he said, turning to Elaine.

"I cannot leave him," she answered quietly.

Juan raised his hands toward Heaven. His despair was the more sad for being mute. At the end he eyed them both with sorrowful eyes, and made one last plea to Elaine.

"I cannot go, Juan," she said, softly. "I would do it for thee, my brother, if it might be, but I cannot go, and leave him here!"

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, MATANZAS, CUBA

She laid her hand softly upon his weather bronzed cheek.

"I love thee for wishing me safe, *pobrecito*," she whispered. "But I do not fear to stay — the good God's will be done!"

"Good bye, then!" he said huskily.

"Good bye!" she answered steadfastly. With a last grip on his father's hand, he turned. The door closed behind him.

The fire flickered brightly on the hearth.

"Is he gone, little one?" said the old man, slowly.

She rose and put her arm across his shoulders, leaning over to place her cheek to his.

"Yes," she answered. "He is gone."

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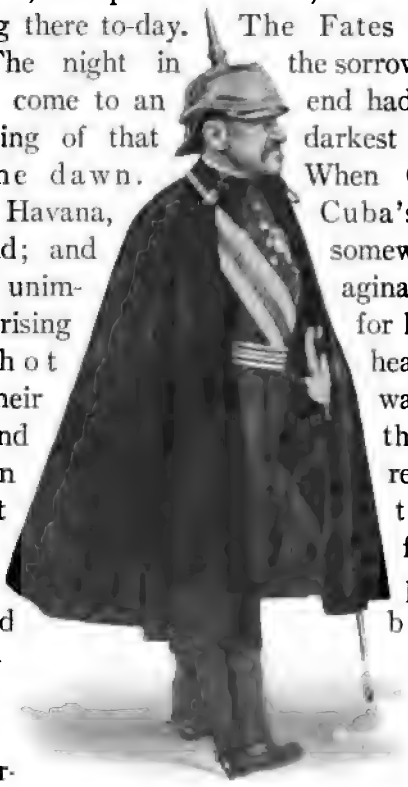
CHAPTER VI

THE DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN

IF it had not been for one man, General Valeriano Weyler y Nicolau, Marquis de Tenerife, the war in Cuba might be lingering there to-day. The Fates select strange pawns. The night in the sorrowful island might never have come to an end had it not been for the hastening of that darkest hour which falls before the dawn. When General Weyler landed at Havana, Cuba's darkest hour was at hand; and somewhere, in the future, across unimaginable seas, the sun was slowly rising for her morning.



WEYLER

The hot hearts at Madrid had won their way. Campos, the humane, and the unsuccessful, had been recalled; and the ministry put their heads together to find the right man for his place, the man who should be able to do what Campos had not done,—quell the rebellion. In response to the unerring finger of fate the decision of the ministry fell upon General Weyler, already bearing an accursed name, and already renowned in four countries for his inhumanity. In Cuba especially was he known and hated. In the Ten Years' War he had won the detestation of every patriot by his

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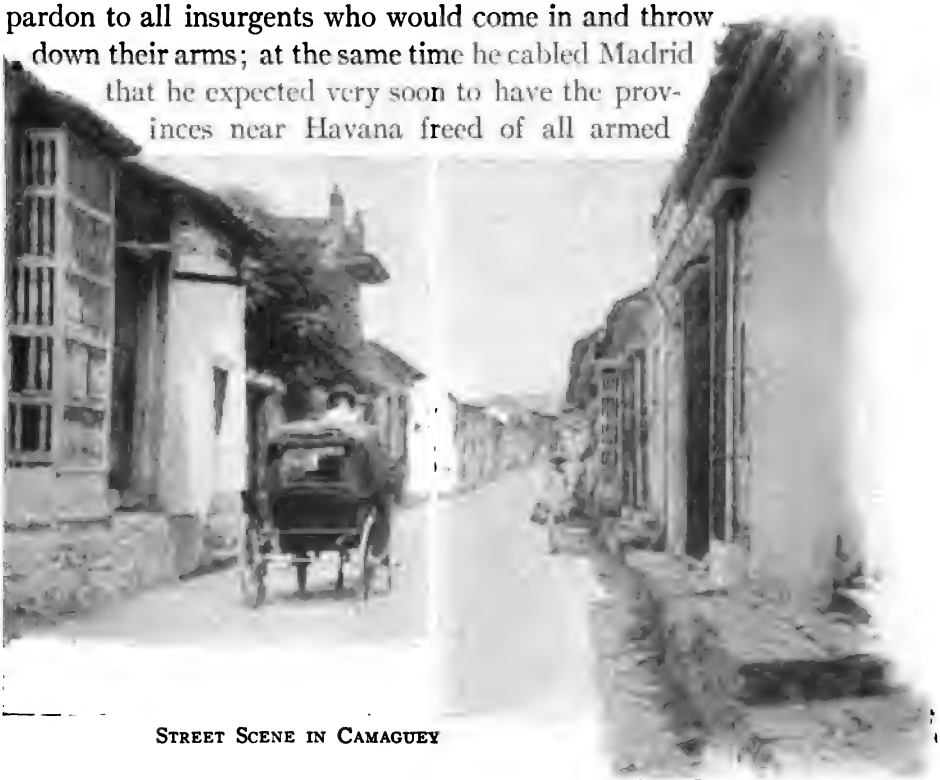
cruelties in Camaguey; a thrill of dread and of desperation came into every Cuban heart when his keel touched the shore. "Weyler has come!" the word went forth; and before the echo of it had died away, all who held any but the highest courage were looking longingly for a way of escape. The sea is none too wide to stand between him and me, ran the feeling in their hearts; and that very day of his landing there began the exodus of those who dared not stay. Many were the little boats that put off at night from the coasts of the island, seeking a land less fair, perhaps, but one that held no Weyler.

The first movements of this new menace, however, were the reverse of terrible. In the hope, no doubt, of baffling his foes for a little time at least, Weyler's first pronunciamento was one of clemency. He declared a governmental pardon to all insurgents who would come in and throw down their arms; at the same time he cabled Madrid that he expected very soon to have the provinces near Havana freed of all armed



STREET SCENE IN CAMAGUEY

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rebels, and promised that peaceful industry should take the place of war. A premature announcement, to put it mildly; viewed in the light of later events, a bitterly tragic one.

In the camps of the insurgents uneasiness was manifest. Antonio Maceo, who had been campaigning successfully in Pinar del Rio, returned to find his followers ill at ease, disquieted, listening to every rumor of disaster. He determined that a bold stroke was necessary to restore their spirit; accordingly, he gathered his forces for a lightning foray upon the town of Jaruco, which the Spaniards regarded as their own. This town he looted and burned, and retired triumphantly, having gained supplies, some ammunition, and much prestige, besides spreading a little wholesome respect among Spanish hearts.

Weyler, seeing that Maceo had been in Pinar del Rio, started for that province himself. He met with no opposition, and lost no time in issuing one of his characteristic bulletins, which stated that the province was "pacified." Hardly was the proclamation uttered, when Maceo, with his cavalry in the lead, returned to the "pacified" district. Here, bidding an easy defiance to the troops sent against him, he established his headquarters in an inaccessible place in the mountains, and waited to see what Weyler's next move would be. No generalship about Weyler; had there been, he might have been able, even against so alert a foe as Maceo, to prevail. His marches were forestalled, his men attacked from ambush, his supply trains raided. Whereupon, casting about in his mind for the most futile and useless device possible, he hit upon the idea of the *trocha*. He determined to build across the entire island's western part one of these barricades, its object being to cut off Maceo from the other bodies of insurgents, and eventually starve him into subjection. It was a pretty theory, no doubt, as he planned it; but, as has been the case with many another theory, it would

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GOVERNOR-GENERAL WEYLER'S SUMMER PALACE

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have been much prettier if it had worked. In point of fact, Maceo crossed and recrossed the *trocha* at will, and Weyler found that this huge barrier, which took three months to build and 15,000 troops to guard, was of no more value than a moonbeam.

During the rainy season little progress of any sort was made, or attempted. The roads were almost utterly impassable, and the weather forbade any effective campaigning. With the nearing of the new year, however, activities recommenced, and in one of the first skirmishes of the renewed strife, Cuba lost the man who was perhaps her greatest leader, as he was undeniably her most dashing and effective general. Early in December of 1896 Maceo found that his troops were growing tired of the inaction, as well as wearied by the increasing annoyances due to scanty food supplies. He therefore determined upon a daring move. Taking most of his men with him, he crossed the *trocha* at its northern end, part of the men being taken around by boats, and made his entry into the province of Havana.

Here, while waiting for a mobilization of the insurgent forces around Havana and Matanzas to come together under his banner, he was attacked from ambush by a large force of Spaniards. It was twilight of a cool, clear day. The sunset haze was beginning to rise, and the forces of Maceo were about to partake of their evening meal. They were encamped in a deep forest, by the bank of a small stream, and they numbered, at this time, only about 200 men. With Maceo himself were his leading lieutenants, of whom the favorite was Juan Cabanel, now head of the cavalry. Juan's troop was greatly reduced in numbers, but the remnant was as keen, as vigilant, and as active as ever. Juan himself, at the moment of the attack, had just returned from seeing to the wants of the horses; he entered the little circle around Maceo's person, and fell

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to eating with a vengeance. Juan had changed little in appearance during the months of his campaigning. He was the same lean, brown, taciturn man he had always been. Maceo, who had found long since he could be depended upon to do his work and hold his tongue, placed great confidence in him. As he approached now, the general made room for him at his own side. After they had eaten a little time without speaking, Juan suddenly arose. His quick ears had caught the sound of an unwonted movement somewhere in the woods. He stood alert, listening with tense attitude.

HAVANA HARBOR

THE HOUSETOPS OF HAVANA

"What do you hear, señor?" asked Maceo of him calmly.

A black-browed man on the other side of the little group spoke hastily.

"It is the horses moving about, I think," he said ner-

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vously. "I have heard them for some little time. That is what makes the sound he hears."

Juan made no answer. With a swift decision he started to cross the little clearing, when, with a thunderous shout from many sides, the tempest of attack broke around them. In an instant all was uproar. Juan, whose first thought was for his men and his horses, disappeared into the wood. The group by the board melted away like magic. Doctor Zertucha, the black-browed man, alone held his place. When he was alone, he, too, broke into the underbrush, and disappeared, but in the direction of the oncoming Spaniards.

Juan by this time had reached his men, whom he found defending themselves successfully against a scattering fire from foes whom they could not see, and who could not see them. Under Juan's orders they fell into order readily, and stood ready to take his orders. He, exercised now chiefly on behalf of Maceo, bade them follow, and the little band of some thirty men, leaving their horses, which were useless on account of the thick underbrush, started back to the place where Juan had last seen his general. When they reached the spot they found themselves alone; the firing, which still sputtered fiercely to right and to left, showed them the places where the fight still raged; but it was impossible to tell whither Maceo himself had gone.

As if in answer to Juan's muttered plea, there came to their ears, clear through all the confusion, the sound of Maceo's voice.

"To me, patriots!" he cried; and again: "To me, fight-lovers!"

Juan and his men needed no second bidding. They tore through the thicket with a ringing cheer, emerging at the edge of another little clearing filled with struggling forms that hacked and tussled in the half-light. Juan flung himself into the thick of it, with a memorable cry. Even as he

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did so, there came, a little further along, a great shout of triumph from Spanish lips.

"He falls! He falls! The leader of the rebels is slain! *Viva España!*"

Juan, hearing, felt his heart sink. He plunged on in the direction of the shout. Too late. Already the firing was ceasing, the Spaniards were retiring. And in their midst, borne roughly and triumphantly aloft, Juan caught sight of the lifeless body of his general and his hero, Antonio Maceo.

A note of terrible anguish burst from his lips. Unheeding the shots that still pattered about him on leaves and tree-trunks, he turned once more to his men. His lips were set in a line of inflexible resolve.

"Men!" he cried. "There are the men who slew our leader. Shall they be permitted to take away his body? It belongs to liberty and to us. Follow me!"

Not a man hesitated; and like an avenging flood the little body of

RURAL CUBA

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men swept down upon the triumphant Spaniards, now drawing off as swiftly as they could. The avengers struck them like a bolt from Heaven. In the twilight the battle raged again, more fiercely than ever. Juan, in the front rank, fought hand to hand in a frenzy of anguish and sorrow. Man after man he cut down, and at length it happened that, halting after a stroke, he saw before him the two men who bore his general's body. Silently he fell upon them. Silently he slew them. Heedless alike of the bullets and the cries of "Shoot him! Shoot the tall man who fights!" he raised his general's body tenderly in his arms. With three of his own men for bodyguard, he won his way back, inch by inch.

PRIMITIVE FARMING IN CUBA

By this time it was almost night. The Spaniards, despairing of gaining any further advantage, finally ceased to fire. In silence they retired, taking their wounded with them. But in the little clearing where they had sat to their meal, Juan Cabanel knelt, with Maceo's body, wrapt in its tattered cloak, before him on the ground. At midnight they buried him, General Antonio Maceo, patriot. He was the last of eight brothers to give his life for his country. Juan, at the head of his little troop, struck off southeastward across the open country, to join Gomez in Puerto Principe.

Maceo's death, however, was a grave loss to the insurgents. Weyler now found no one in the west capable of opposing him; and he soon captured Rivera and the remnant of Maceo's men which had been left in Pinar del Rio. He

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then found himself in a position to send another cable to Madrid, stating that the three western provinces had been pacified. They were not pacified, and it took the continuous efforts of 20,000 men to keep them in order, but for a while at least there was no more open strife. The center of the insurgent camp now shifted to Gomez's headquarters in Puerto Principe, and against him Weyler manœuvered and marched in vain. So little progress, indeed, did he make that, angered and afraid of what Madrid would say, he hit upon the project which has made his name the most execrated of any warrior of modern times. He issued his infamous decree of "Reconcentration" in October, 1896; but it was not till after Maceo's death that he could find time to enforce or to commence to enforce it.

This order, which unquestionably did more than any other single thing to rouse the humane indignation of the United States, was the most wanton, as it was the most ruthless, of brutalities. It was directed, not against the insurgents, but against the *pacificos*, the non-combatants; not against the soldiers, the men who fought, but against the women and children, the old, the weak, the helpless. It was the device of a devil, and it was enforced with the utter savagery of an animal that lives on blood. Nothing that has been reported regarding the suffering it caused could possibly overstate the truth. In the United States, when the facts began to come to light, it was at first impossible to believe that the facts could be as terrible as they were reported. The stories of the death by starvation of tens of thousands of women, old men, and little children were pilloried as vaporings of sensational newspapers.

Yet in the end it was the tragedy of the *reconcentrados* that caused the United States to interfere in Cuba, and to ordain and declare that this shame to humanity should cease. But of that in its place.

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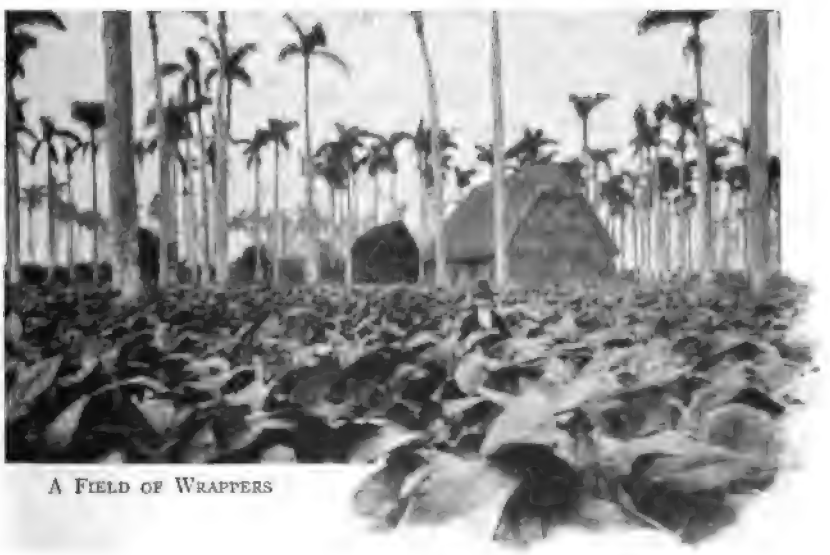
Briefly, the plan of Weyler was this. He figured that if he could prevent the *pacificos* from giving aid to the insurgents, the war would soon end. He therefore repeated his proclamation, making it more stringent than before and serving notice on all non-combatants that they had eight days in which to come into the fortified places; after that time, all who failed to do so, who remained in the country, were to be regarded as insurgents, and shot on sight.

Helplessly, sullenly, hopelessly, the *pacificos* obeyed the order; it was death to refuse. Into the fortified towns by thousands they came; and there by thousands they starved. Theoretically, plots of ground were given them that they might support themselves on the products of the soil, but in fact these plots were in almost all cases incapable of being cultivated; and the *pacificos*, huddled in their miserable quarters like animals, were in no condition to do work of any sort. Outside, in the open country, Weyler and his forces laid waste the land, burning, leveling, destroying; and all the natives they found, they killed. The responsibility for the laying waste of the country is not all Weyler's: the insurgents took a hand at this, and had done so for a



A Field of Wrappers

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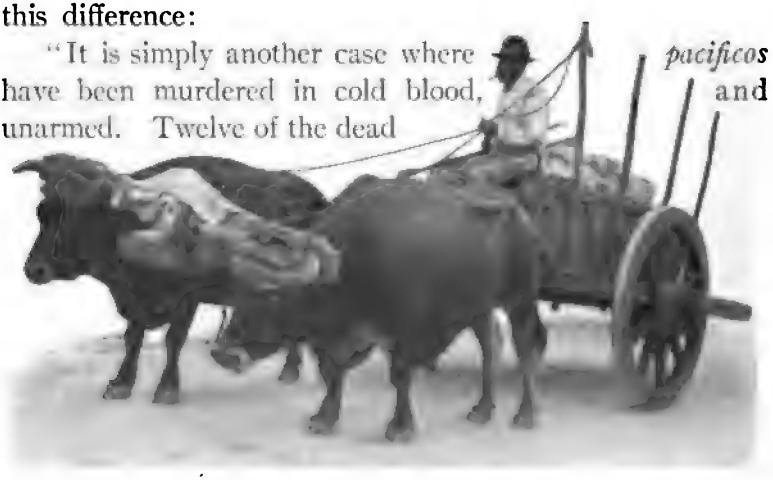
long time. All plantations which would not give aid to Free Cuba were, by Gomez's orders, destroyed; now all those that were left were burnt by Weyler. Where once had been a prosperous and a smiling land, reigned desolation, famine, ruin.

Meanwhile, the skirmishes between the two armies continued. Never coming to open battle, save in a few rare cases, Gomez yet maintained his position with invincible skill. The only victories the Spaniards won were in their dispatches to Madrid; there they were victorious indeed! To show how sweeping were these paper victories, it is permissible to quote two accounts of one episode which occurred. Twelve dead men were found in a swamp,—that is the fact. But the Spanish account read as follows:

"The Guadalajara battalion, while marching to San Miguel, met a party of six hundred rebels, commanded by Aguirre and Morejon. A fierce fight ensued; for the heroic Spanish troops to see the enemy and to demolish him was one and the same thing. The rebels in the end were so thoroughly beaten that they fled demoralized from the field, with a loss of sixty men, twelve of whom were left dead upon the field. The Spanish loss was one killed, and three wounded."

General Gomez made a statement of the matter, with this difference:

"It is simply another case where *pacificos* have been murdered in cold blood, and unarmed. Twelve of the dead



A Cuban Ox-Team

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GOVERNOR'S PALACE, HAVANA

were employees on sugar plantations, and had never borne arms. The men who were killed were hacked out of all resemblance to human beings. This is a typical Spanish victory."

Between these, where lies the truth? Almost certainly not with the Spaniards. And these "victories" were of almost daily occurrence.

To Juan, now with Gomez, the "Reconcentration" decree was a source of the most keen suspense and dread. He thought of his father and Elaine, left exposed to the possibility of Spanish outrage, and he could not endure it. The province of Santiago, of course, was the strongest of all the patriots' demesnes. The Spaniards held the city of Santiago, but they dared not go far into the interior, and their hold upon their towns and forts was slender, outside of the city of Santiago itself. This was the only way of hope left to Juan; but it was not much, and he finally knew that he could not live in ignorance any longer. He must find out what had befallen his family. He therefore sought Gomez, and craved leave of absence for ten days; it was granted without question, and that night Juan left on horseback for his home.

THE BOAT LANDING AT HAVANA

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The morning of the fourth day found him within sight of the place he had come to see. He was compelled to wait for the grey dawn before beginning his ascent of the hill. As the light grew stronger he peered more and more eagerly through the leafy distance. Yes, there it was! At least, the hacienda still stood! His heart swelled with thankfulness at the sight. And he rode forward almost recklessly, in his great relief; soon he stood before the old gate, which stood there unchanged; and an instant later he heard old Pedro's footsteps coming shufflingly to his knock.

"Quick! Open! It is I, Juan!" he said, sharply, through the wicket.

The gate swung open; and old Pedro fell on his knees before him, kissing with trembling lips the leather scabbard of his sword. Juan stopped a moment, touched by the old man's joy; then, impelled by his anxiety, he strode swiftly onward into the house. Pedro, barring the gate, took the horse to the stable.

Inside the house all was quiet. Juan found himself all alone; not even the servants were astir, it being still almost dark. He wished he had asked Pedro whether all was well, and half turned to seek out the old man. Behind him a door opened, quietly. A voice floated softly into the room.

"Who is there?" it said. It was Elaine. She was safe.

"Fear not!" answered Juan swiftly; "It is I, Juan, thy brother!"

Their greeting over, she regarded him with moist but happy eyes.

"He is alive, and stronger than for many months," she said, in reply to Juan's unasked question. "I will see if he is awake."

An hour later the three were gathered around the same board, and Pedro served breakfast. It was not a merry meal. A boding, as of some menace in the air, seemed to

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rest upon them, and Juan felt uneasy and anxious even to a greater degree than he had done alone. It was with this feeling strong in him that he called old Pedro to him, and gave him orders.

"The cyclone cellar, you recall it?" he said urgently. Pedro nodded. "Take Elaine there, if danger comes. Save her at all hazards!" And Pedro gave his word. The cyclone cellar was an old pit dug many years before as a refuge from the wind, before the large house had been built. It had now been fitted with a secret entrance under the patio floor, and it would be safe even if the roof should be burned above them.

As the morning wore on, Juan's boding passed; he talked quietly with his father, and once more tried to get him to leave Cuba, though now Juan did not feel so sure that he could manage their escape. It was of no use, however, in any event, for his father refused to listen, as before. It wanted a quarter of an hour to noon when a great noise was heard without. Juan, rushing to a casement, beheld a troop of Spanish cavalry surrounding the house. In a flash he turned to Pedro.

"Remember!" he said, in a terrible voice. Sword in hand, he started for the gate. Pedro, grasping Elaine in his arms with superhuman strength, carried her bodily out into the patio. The roof of the cave closed over her.

The Spanish soldiers filled the courtyard. Juan, seeing no hope there, ran to the rear of the house; that, too, was guarded by a solid line of troops. He was surrounded. With a shrug of his shoulders, he put his sword back in its sheath. Slowly and carelessly, he returned to the living-room, and bent over his father, who had not stirred.

"Farewell, my father," he said. "Farewell!"

The soldiers burst into the room, surrounding him instantly. He had not even time to draw his sword, had

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he wished to do so. Instead, he reached down for his father's hand, gave it one last pressure, and turned to the leader.

"I am ready. Take me!" he said. The leader bowed, sarcastically.

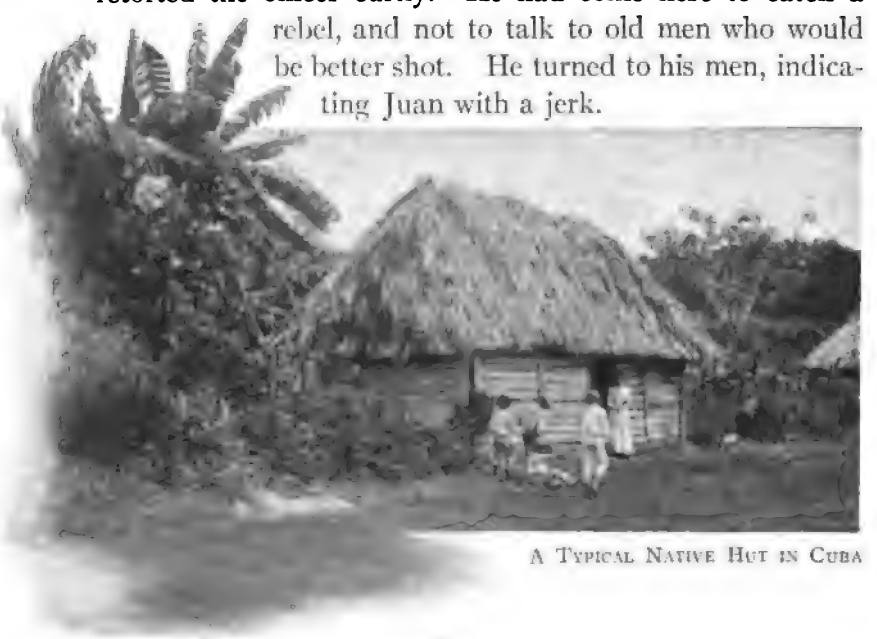
"Your sword!" he said curtly. Juan loosened it, and handed it to the officer, who passed it to an aide by his side. Then he said:

"You are our prisoner, Señor Rebel!" Juan bowed, but said no word.

Then, before any could move, old Cabanel rose from his chair. Towering aloft in the low-ceiled room, his leonine head and snow-white hair gave him an aspect at once majestic and sad. He looked piteously at the Spanish officer, who came but to his shoulder as they stood facing one another.

"What is this outrage?" he cried; but his voice failed in his throat.

"This your son is a rebel, and you are under arrest!" retorted the officer curtly. He had come here to catch a rebel, and not to talk to old men who would be better shot. He turned to his men, indicating Juan with a jerk.



A Typical Native Hut in Cuba

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"Lead him out!" he said.

The men started forward to obey; then, with a terrible cry, old Cabanel sprang forward. Like a tiger he fell upon the soldiers, beating them off with his hands. He flung his arms about Juan's neck with a magnificent gesture.

"Stand off!" he cried in a ringing voice. One instant he stood so, his great head proudly aloft; the next, his limbs gave way beneath him, and half falling, he leaned heavily against Juan's shoulder.

"Take him away," said the officer. But they could not loosen the old man's grip. He clung to Juan with a hold that they could not break; and at length they gave over trying. The officer straightened himself.

"Take them out together," he ordered. This time he was obeyed. Into the open road they took them, before the old grey wall. There was no doubt in Juan's mind as to what they were going to do. He was a captured rebel; and his life was forfeit. But his father — ! Tenderly he released his father's hands from around his shoulders, and spoke low in his ear.

"Go back into the house, my father!" he said. But the old man would not move. He stood motionless during all

THE HISTORIC TOWN OF CAMAGUEY

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the terrible preparations. They would have blindfolded Juan, but he waved them off, contemptuously.

"I die with my eyes open," he said. Two men held old Cabanel a scant six paces from where they led his son, with his back to the wall. The soldiers fell back a dozen paces. An officer took his place at the end of their rank.

The old man, with the sun beating down straight upon his head, stood without moving. It is doubtful if he realized what was afoot. Only he kept his eyes on Juan, as a tigress eyes her young. The officer spoke a few words to his men, which Juan could not hear. He fixed his gaze on the far blue sky above him, and stood straight and still.

At the sound of the guns the old man's figure quivered, but he did not move. Juan, a lock of his black hair flung across his bronzed young face, sank to the ground without a sigh.

They left him where he lay.

The old man, dragged off by two soldiers, was hustled down the road in the track of the horses.

From the hacienda came the odor of the rose-trees.

A Cuban Mountain Road

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CHAPTER VII

THE ROUSING OF RICHARD

TIME: New Year's Day, 1898. Place: the Boul' Mich', Paris.

Three young men strode down the avenue, arm in arm. They swung along gallantly as if their veins held all the fire of spring — as in truth they did. Three young men were alone in the City of Light for the first time, one of them on furlough, one on business, and the third on a sort of perpetual vacation which he had no difficulty in convincing himself was merely a temporary one. Take them all in all, these three stalwart young Americans, looking with wide and delighted eyes at the city, were as good to look upon as any youths need be. Straight and clean and jaunty, they formed a strange contrast to three French art students who swaggered along in their shapeless corduroys, close behind them. Many an eye turned to follow them as they passed.

FITZHUGH LEE

Numbering off from the left, first was a youth of stocky build, of medium height, broad shoulders, blond hair; this was the son and heir of Frederick and Rosalind Stevens of Virginia, — Ensign George Stevens of the United States

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cruiser *Olympia*, at your service; second, a young man whom any one who had ever seen him would instantly recognize as Hernando Stevens, now traveling agent for a large machinery firm of New York City; and lastly, Richard Barnabit, a trifle stouter, more nonchalant, more blasé than before, but to all intents and purposes the same Dick whom Hernando had known and loved so long.

It was a happy chance that brought them together in Paris; yet it was not altogether chance after all, for Richard insisted on going wherever Hernando had to go in the way of business, and George Stevens was now on his way back to Hong Kong to join his ship after a brief furlough at home in Virginia. He was to leave in three days for Marseilles, there to take steamer for Suez; hence it became incumbent on the three to do their sightseeing in a hurry. On this pleasing errand they were now bound. The streets were filled with a merry throng of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children; indeed they were of so widely diverse appearances and manners that Richard declared it reminded him strongly of the way he remembered the tower of Babel.

"Only that nobody is doing the least particle of work," he added.

"Never mind!" laughed Hernando. "You always complain if any one tries to do any work when you are around. This ought to suit you perfectly."

"It does," agreed Richard, "except that I like to see folks pretend to have something to do, to have something on their minds. I do not like to see so many other people as aimlessly idle as I am myself. It makes me dissatisfied. I feel that I ought to be able to think up some new way to do nothing."

"I think you have discovered quite enough," cut in George, laughingly. "If we had you on board the *Olympia*, we 'd show you that life is a strenuous affair."

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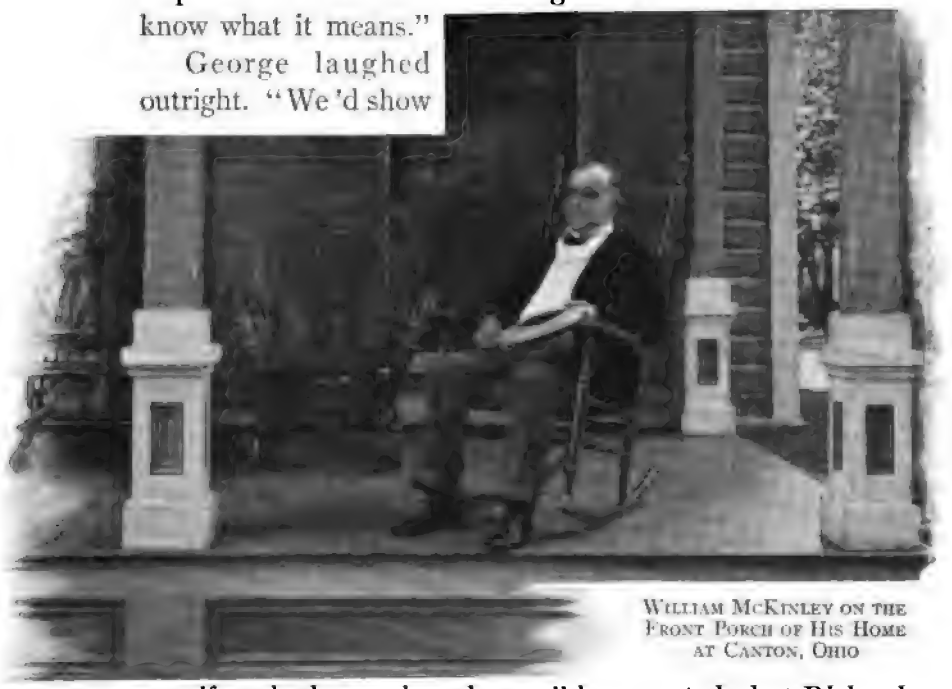
"Oh, I know better than that," retorted Richard cheerfully. "I know that you naval gentlemen have nothing at all to do but sail around in your hammocks, stopping occasionally at ports to make love to the ladies. Oh, I am very well acquainted with the naval régime! Work? You don't know what it means."

George laughed outright. "We 'd show



WILLIAM MCKINLEY ON THE FRONT PORCH OF HIS HOME AT CANTON, OHIO

you if we had you aboard once," he repeated; but Richard shook his head scoffingly; and the talk shifted.

The three went for dinner to the Café de la Paix. Richard said he had always heard that if you sat there long enough you would meet everybody you had ever known, and he had always wanted to test the truth of it. The others pointed out to him that it would probably mean waiting for the term of his natural life, and that possibly he should have begun even earlier.

"I have nothing else to do," he replied seriously, "except to look out for Hernando here. If it were not for that, I

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think the Café de la Paix would be a nice place to stay. I like it very much already, in spite of the fact that no waiter has as yet seen fit to favor us with inclined and shelly ear."

Hernando smiled calmly at Richard's extravagances of speech.

"It is pleasant to have your arm on which to lean, your stupendous knowledge of the world, your vast philosophy on which to rely; yet I should be willing to forego these inestimable privileges if you would only once truly go to work. It would be the making of you. You are a nice philosopher now; but in ten years of doing nothing you will grow fat, and nobody has any use for a fat philosopher,— at least, no lady has!"

"You are too young, Hernando, *mon enfant*, to get along without my assistance. Besides, I have nothing else to do. I have all the money I can spend, clever as I am at the occupation. Would you have me take the bread and things out of

Birthplace of William McKinley
at Niles, Ohio

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the mouths of needy young ensigns and machinery men? Never! I am too confirmed a socialist to believe in trying to make the rich richer."

"It would be well for you, lover of fleshpots, if you were compelled to work. In your head the most brilliant mind on your side of the table is going to waste, becoming atrophied for lack of use. It is too bad to see good tools not in use." Hernando was laughing, but he was half in earnest, at that.

George Stevens broke in upon the conversation, in an excited whisper.

"There is a beautiful woman!" he said, with a nod of his head toward a young woman who had just seated herself at a near-by table. Discreetly, the others turned to look; and Hernando's heart smote suddenly against his breast. For the dark hair, and the creamy skin, and the proud carriage of the head, all reminded him poignantly of the girl to whom his heart was given. He fell into a reverie, from which he was hardly roused by the tardy appearance of Richard's shelly-eared waiter, and the necessity of ordering his dinner.

It was three years since Elaine and he had bidden each other farewell under the trees that had been so deeply a part of their friendship. Three years and [illegible] over, nearly three years and a half! He

THE HOME OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, CANTON, OHIO

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had not realized it was so long ago. They had been busy years for him, devoted to facing the world for the first real tussle of life. It had not been easy, the getting started. Hernando was not possessed of many influential friends, and he was not inclined to avail himself of the offers of those that he had. Richard's father, in particular, had been most flattering to him, and had tried his utmost (no doubt at Richard's suggestion) to induce him to study law in his office. But Hernando had other ideas; and besides, it did not seem quite square to start anywhere else than at the bottom of the ladder. He had an ideal to work for, as well as a livelihood, and he came to the conclusion that he must do the fighting in his own way, and from his own foundation.

He declined, courteously but decisively, Mr. Barnabit's offer, and began work in the forge shop of a machinery plant. He wanted to learn the business from the ground up, and he succeeded. For more than two years he worked twelve hours a day, to the discontent of his mother, who feared for his health, and of Richard, who raved at his industrious habits. It was a good thing for him, though, aside from the things he learned, for it enabled him to keep his mind from brooding overmuch on a hope that must be, for a long time to come, a part only of the future. He was supported in his waiting, however, by occasional letters bearing a Cuban postmark. Once a week he wrote to Elaine, but it is probable that most of his letters, after the beginning of the war, went astray, for Elaine seldom mentioned them in her rare responses. Her letters were like herself, brave, warm, cheerful, frank; and Hernando felt, whenever he received one, as though he had had a glimpse of Elaine herself, instead of merely a piece of paper on which her hand had traced some words. For the last three months he had heard nothing, and he was growing anxious. All the terrible tales of cruel-

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ties to the non-combatants threw him into the gravest dread, and it was all he could do to keep himself from taking the next boat for Havana. As now he thought of all these things, his face assumed a shade of sadness which Richard, watching him closely, could not but see.

He thought, did Richard, mindful of the love which he knew existed between Hernando and Elaine, that Hernando would be glad to talk of the thing that was so near his heart. He had followed Hernando's eyes to the woman who resembled Elaine, and he guessed what his companion was brooding over.

"What, think you," he began, with an abrupt change of tone, "will be the outcome of the Cuban revolution? You, George, you are a naval expert; you should have a fixed and valuable idea — what is it?"

"I think the United States will be compelled to intervene," answered George seriously. "The McKinley administration is pledged to settle the Cuban question, and I have heard enough to make me reasonably sure that Spain can never stop the insurrection by herself. Weyler has devastated the country fast enough,

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CAVALRY OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S ARMY

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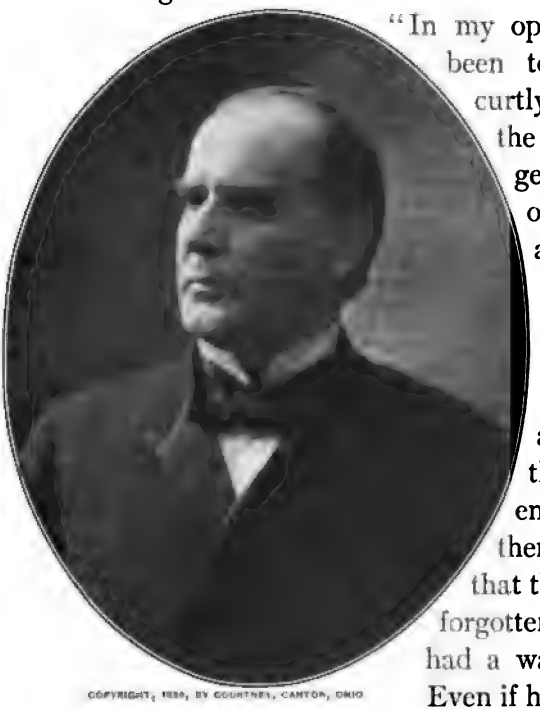
but he has made no headway against Gomez. In fact, I think Gomez is gaining ground rather than losing it."

"Are conditions then as bad as the newspapers would make them out?" went on Richard, hoping for a denial, having Hernando's face before him.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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

"In my opinion, the half has not been told," answered George curtly. "That is the belief in the navy — and the navy gets its news from seamen of all the world, men who are swayed by no partisanship, but who love fair play."

"I know a great many millions of Americans are coming to feel that the Cubans have suffered enough," said Hernando then. "I do not believe that the American people have forgotten that our country once had a war for its independence. Even if half of the stories they tell were false, the situation in Cuba would be still an outrage to humanity and to civilization. I for one am only longing for the time when things shall become so utterly intolerable that America will intervene, not as a country, but in the name of humanity. And I think the day is not so far off as the peace men hope."

"Don't be too hard upon your 'peace men,'" broke in Richard with a grin. "I am one of 'em myself. Don't forget that. I would n't fight a — a waiter if he poured cognac down my shirt front. I don't believe in war, or

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George's bloody trade afloat,— with my humblest apologies, my dear George, to your uniform!"

"Anyway I am glad that President McKinley has inaugurated the charitable work so well," said Hernando. "That is a form of aid that not friend or foe can object to, — though I notice that Spain has already protested that Clara

CLARA BARTON OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

Barton and her aides are carrying in weapons under their aprons, to give them to the insurgents. Spain's last idea was of the middle ages; she cannot understand that there is such a thing in the world as altruism, that anybody could possibly care anything about anybody but himself!"

"Your rhetoric is perhaps a little cloudy, Hernando, but there is truth in your remarks, none the less," returned Richard. "I think myself that Spain's last national idea is of the vintage of 1506. She is an anachronism, a lone barbaric island set in a sea of civilization. I flatter myself I have developed your straggling thought into really a rather striking figure!"

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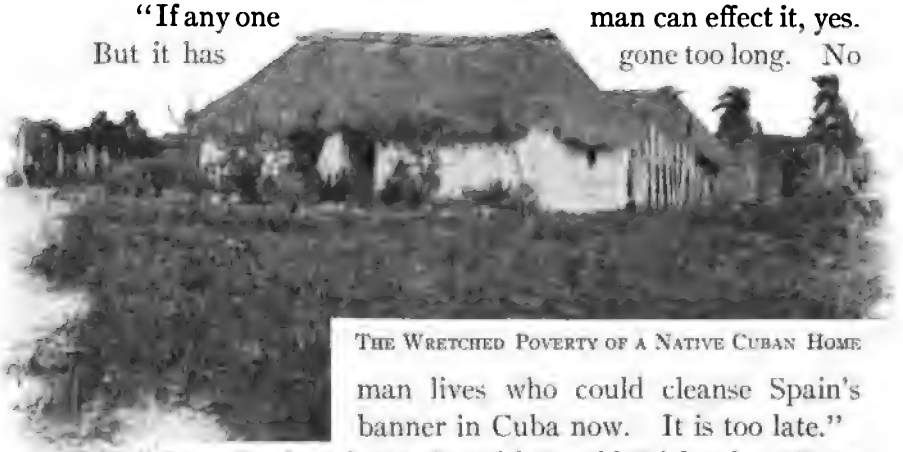
Hernando was silent for a moment; at last, soberly, he said to George:

"Do you not think that since Blanco has been in Cuba there has been a cessation of the worst of the outrages? Blanco himself seems to be a good man. Don't you think conditions, for the non-combatants, will now improve?"

"If any one man can effect it, yes. But it has gone too long. No man lives who could cleanse Spain's banner in Cuba now. It is too late."



THE WRETCHED POVERTY OF A NATIVE CUBAN HOME

"Once Spain, always Spanish," said Richard. "I see that one of her last moves is to request that Consul-General Lee be recalled from Havana."

"Yes," said George. "He told too much truth. He made Spain do some things she did n't want to do. Think of it! American citizens shut up for months and even years in Spanish prisons without trial! We certainly are a people slow to anger. How long do you think Great Britain would have endured it? And yet you see repeatedly in these foreign newspapers that America is only looking for a pretext to start a war with Spain. Pretext! But she won't go to war for her own gain, or anywhere, if peace will serve. I wish she would; it would make her more respectfully regarded over here!"

"War is grave business," said Hernando thoughtfully, as George ended.

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"Nobody knows it better than we," George said. "Our family knew it in 'sixty-one, when brother fought brother, Hernando. But what other answer is there to such an intolerable question as the whole island of Cuba asks? None!"

He had raised his voice louder than he had meant, and people were looking at the three curiously. Richard noted it, and rose from his chair.

"Peace, George," he said smiling. "You are making the ladies look at us, and that is very painful to our bashful young friend, and to me. *Allons!*"

RAMON BLANCO

They went out again into the brilliant street. For only three more days were they to be together; then George must go to Marseilles, and Hernando, with Richard of course, to London. They were busy days, over too soon. When at last they stood on the platform bidding George farewell, each of the three young men smiled cheerily at the others, as cheerily as he could.

"Good bye, old fellow!" called the two on the platform. "Take care of yourself!" "And give our best regards to George Dewey, Esquire!" Richard added impudently, as the train pulled out. Hernando and Richard were left alone.

"Now what are our plans?" asked Richard, as they

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threaded their way out among the crowds, and swung out into the open street before the station.

"England to-morrow," answered Hernando. "But I must be back in Paris in a month, to meet the Czar of Russia, or the Saint Lazare railways, rather!"

"That suits me," said Richard. "Paris in a month is nearly as good as Paris now and all the time."

A month thereafter Paris held them once more.

"This old town looks pretty good to me," said Richard gaily, as they walked again down their favorite promenade, the Boul' Mich', beloved of art students, and others. The spell of Paris was on them both.

"It is a wonderful city," answered Hernando, in a low voice. Richard cast a keen eye on him; from Hernando's tone he was afraid he was brooding again on the things that could but tear his heart. Richard determined on diverting him.

"Let us go somewhere to-night we never have been," he said.

"Where would you suggest?" Hernando queried. It was all one to him.

"Oh, I don't know," Richard told him. "Let us leave it to chance." So they did, and an hour later found them seated at a table in a dimly lighted café, where an orchestra played sentimental music, and at one end a moving picture machine threw jumping, jiggling pictures on a large white sheet.

The room was full of people, seated in groups of three and four around the low tables, and drinking strangely colored liquids out of long glasses. They were artists, and men about town, with many women of the middle class, some actresses, some *cocottes* — a typical assemblage. They kept up a steady stream of talk through which the music

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CONSUL-GENERAL LEE IN HIS OFFICE, HAVANA

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percolated only fitfully, except when some favorite ditty of the street was being played, when all talking stopped. Hernando and Richard sat down at a table near the door, where they could hear the music and also watch the people. Richard, seeing that his companion had come out of his reverie, was in his gayest and most flippant mood. He made jokes in French, which he spoke fluently, to Hernando, who could not understand them at all, and who therefore eyed his companion's absurdities with an austere eye.

A Frenchman at the next table, who was sitting alone, attracted by the flow of Richard's talk, watched them interestedly. Once, when Richard's napkin fell to the floor, he returned it swiftly, with a low bow and a smile.

"If it is not too great a liberty," he said in French as he did so, "might I join *les messieurs*? It is lonely, sitting alone at a table."

"Pray do so," said Richard cordially, for the Frenchman was hardly more than a boy, and he had the air and manner of gentlefolk. So the Frenchman came over, and they were three instead of two. The newcomer proved to be a young man of talent and charm; he was an art student, who had been in America, and welcomed this chance to try to remember the English he had learned there.

Meanwhile, the noise in the room was gradually growing louder, as the hour waxed later. The orchestra had stopped for a rest, and were circulating amongst the diners, presenting their little plates for fees. Richard, when they came to him, flung them a franc, telling them as he did so:

"I am a musician too, in my way: I play the devil!" whereat all within hearing laughed uproariously. The moving pictures at the end of the room were still going unwearicdly on, with nobody giving them more than half-hearted attention. Hernando, however, who happened to

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look in the direction of the white screen, nudged Richard suddenly on the arm, calling his attention.

They all turned then to the screen, whereon was being depicted a scene in Cuba. It was a made-up affair, as most of these pictures are, and it portrayed what the makers evidently regarded as a typical Cuban landscape, with masses of green foliage, and palm trees, and large groups of sleeping negroes in the foreground. The Cuban army was seen, a straggling company of a few half-naked men, carrying pocket-knives and sharpened sticks.

LAS RECOGIDAS PRISON, HAVANA, WHERE AMERICANS WERE IMPRISONED

As the thing went forward, this army moved off into the bushes, and hid, while, with a great flourish of trumpets, the Spanish army advanced, kicking the negroes out of the way in the most characteristic and nonchalant manner. As they stood there with their chests, covered with medals, thrust proudly out, the little band of Cubans emerged from the thicket, and threw their knives and their little sticks at the foremost of the Spanish soldiery. They then turned and fled back into the thicket with the speed of light. Here the scene ceased abruptly, and the caption appeared, "Another Cuban victory!"

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This was hailed by the audience with high delight, and cheering. It was evident that the sentiment of the company was all with Spain. Hernando looked at Richard, but said nothing. The pictures now continued. Consul-General Lee was shown landing in Havana, and remonstrating in an absurd fashion with the Spaniards for splashing mud upon his uniform. This also was greeted with laughter, and Hernando felt a little shiver run up his back. The next pictures showed the coming of an American war-ship, with the Stars and Stripes flying from her peak. She sailed jerkily into the harbor; Lee went aboard, the Spaniards waved their arms wildly in delight, and the scene closed. After a moment Richard spoke, quietly, to the Frenchman.

"What is the sentiment, here in France, regarding the war in Cuba?"

The Frenchman did not answer. Instead, he was looking fixedly down the room, to the platform before the moving picture machine.

"Wait," he said in French. "Something is going to happen; that picture show was only to prepare for something more to come. There is a newspaper man there with a long white galley-proof. Listen closely — he comes!"

A man emerged now into plain sight, and held up his hand for silence. He was evidently a journalist, and he held in his hand a long roll of proof, which he waved in the air with his left hand. He spoke in French, and Hernando could not understand what he said.

"Messieurs, ladies!" he shouted, when silence fell. "*Le Vengeur* has the privilege of announcing an event of great importance. *Attendez vous!* I have the news to tell you that the United States battleship *Maine*, at anchor last night in Havana harbor, was blown up and totally destroyed!"

He waved his arms above his head; and as if it were a

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signal, there came upon the screen a large presentment of the colors of Spain.

In an instant the whole room was on its feet, cheering and shouting. Swiftly, the Spanish colors faded, and in their place flashed out the American flag. Hernando felt his throat go dry; by magic the cheering ceased, and in its place, from several places in the room, there came the sound of a hiss. Hernando had not understood what the man had said, but this he did understand; his flag had been hissed! He felt himself growing weak; his hands trembled; he felt a sudden sensation of nausea. His collar seem to be choking him, and he wrenched to get it loose. A perfect passion of loyalty thrilled him to his marrow: he wanted to fight with his hands, to fight, to fight, to avenge the insult, the cowardly insult, to the flag of his country. With keen fury he sprang to his feet, trembling in every limb. He turned to Richard.

Richard was no longer there. Hernando saw half-way across the room a figure that moved like an avalanche. Tables, chairs, men, nothing stopped him. He reached the platform, leapt upon it like a tiger.

He grabbed the astonished Frenchman by the throat.

"Now!" he shouted in French. "*Voyez vous* the American flag! I call on you to join me in cheering for that flag. And any man that dares to hiss the flag of the greatest nation in the world, I will kill with my own hands!"

The room fell so suddenly into silence that the swift breathing of the Frenchman whom Richard was still throttling, could be heard. Then, faintly, a little murmur of applause was heard; a moment after, the boy who had been at Richard's table leapt to his feet with a "*Vive l'Amérique!*" in which, at last, the room joined. There was no more hissing.

Richard let his hands fall to his sides.

"I trust I have not injured your throat," he said to the

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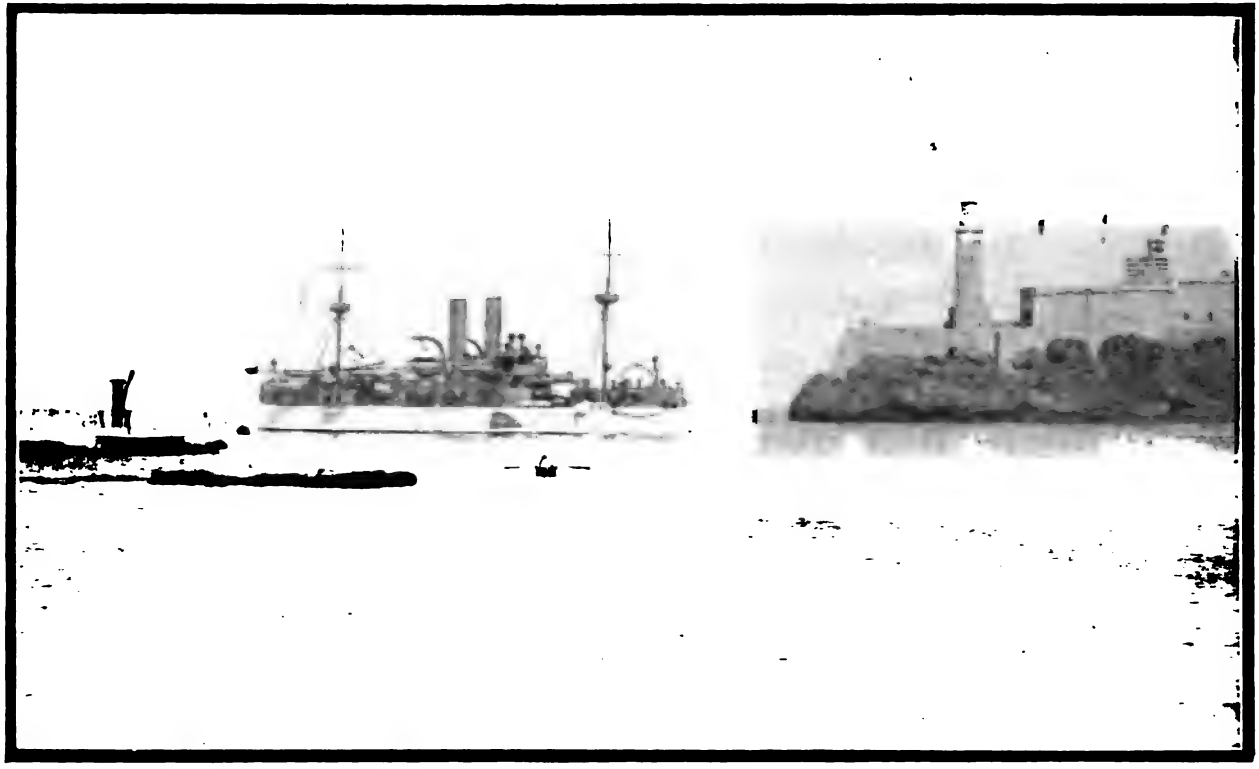

THE "MAINE," PASSING MORRO CASTLE INTO HAVANA HARBOR, ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 24, 1898

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Frenchman, who was too much astonished to respond. Quietly still, Richard made his way through silent diners who gave him respectful berth, and came back to Hernando, who stood still where he had been. Hernando looked at Richard's face, and saw that he was white with rage. His teeth were set rigidly; his hands twitched.

"Come!" he said. "This is no place for Americans. Let us get out!"

The Frenchman bade him good night politely; but Richard never glanced at him. Taking Hernando by the arm, he hurried him out into the open air. Hernando, who had not understood what had happened, save for the insult to the flag, gazed at Richard in amazement as he started down the street.

"What was it about?" he asked. "Where are you going?"

"Going! Going!" cried Richard in a voice that shook. "Didn't you hear him? He said the *Maine* had been blown to atoms in Havana harbor! Where am I going?" said the dilettante, the blasé, the casual, the philosophic Richard. "This means war! I'm going home to fight!"

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE DEWEY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

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CHAPTER VIII

THE WRECK IN HAVANA HARBOR

DARK night lay on Havana harbor. The velvet blackness settled down upon the sea and land. The lights of the city ashore glowed faintly golden. In the sky the stars were veiled. A whispering wind moved in the air.

CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE

On the battleship *Maine*, anchored at peace 500 yards from the old arsenal, all was silence. She swung peacefully at her moorings, with only her forward and signal lights burning. Captain Sigsbee, her commander, had retired to his cabin; Acting-Commander Wainwright was reading in his quarters; of the ship's company of more than 350 men, less than twoscore were awake; the rest had gone to their bunks. The ship was as still as a shadow. It was a quarter to 10, on the evening of February 15, 1898.

There came, muffled and deadened a little by

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the water, but terrible, instantaneous, deafening, a thunderous detonation. With the suddenness of close thunder it came; and the great battleship, lifted awkwardly in its death-throe, leapt for one quivering instant, half-free of the water. One instant she wavered, pitiful in her agony, like an animal with a broken spine. When she sank again into the waters of the bay she was no longer a ship; she was the merest ruin of what once had been a ship. Then, ere the echoes died on the air, sprang fire from the hull, a great blaze that illumined the harbor far and near, and made the outer night more deeply dark.

In Wainwright's cabin the lights were gone; he, uninjured, sprang to his feet, and struck a match. He ran at once to the captain's cabin. The captain, who had been hurled from his bunk by the force of the explosion, was also on his feet, groping for something to make a light. Together they rushed out on deck, now canted over at a dangerous angle. Already, thanks to the fire from the ship herself, and partly to the searchlights from other vessels, there was light enough to see what had befallen. As the captain groped his way out of his apartment, he met his orderly, William Anthony, coming toward him. "Excuse me,

THE "MAINE" AT ANCHOR IN HAVANA HARBOR

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sir," said the orderly, saluting, "I have to report the ship has been blown up and is sinking." Turning swiftly, the captain bade the seaman go below and give orders to flood the powder magazine, which held some five tons of powder. Anthony ran off on this errand; he was never seen again, but the magazine was flooded, and that danger was avoided.

"Excuse Me, Sir, I Have to Report the Ship Has Been Blown up and is Sinking" (*From the drawing by F. A. Carter*)

Meanwhile, all the harbor and the city were gathering with curious speed. The whole water-front was alive with people, straining their eyes to see the victim, and the extent of the damage. Little boats were beginning to put off from the near-by vessels, from the Spanish war-ship the *Alfonso XII*, from the Ward Line steamer *City of Washington*, and from all the other ships at hand. Wainwright and Sigsbee, cool and alert, ordered into the rescuing boats all the men who could move, and arranged for the taking off of the wounded. All the while the flames were rising from the broken wreck.

The explosion had taken place under the forward part of the *Maine*, directly below the seamen's quarters, filled with sleeping men. When the twisted ruin had sunk back into

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the waters of the harbor, many of those men sank too, never to rise. Of the entire crew of 350 men, only forty-eight escaped without injury. By now the wounded were all in the boats, en route for shore and the hospital, or for the other vessels. The last man to leave was the *Maine's* captain, who went first to the Spanish war-ship to see after the wounded, thence to the *City of Washington*. On the Ward liner he sat down in the cabin and wrote the message that shook America from ocean to ocean:

"SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, Washington, D.C.: *Maine* blown up in Havana harbor at nine forty to-night and destroyed. Many wounded and doubtless more killed or drowned. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward Line steamer. Send light-house tenders from Key West for crew and few pieces of equipment above water. None had clothing other than that upon him. Public opinion should be suspended until further notice. All officers believed to be saved; Jenkins and Merritt not yet accounted for. Many Spanish officers, including representative of General Blanco, now with me to express sympathy. SIGSBEE."

THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR (*From a recent photograph*)

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In the midst of the slaughter Captain Sigsbee wrote this historic message. Such self-restraint, such high courage, is beyond praise.

This message they brought to President McKinley in the small hours of the following morning. By noon the country thrilled with it. The suspension of opinion which Sigsbee had advised did not seem to be among the possible things. The people reached the decision by the stirring of their souls, not by the action of their minds. The blowing up of an American battleship in the harbor of any nation but Spain would have aroused universal sympathy, sadness, perhaps some indignation; but all these things were different from the almost instant national sentiment which was discovered in these February days. Had the American mind not been worked up to a really unusual sympathetic state by the terrible conditions in Cuba, had the national heart not been beating greatly in accord with this Cuban people who had embarked on the great struggle for liberty, the destruction of the *Maine* would have been a deplorable incident, barely more. As it was, it was the spark to the powder train. It was the final straw, laid on top of an already intolerable burden.

Yet there was no feverish quality to the public sentiment. It was seen that the President and his advisers were going quietly and calmly about their tragic duty. Despite the almost universal feeling that war was the only, the inevitable sequence to a deed so terrible, yet the people waited, with the serene patience of the great, for the Government to act. There was no disposition to accuse the Spanish authorities of being the instigators of the deed; yet it was felt that the thing could not have been done without the connivance of some persons who were, or who had been, high in the Spanish circles at Havana. Meanwhile the President, cool, slow-moving, temperate, yielded not to the pressure brought

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FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE VICTIMS OF THE "MAINE" DISASTER, COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA

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to bear upon him from many sides at once; he held his own counsel, yet no doubt he saw the final sweep of events. If he did, he gave no hint; and the official investigation, which had been immediately ordered, moved forward in a methodical, dispassionate manner. It was felt that momentous things hung on the issue.

A naval court of inquiry was appointed, consisting of Sampson of the *Iowa*, Chadwick of the *New York*, Potter of the *New York*, and Marix of the *Vermont*. Before this court the evidence was brought. Divers had at once been sent to Havana to examine with the greatest minuteness the wreck of the *Maine*. Every available inch of her hull was examined by hawk-like eyes; photographs were taken, plans were made; nothing which could possibly throw light on the manner or cause of the explosion was neglected. And at length, when all the evidence was in that could be gathered, the court of inquiry, after more than a month of deliberation, found its report. On March 25 it was made public, and the American people found that their intuitions had been right.

It was found by the court that "the loss of the *Maine* was not due in any respect to fault or negligence on the part of officers or of crew; that the vessel was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two of her forward magazines; and that no evidence had been obtainable fixing the responsibility for the explosion upon any persons or person."

Then, still with the air of dynamic vengeance held in leash, the country turned its eyes upon its rulers in Washington, and waited to see what should be best to do. As far as the *Maine* was concerned, her story was over; and she lay sinking deeper day by day into the mud at the bottom of Havana harbor. She had done her part; her work in the world had been done; she had been offered as a sacrifice in

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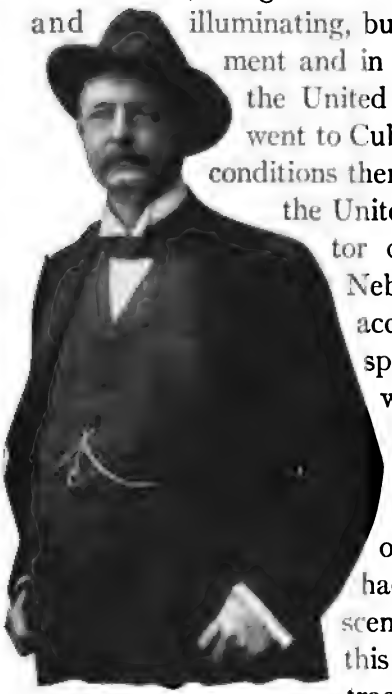
the great game of time and fate. Now she must make room for living things.

At last the sufferings of the Cuban people were to have the attention which they deserved; attention, not by journalists alone, though theirs was perhaps the most painstaking and illuminating, but from men high in the government and in the confidence of the people of the United States. Among the men who went to Cuba to see with their own eyes the conditions there existing were two members of the United States senate, Senators Proctor of Vermont and Thurston of Nebraska. Senator Thurston was accompanied by his wife, and the speech which he made in the senate was a vivid rehearsal of horrors which could not be surpassed in the annals of any barbaric kingdom. It was known, moreover, that the senator's wife had died from the shock of the scenes which she had beheld, and this knowledge lent a still further tragic light to the picture which Thurston so graphically portrayed. It was a terrible narrative that he told, and Congress itself was moved as never before; it had not been known how deeply the brute in humanity had been given sway.



JOHN M. THURSTON

Senator Proctor's calm, dispassionate, almost cold presentment of absolute facts was even more terrible and more convincing than Thurston's eloquence. In almost a monotone of manner, he told the story of the war in Cuba, of the conditions that had resulted from that war, of his unshakable belief that Spain could never change these conditions for

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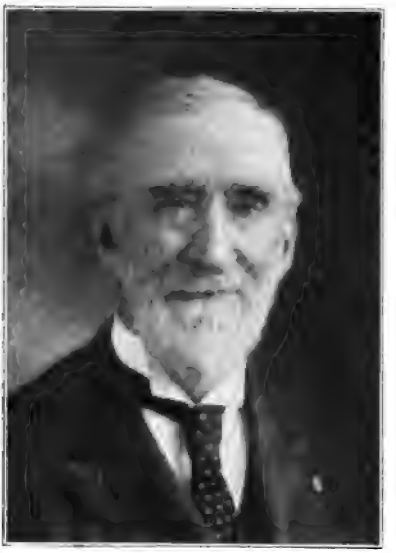
the better. Congress heard of the murder of *pacificos* in cold blood, and of the wining and dining of their murderers; heard of the death by starvation of hundreds of thousands of people who had never borne arms in their lives; heard of the execution of Americans suspected of being in sympathy with the Cubans, executions without excuse, without reparation; heard of Weyler and the full tale of the effects of his "Reconcentration" order; heard of a city full of people left to die without food; heard of babies with the skin drawn so tightly over their little bodies that every bone could be seen, — of mothers killing themselves that they might not see the sufferings of these babes; heard how, between the insurgents' torches and those of the Spaniards, Cuba had become, instead of a fair and beautiful land, merely one vast desert of ruin and of desolation; how the smoke of burning cane-fields and burning buildings made a perpetual haze in the air. All these things Congress heard, many of them as if for the first time; these and other things, too awful to be mentioned, barbarities beside which the massacres in Bulgaria, in Armenia, and of the Jews in Russia paled into insignificance.



REDFIELD PROCTOR

President McKinley could hardly be accused of extravagance of phrasing when he said that there existed in Cuba "an intolerable situation." In those days of stress, when the country was swept from sea to sea by the wave of popular sympathy and indignation, where found McKinley the

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strength to go his sane, wise, temperate way, looking toward the one end which must be achieved, the salvation of Cuba? God knows; but he did find the strength, and his conduct throughout was such as is beyond the need of praise. He had not, even after the finding of the naval inquiry court, abandoned all hope of obtaining his end peacefully. What he sought was to prevent the utter ruin of the island, and the cessation of the cruel strife there existing; this he wished to do by peaceful means if it lay within the realm of possibility, by force only if no other method would avail.

In pursuance of his hope he submitted to Spain, on the heels of the finding of the *Maine* court of inquiry, a proposition which was received in America with much censure, but which was merely the last effort of a wise man, who had been through one war, to avert another. He offered Spain the services of his country to secure peace in Cuba; he proposed an amnesty for six months, during which time the United States agreed to aid and support the *pacificos* till they could return to their fields and support themselves, and to use every effort to establish between the Spaniards and the insurgents a sound and equitable basis for a lasting peace. Spain, in her arrogance, regarded this as the effort of a nation of cowards to evade the war which she herself regarded as inevitable, and for which she had been for months preparing in every possible manner. She therefore returned to the President one of her characteristic replies, arrogant, subtly insulting, and delightfully vague and inconsequent. When that message was received, all hope of averting war was over. The President, submitting to the inevitable, proved as sapient and as calm in his preparations for war as he had been in his efforts toward peace. In a message to Congress of wonderful simplicity and eloquence, he set forth the whole matter, and put it into the hands of Congress.

After rehearsing in full the conditions which have already

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THE "MAINE" COURT OF INQUIRY IN SESSION

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been here described, he went on to his irrevocable conclusion: "Under the present conditions, the only peace for which Cuba can hope is that of the wilderness and the grave. The only hope of relief and repose is the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, which gives us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must cease!" Congress was asked to authorize the President to take measures for the termination of hostilities and to secure a stable government in Cuba, and "to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes."

This message, which was withheld for a week to allow the consul and other Americans to leave the island, was sent to Congress on April 11. And after a week's debate between the two parties, one of which advocated the policy of immediately recognizing Cuban independence, — a joint resolution was reached, and approved by the senate, the house, and the President.

This was the joint resolution. " . . . for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect.

"Whereas, the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating as they have in the destruction of a United States battleship with two hundred and fifty-six of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, — and cannot longer be endured, as has been

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set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was united; therefore be it

A Starving Cuban

"Resolved, by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

"1. That the people of the island of Cuba of right ought to be free and independent.

"2. That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"3. That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

"4. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

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THE GRAVES OF THE "MAINE" VICTIMS, COLON CEMETERY HAVANA

This, then, was the resolution adopted by the Congress of the United States. It could mean but one thing, — war. No one for one moment imagined that Spain would dream of assenting to its demands. She was quicker to act than any one guessed. She was to have until April 23 to answer; she did not wait. On April 20 the Spanish minister left Washington; the same day Minister Woodford at Madrid received his passports by special messenger. On April 24 Spain issued a declaration of war.

INTERMENT OF THE "MAINE" VICTIMS IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY, VIRGINIA

On April 25 Congress followed, stating that war "is declared to exist, and to have existed, since April 21."

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War, after thirty-three years of peace,— war. And war for a reason such as had never caused a war before,— the cause of humanity. To those who aver that the United States rushed into this war from motives of aggrandizement it is enough to say that the people of the United States, not the government, caused the war with Spain; and the people were animated by no hope of gain, no hope of increased territory, no dreams of imperial expansion! They were moved by the sight of a people fighting for freedom, as America once had fought, suffering for freedom as America had suffered! The fact that the war resulted in the stretching of the eagle's wings farther than ever they had reached before, is a fact by itself. It was one of the effects of the war, not its cause.

It was humanity, not greed; pity, not revenge for injuries; altruism and not selfishness, that roused the American nation to war. Never was a country more unprepared to lay down the scythe for the bayonet; that did not matter. Never had a great country so small an army, so meager an equipment; that did not matter either. In the tournaments of old, the herald called for some champion to appear to the rescue of the lady watching, with white face, the lists,— and with God be the issue! In 1898 the creature whose life hung in the balance was Cuba, and her knight America,—and with God be the issue, as before, and as forever.

THE ENTRANCE TO COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA

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CHAPTER IX

THE YOUNG MAN ON THE STEPS

"BEG pardon, sir, he is waiting in the anteroom still."

"What! Since morning? What time did he come to-day?"

"He was here when I opened the door at seven o'clock, sir; and he has been here ever since, sir."

"H'm — Jim, tell him I cannot see anybody to-day; tell him the regiments are all filled; tell him to see the President; tell him I have a headache; tell him this war is only going to last a week, so there is no need of his going to all this trouble, — oh, tell him anything you like, to get rid of him!"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"Yes, sir." The door closed behind Jim's bowing form, and for a moment there was silence in the office of the assistant secretary of the navy. This personage, freeing his mind of the persistence of this indomitable caller, turned once more to the work on his desk. He bent busily over the mass of papers, writing rapidly. His stocky figure sat lightly in the chair, and his fingers moved over the paper at racing speed. It had been a busy day for the assistant secretary of the navy, and he did not feel in the mood to be bothered by importunate callers. Hence his impatient outburst to the doorkeeper.

Theodore Roosevelt, first assistant to the Honorable John D. Long, secretary of the navy, was still a comparatively

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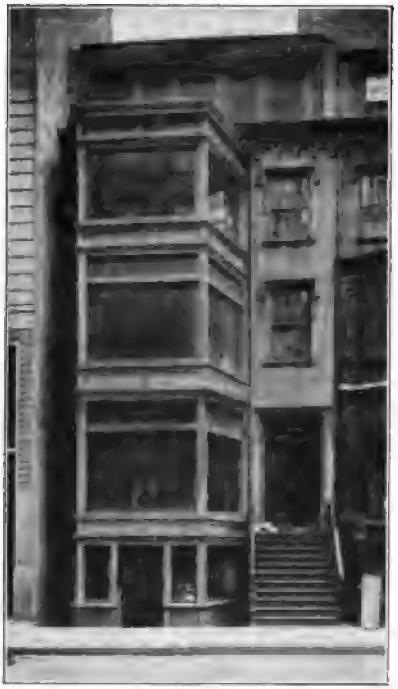
young man. Born of an old New York family with a long line of Dutch forebears, he had early distinguished himself by efficiency in whatever work had been given him to do. At twenty-three he was elected a member of the New York Assembly, and for three terms was the leader of the Republican minority, although not a member of that party. After spending two years on a ranch in the Northwest, he returned to the East, and at twenty-eight was made the Republican candidate for mayor of New York, against Henry George, Single Taxer, and Abram S. Hewitt, Democrat, the successful candidate. The next six years he devoted to the civil service of the United States, acting as a member of the commission. Following this he was made president of the police board of New York, attaining national prominence by his energetic methods of administration. He was recalled to the national service in 1897 by President McKinley, who made him assistant secretary of the navy. In this capacity he had rendered signal service in hurrying the navy in its preparation for the war with Spain. Now his attention was turned to the army, in which department he was destined to render even greater service to his country. His clear, cool gaze bespoke will-power, determination, courage. His movements were quick, his judgments



BIRTHPLACE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 28 EAST TWENTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

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apparently sudden; he was perhaps more a quick thinker than a profound one. After Jim's exit he wrote busily for half an hour. At length the early twilight fell, and the room began to grow dark, so dark that he could see with difficulty. He raised his voice for lights. Jim, answering the call, found him sitting perfectly still in his chair, save for a nervous tapping of his fingers on the table. Jim switched on the lights, and made to retire; before he could close the door, the man at the desk had him back to pull down the window-shades and adjust a drop-light near the desk.

JOHN D. LONG

"The anteroom empty now?" he asked crisply, as Jim again retired.

"Almost empty, sir," replied Jim hesitatingly, from the half-open door.

"Well, I can see no more people to-night; tell 'em to go home," said the seated man, already deep in his writing; and the door closed unheard.

"It 's no use to-night, I 'm afraid," Jim reported apologetically to the single caller who remained in the anteroom. "He is working late to-night, and he cannot see anybody else. I 'm — I 'm sorry, sir. I really am."

"Never mind," answered the caller cheerfully. "I 'll be here to-morrow, and see him then. Good night to you." He passed out with a pleasant nod.

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"Good night, sir," said Jim slowly, looking after him, following him with his eyes till the outer door hid him from view.

Disappointed but not disheartened, the young man who had waited walked soberly off down the avenue. The lights were lighted on all the street corners and the sidewalks were filled with hurrying people. Hernando Stevens, for it was he who had been the caller in the anteroom, was forcibly reminded of the fact that he had not had luncheon. The man he wished to see had had his midday meal in the office, and Hernando had not wished to leave his post, himself, fearing that his opportunity might come when he was not there to take it. He stopped in at one of the small eating-houses on the avenue, and ate as a starved man eats. When he was done, he started on toward home. Richard would probably be waiting for him, he reflected, and he would find out what luck might be looked for in the naval branch of the service.

As he mounted the steps of his boarding-place, he could hear Richard moving about in his room; in another minute they were together.

"Well, what luck, old man?" asked Richard hilariously, as Hernando entered.

"None," answered Hernando tersely, and sank into a chair. "My! this is a tiresome business, this waiting in people's anterooms, when they don't want to be interviewed. But what luck did you have — any at all?"

"Observe, and regard, and *conspuez moi!*" cried Dick grandiloquently. "I am the original war-goer; I am no earthworm, no land crab; I go to sea where glory — and probably scurvy as well — awaits me. Observe a marine!"

Hernando laughed quietly, believing not a word of this exordium; but Dick would not be silenced, and continued in high good humor.

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William R. Day

John D. Long

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"I said to him that the *Maine* had no right to be blown up, but since she had been, that it was clearly his duty and mine to blow up all the Spanish war vessels we could find, and take the captains' trousers away from them. For you see he lost several perfectly clean pairs of trousers, white as any sheet, when the *Maine* sank without warning. It must be a very hard job for a naval man to keep his trousers white — I wonder if they wear white ones all the time? I fancy I shall find out, for I am expecting to start — "

"Will you have the excessive courtesy," interrupted Hernando sarcastically, "to break in upon this flow of eloquence long enough to tell me what it is you are talking about? And who this is who lost the trousers?"

"'O captain, my captain' is the man I discourse of," laughed Richard. "It is evident to me that you have not seen the evening papers. Distinguished man bearing marked resemblance to Phœbus Apollo has been induced to fight for his country against Spain. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, formerly of the *Maine*, is the clever recruiting officer who has consummated this coup! The young hero, who bears the celebrated name of Barnabit, and the no less celebrated one of Richard, to-day signed his papers to accompany Wainwright to the seat of war. Why war should have a seat I do not know — I should think it ought to be up and coming, myself. Where was I? I forget." He finished with a laugh.

As Hernando looked at him, he saw that Richard was really in earnest. He regarded him wistfully, but without a trace of envy for his friend's good fortune. And Richard, guessing his thoughts, came over to him, laying his hand lightly on his companion's shoulder. He spoke earnestly now, and told his story without a trace of his former hilarity. He had been endeavoring for some time to secure the attention of some one who could help him to get a chance on one of

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the men-of-war. He knew there were openings for marines, though the regular seamen's posts were said to be filled. Having heard that Wainwright was to be given a command, it occurred to Richard that, not having had a ship of his own before, Wainwright would probably be in need of men. Accordingly, he had set himself to track the young officer's steps, much as Hernando had camped on Roosevelt's doorstep; and finally, through his persistence, and through the good offices of a chance acquaintance, he had had speech with the man he sought. He found Wainwright approachable, and ready to listen.

RUSSELL A. ALGER

"I simply told him I had to go to war somehow," wound up Richard in a matter-of-fact tone. "I explained to him that you and I had been in the café when the American flag was hissed, that he had been in the *Maine* when it was blown up, and that it clearly was intended that he should take me along when he started to sweep the dons from the seas. He seemed to see it, finally."

"I am more than glad for you," said Hernando heartily, at the close.

"I tried to get you in also," went on Richard, "but it was no use; he said right away that you did n't understand French, and that made all the difference in the world. My own logic, you see. But afterward he said that he had really more men than he ought to take, and that he merely took

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me because of my hypnotic eye — not because he had a particle of use for me. 'But I will find some use for you; be sure of that, young man!' he continued. And I wager he will, too. I'm dreadfully afraid I shall have to work. Of course I had no idea of anything like that, or I never would have consented to go; but it was too late then to back out; so there I am! He does n't know yet what ship he is to have; but he is to have one, and I am to go!"

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM J. BRYAN, SALEM, ILLINOIS

If there could have been found in the world a country more unprepared for war than was the United States in 1898, that country is to be pitied. To gain an idea of her forces for offense and defense, one has but to compare them with those of any foreign country. The comparison helps one to appreciate, too, the monumental task the country had set herself.

At the time of the declaration of war against Spain, the entire military forces of the United States consisted of less than 28,000 men. The army of France in times of peace is over the 2,000,000 mark, as is also that of Germany; the regular standing army of Russia numbers over 1,100,000, while that of Spain, in 1898, was nearly 400,000, or some fifteen times greater than that of her opponent. The game of war, as it is played to-day, consists not alone in the combat of brave men; it has to do greatly with many things,— money, food, equipment, and other things, which, however much the need, cannot be called together in a moment, or a month. It was at once seen that the regular army would have to be

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used as a nucleus only, and that the main dependence, numerically, would have to be placed on volunteer forces. Accordingly, when war was declared, the President issued calls for 200,000 volunteers.

To those who doubt the unity of the Union, to those skeptics who would question the sincerity of the country-love in the national heart, let it suffice to say that almost before the call to arms had been issued, almost as soon as it was known how many volunteers were to be enrolled, that number, and five times that number, of volunteers had answered the call. For every place to be filled, five men came forward.

In answering the country's call to arms, all party differences were forgotten. From Lincoln, Nebraska, William Jennings Bryan, the leader of the Democratic party in the most bitterly fought campaign ever known in the United States, telegraphed President McKinley the day war was declared, offering his services to his country. Thus only could he live up to his ideal of the American patriot, by offering his life to his country.

More than 1,000,000 volunteers answered the President's appeal; 1,000,000 men, at the first sound of the trumpet. Old men, young men, middle-aged men; boys still in college, business men grown grey over desks; veterans of the Civil War, both from North and South; State regiments of militia, companies of national guards; bankers from Wall Street, gilded youths from Newport, cowboys and rustlers from the Bad Lands and the open prairies! A million strong, with another million at their heels, waiting for the mere hinting at a further need.

In addition to the 200,000 volunteers, Congress authorized the enlargement of the regular army from 27,000 to 62,000, also the additional enlistment as United States Volunteers of 10,000 immunes — from yellow fever,— 3500 engineers, and 3000 cavalrymen.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTHOUR, CHICAGO

Yours truly

W. J. Bryan

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Three thousand cavalrymen, -- three cavalry regiments; and they were to be organized principally, the project ran, from among the cowboys, wild riders, and riflemen of the Great West. When Secretary Alger, in charge of the war portfolio, looked for a man to head this force, he went first to an assistant secretary of the navy, Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt had spent two years on a ranch at Medora, North Dakota, and had been many times among the Rockies, as hunter and explorer, and it was felt that he would be an eminently able man for the command of such a force. But he, with a modesty and judiciousness for which he has not always been given credit, declined to accept the leader ship. There was in Washington another man, an army surgeon, an old campaigner and a wise and tried soldier who was honorably known for service in the West; this man was Leonard Wood, holder of a reputation for bravery and endurance second to none, and to whom had been given that most coveted distinction, the Medal of Honor. To this man, then, the command was offered, and he accepted it. This was the manner of the inception of the force which was to be known as the "Rough Riders." Roosevelt was made lieutenant-colonel, ranking next to Wood; and this explains why Hernando Stevens had clung so persistently to the navy department's doorstep.

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LEONARD WOOD

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The morning after Richard's success, Hernando left for his post especially early. Encouraged by his friend's good fortune, he determined to let slip no chance to obtain his own desire. He had gone straight to the president of his company, on his return from Paris, and laid the matter before him.

"I shall be obliged to go to Cuba, if I can get the chance," he had said.

To which his employer replied simply, "Your place will be waiting

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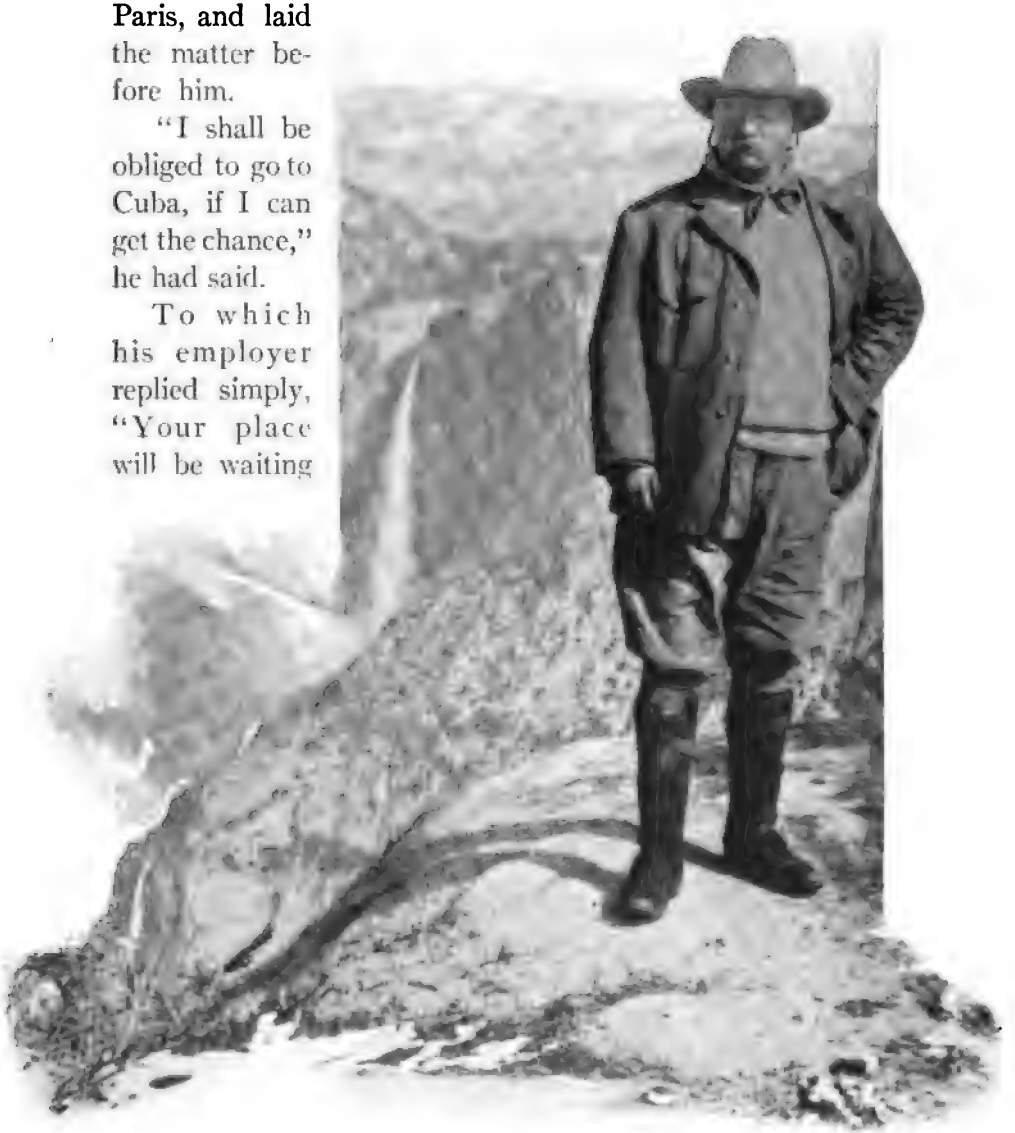

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AMID NATURE'S GRANDEUR, HIS CHOICEST RECREATION

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for you when you get back. I wish you success!" And they had parted.

This morning, when Hernando reached his goal, Jim had not appeared, and the doors were still closed. Hernando stood outside in the keen morning air, waiting without impatience for the doorkeeper's appearance. As he looked down the long avenue his eye was caught by a horse which was coming down the bridle-path at a rapid gait. In the saddle was a stocky man in khaki. Hernando felt his pulses suddenly thrill,— for he recognized the man whom he sought. The horse and rider drew nearer, nearer, turning in finally at the side entrance to the yard. Hernando made up his mind instantly. Running swiftly down the walk, he darted up to the dismounting rider.

"Good morning, Mr. Roosevelt," he said quietly, as he reached the other.

Roosevelt turned squarely round, and stood looking at him face to face.

"Look here, young man," he said

THE CABIN OCCUPIED BY ROOSEVELT WHILE A RANCHMAN AT MEDORA, NORTH DAKOTA: NOW AT BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

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bruskly, "at what hour must I arise to get my morning canter unvisited?" His voice was not encouraging, but there was, Hernando thought, a quizzical light in the eye which looked a better omen.

"I will guarantee that you can take your morning rides free from *this* visitor, in exchange for three words from you," answered Hernando promptly.

Interior of Roosevelt Cabin at Bismarck, North Dakota

"H'm — and the three words?" asked the older man.

" 'I 'll take you,' " said Hernando.

"I will not pretend to you that I don't know where you mean. You asked me this on Wednesday of this week, and Friday and Monday of last week, and several times before. And I told you that the regiments were filled, and that I simply could n't accept any more enrollments here. You remember that?"

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"Perfectly," said Hernando, bowing.

"Why then do you keep asking? Do you not know that I already have five times as many applications as I can possibly accept? I must bid you good morning, sir, for I cannot see my way clear to grant your request."

"Then your morning rides cannot be left in peace," said Hernando. "You see, you do not understand that I have got to go to Cuba. My father went to Cuba twenty-five years ago, in '73; I must go in '98, sir; that is all."

"What? In the *Virginius?*"

"Yes, sir, in the *Virginius.*"

"Did he — stay there?" Hernando's questioner dropped his voice.

"Yes," said Hernando again. Roosevelt looked him in the face, thoughtfully.

"Well," he said at length, "I 'll have to take you. No, don't thank me; I am doing this purely because I cannot lose my morning rides. I bid you good day, sir." He turned toward the stable, then for a moment looked back over his shoulder at the young man, who stood watching him. bright-eyed.

"Go in and tell Jim about this," he said, with a sudden laugh. "Jim predicted to me ten days ago that I would have to take you!"

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ON THE LITTLE MISSOURI RIVER NEAR THE ROOSEVELT RANCH

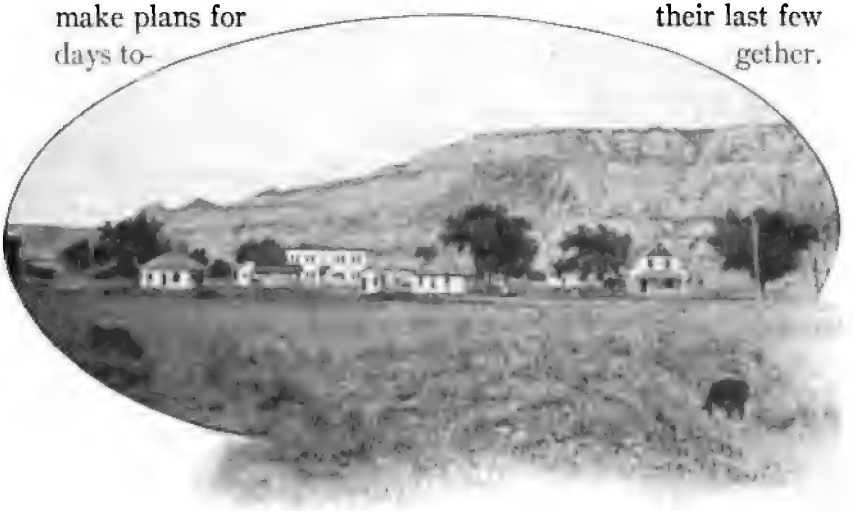
It was a happy and a triumphant Hernando who went back to seek Richard in their little rooms on Pennsylvania Avenue. He found Richard still asleep, and he leapt across the room with one bound. He landed upon Dick's prostrate form like an avalanche, and threw his news at the slumberer before he was awake enough to hear it.

"Let me alone!" cried the awakened one, wrathfully. "What do you want to rout anybody out of bed in the middle of the night for? If I had my shoes on I 'd kick you across the Potomac ocean, young morning star!"

"I 'm not a morning star," answered Hernando hilariously. "Wake up, you sluggard; wake up, and regard the early bird, the eater of the worm, the soldier of the legion diddle-daddle in Algiers! Oh, Dick, I 've landed it at last!"

Dick now was broad awake, and was rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Not really!" he cried in delight. "Bully for you, old early worm! But think of having to get up at such an ungodly hour to do it!" He shook his head in mock dolefulness that belied his smile of real pleasure. As he dressed he listened to Hernando's story, and rejoiced with him. Even the thought that they should not see one another all through the war could not sadden them now. They then began to make plans for their last few days together.



MEDORA, NORTH DAKOTA, WHERE ROOSEVELT LIVED AS A RANCHMAN

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"I must go home at once," Hernando declared. "For I shall have to start for Texas in a week or ten days at the latest, I believe. You come home with me, can't you? Or do you have to wait here till Wainwright gives the word?"

"I don't know anything about it," replied Richard. "Of course he would not dream of doing anything without getting my advice, so I fancy I shall have to stick around here, to be on hand when needed. You see Wainwright is a decided man, and he might decide to go off to war in a great hurry; and I think I 'll run no risks, Hernando. No, I think I 'll stay right here in Washington."

Two days later they parted. Hernando started for home, and Richard remained in Washington. As they bade one another good bye there was a suspicious huskiness in the voice of each, though they tried to put cheerful faces on it.

"Above all, Dick," Hernando said, "don't work too hard! You know it might n't agree with you — and remember what George Stevens said about the ladies! You are very young, you know!" He gripped Dick's hand hard as he spoke.

"Luck to you, old boy!" answered Richard, without an answering smile.

"Write when you can!" cried Hernando; the train was pulling out, and he had to shout the words out the window. As the train picked up speed he turned; Richard was still there, looking after him. Then the train shed hid him from view. Hernando's ride homeward seemed too quickly over. He had not told his mother of his determination to go to war, and he did not know how she would receive it. When at last he reached home, and found her waiting inside the door, she took him into her arms, almost convulsively.

"My boy!" she murmured, when their greeting was over. "You may as well tell me at once — you are planning to go to war!"

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"How did you — what makes you think that?" he asked sheepishly.

"I knew it," she answered steadfastly. "I have been sure of it ever since I knew that war must come. I knew that you would go — would want to go."

"It is true, mother; I must. Mother! do you mind? Tell me it is all right — tell me you are willing I should go — for I have got to do it!"

She made no answer, but turned her face away from him. Hernando, stealing around her, found that her eyes were full of tears. With a quick repentance in his heart, he caught her in his arms, holding her close.

"Dearest mother, I shall come back," he whispered. "It is because of the thing we both remember that I must go — you must let me."

"I knew it," she said at last; and with a great effort

SAGAMORE HILL, THE ROOSEVELT HOME AT OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK

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she forced a little tremulous smile to her lips, that his heart bled to see.

"I would not keep you against your will," she said bravely. "If you feel that you must go, I will not seek to keep you. May God be with you!"

"It will not be much of a war, mother! It will be over soon — and anyway, I am too slim to get hurt, or to catch fever, or even for a tarantula to take to. You must n't worry, dear. I will be all right!"

She was able to smile with him presently, and together they talked over his plans; he was to go straight to San Antonio, Texas, where the bulk of the men were to be mustered in. She listened to his plans quietly, and he never noticed how sad were his auditor's eyes. It was only after he had gone safely to sleep that she gave way. She crept to his door in the dark, and stood by his bedside, listening to his regular breathing; for perhaps an hour she stood there, motionless, her hand just touching his sleeve as it lay upon the bed covers. She remembered the time, so many years before, when another young man, Hernando's father, had gone, as Hernando was to go, to Cuba. And he had said, as Hernando had done, "I 'll be all right. They can't hurt me!" But he had never returned. Involuntarily her hand went forth to her sleeping son, as if to beg him to stay, not to go on this terrible errand! Her hand dropped at her side. God's will would be done! It is not those who fight in the ranks who find war the most terrible to bear.

Three days later Hernando started for San Antonio.

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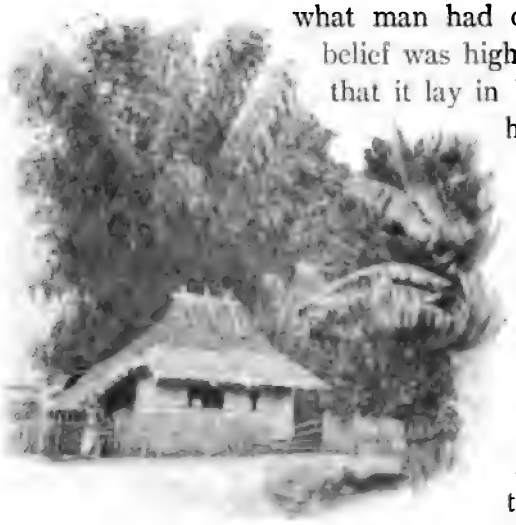
CHAPTER X

HALF A WORLD AWAY

ALMOST four centuries ago a man set sail from Europe in a cockleshell boat. A gray-haired man of Genoa, sailing before him, had shown that sailing to the westward was not death; and Fernando de Magellan believed that what man had done, man could do. His belief was higher than this, — for he held that it lay in him to do what Columbus had not done: find a route to the Orient by sailing westward. On August 10, 1519, bearing at his masthead the standard of Charles V, Emperor, Magellan set sail.



A Tropical Scene in the Philippines

He crossed the Atlantic. He touched at Rio de Janeiro. He skirted south along the coast of South America, as far as there was a coast to follow; and at that southern point he sailed indomitably through the strait that holds his name. With half his men lost, with only two ships left of his convoy, with mutiny in his hold, and a tempest raging astern, he found himself, December 1, in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. So much of his dream was true, then; and he kept on cheerfully, forsaking the western American coast, and striking out boldly to the northwest, where the Orient was supposed to lie. For three months he and his men traversed

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THE HOME OF A WEALTHY HIGH-CLASS FILIPINO FAMILY

that trackless waste, and in all that time they beheld no land, nor any sign of land. On March 6, having been just seven months at sea, land was sighted for the first time; and Magellan and his three little boats came to anchor in the bay of one of a group of small islands. These were the Ladrones, so called because the natives of this place stole a skiff from the Spaniards.

Land was undoubtedly a welcome sight; but Magellan had no intention of resting there. He set sail immediately, and soon discovered the large island of Mindanao, of the Philippine group. As he sailed along the shore of this finding, the magnitude of his discovery appeared, and he lost no time in going ashore to take possession of this archipelago in the name of the King of Spain Two weeks later, having done what no man had done before, Magellan met his death in a fight with the natives of Cebu, from whom his men had stolen

NATIVE FILIPINO HOUSE, ESTIMATED COST ABOUT $25.00

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some provisions. His men, terrified at his loss, had no heart for further discovery. They took to their boats; and one ship went east, one west. Magellan's own ship, under his chief mate's guidance, finally, after more than a year of absence, reached again the shores of Spain.

A Filipino Hut in a Tree-Top

The globe was circumnavigated. But the man to whose indomitable spirit it was due lay in an unknown grave in Cebu, mingling his dust with that of the land he had died to find. For a few years there were no more European visitors to seek the islands; but twenty years or so later Villabolos, starting from Peru, reached the place of Magellan's death; and to the islands he then gave the name, the Philippines, in honor of him who was to become Philip II. For another twenty years again the islands lay in peace; then, in 1565, Legaspi, at the head of a great army from Mexico, sped westward across the Pacific. He built forts, established settlements, and thus inaugurated in these islands of the West the Spanish rule which was to survive unbroken for more than three centuries.

The Philippine Islands, perhaps the most beautiful and most fertile of the several Asiatic groups, lie stretched out north and south, southeastward from the coast of China. From the tremendous depths of the Pacific Ocean there rises east of Asia a long, broken range of mountains. Heaved

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ON THE BEACH AT CEBU

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up in ages past by some volcanic eruption of magnificent might, this line of peaks, some under water, some above it, runs southward from Kamchatka to Australia. Nearly in the center falls the Philippine group, between Formosa, off the China coast, and the great island of Borneo; and there, smiling between the waters of the Pacific Ocean and those of the China Sea, they sit, unmoved and immovable, the volcanoes of the past troubling them no more.

A Native Woman, Manila

The two principal islands of the group are Luzon, at the north end, and Mindanao, at the south; to gain an idea of the size of these, it is enough to say that the area of each is approximately that of New York State. From these two, the islands range in size down to that of a stateroom in a river steamer, and there are nearly 3000 of them. Being of volcanic origin, these islands are marked by a general ruggedness of outline; a number of the old volcanic mountains still lift their craters toward the sky, and there are a dozen or more which occasionally belch forth cinders and smoke. The soil that clothes the rocks on which these islands stand is of a fertility known only to tropical countries;

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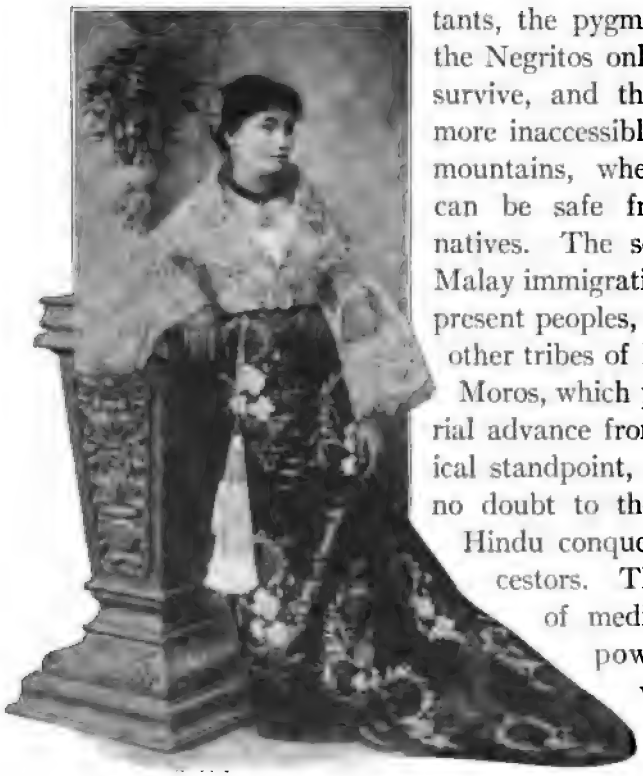
so black and rich and splendid is it that it has been estimated capable of supporting a population of 40,000,000 people. The climate is variable, subject to high winds and heavy rains at times, but generally pleasant and salubrious. Even the earthquakes and typhoons, which are no strangers to these latitudes, cannot prevent the climate of the Philippines from proving delightful in almost every season.

Inhabiting these islands are about 8,000,000 people, of whom more than three-quarters are tagged as civilized, the rest being savages. Most of these belong to the Malay race which, in remote ages, seems to have overflowed into the Philippines in two distinct waves of conquest and immigration: the first wave was responsible for the present Igorrotes or headhunters, who nearly exterminated the original inhabitants, the pygmy Negritos; of the Negritos only about 30,000 survive, and they live in the more inaccessible places in the mountains, where alone they can be safe from the other natives. The second wave of Malay immigration founded the present peoples, the Tagals and other tribes of Luzon, and the Moros, which present a material advance from an ethnological standpoint, this being due no doubt to the effect of the Hindu conquest of their ancestors. These people are of medium height, of powerful muscle, with straight, jet-black hair,



A Wealthy Half-Caste Filipino Woman

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and with skin varying in color from light to dark brown; they present, in short, the most favorable example of the Malay type to be found in this part of the world.

IGORROTES AND THEIR HUTS

However, they might as well have been fitted with six sets of teeth, and worn their eyes in the backs of their heads for all the world at large knew of them, or for all it cared, in 1898. They had been left pretty severely alone through the centuries, had the Filipinos. The Spaniards, having once established their dominion, and strengthened it into an autocracy by their peculiar governmental mingling of Church and State, ruled the islands very much as they pleased. Save for an almost chronic warfare with the Dutch in Sumatra and Java, nobody bothered to inquire whether the Filipinos were dead or alive; the Spaniards were left in absolute possession, to rule as they wished. It is hardly necessary to state that their rule was iniquitous. They were so far away from home that the eyes at Madrid could not see them; they knew that little in the way of revenue was expected from the islands, and this left the way clear for plain and ornamental stealing of magnificent dimensions. What the military authorities did

AN IGORROTE

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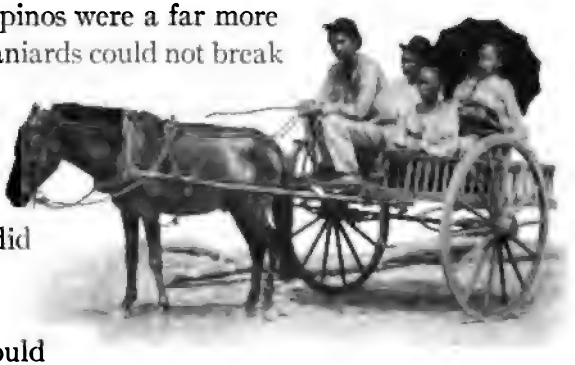
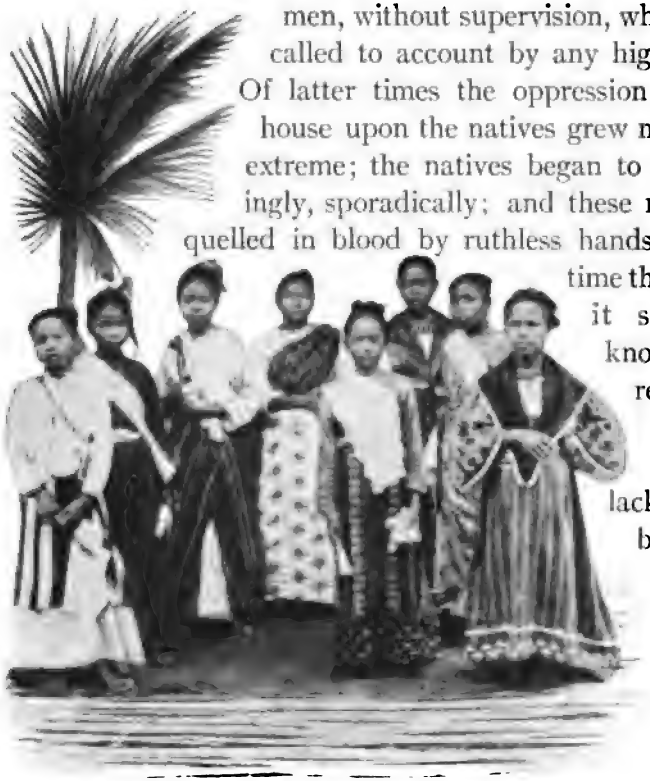
not think of, other authorities did; and between them, the Filipinos were ground very fine.

There was no extermination, however, such as took place in Cuba, for the Filipinos were a far more warlike race; the Spaniards could not break them as they had the more gently natured savages of the West Indies; but they could and did practice upon them every kind of fraud and outrage which could be conceived by ruthless men, without supervision, who could not be called to account by any higher power.



A Tagálog Family Out for a Drive

Of latter times the oppression of the ruling house upon the natives grew more and more extreme; the natives began to rebel, scatteringly, sporadically; and these rebellions were quelled in blood by ruthless hands. For a long time the natives stood it sullenly, not knowing how to resist with any hope of success. They lacked a leader; but this, at last, they found in a young Filipino, named Emilio Aguinaldo,



Filipino Girls

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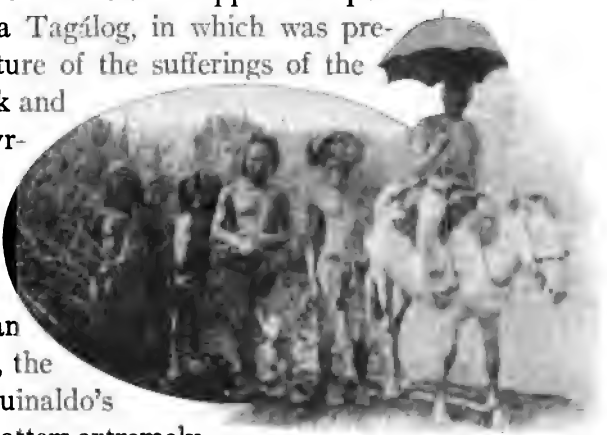
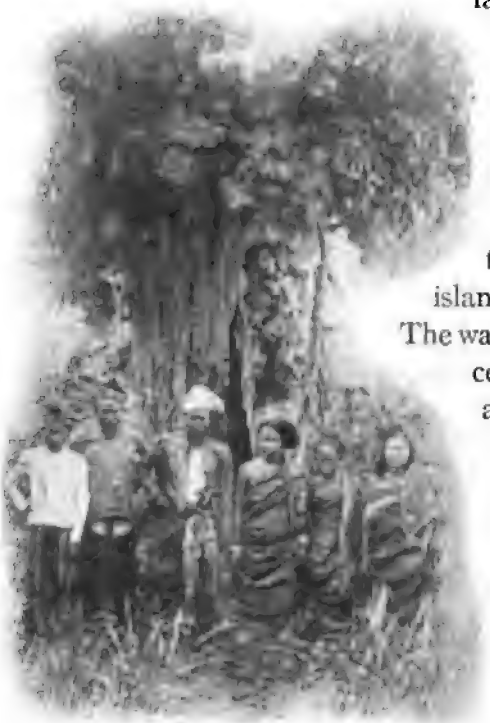
a man of some education, and of great personal courage and intrepidity. About this time there appeared a political novel written by Rizal, a Tagálog, in which was presented a vivid picture of the sufferings of the people. This book and the author's martyrdom precipitated the revolution of 1896. Spurred on to emulation by news of the Cuban revolution in 1895, the Filipinos under Aguinaldo's leadership, made matters extremely interesting for the Spaniards. In fact, so enterprising did the rebels become that the government forces found it incumbent upon them to refortify strongly the city of Manila, the capital of Luzon, and the principal city on the islands.



A Dattu, or Chieftain, and His Slaves on the Way to Market

The war went on with varying success. The insurgents were active, alert, and apparently impossible to defeat; the Spaniards, after spending great sums of money to no avail, finally concluded that the cheapest way out of the difficulty was to buy off



A Dattu and His Three Wives

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the leaders of the rebels. Accordingly, overtures were made to Aguinaldo and his chief aides, and after a great deal of palaver an agreement was reached. The Spaniards promised to inaugurate sweeping reforms, to do away with all the old abuses, and to pay a large sum of money to Aguinaldo and his friends in return for the guarantee that the revolution should come to an end. Aguinaldo and his friends accepted; peace was restored; part of the money was paid, and Aguinaldo and his party retired to Hong Kong with their share of the subsidy.

This pleasing state of affairs lasted somewhat over a month; then, the time for the payment of the last instalment of the price of peace came due, and the Spaniards defaulted in the payment. Aguinaldo, finding that not one of the promised reforms had been instituted, nor even thought of, returned from Hong Kong, more determined than ever. His followers rallied around him, and the war was resumed with greater fury on the one side, and greater cruelty on the other, than ever. Aguinaldo found that many of his lieutenants, trusting in Spanish promises, had been quietly seized and murdered, and his wrath and indignation, as that of his followers, knew no bounds. Especially were they incensed against the Spanish clergy, whom they regarded as responsible for the government's breach of

A Filipino Mother and Her Children

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faith. This suspicion, in fact, was all too near the truth. The clergy in these islands, that is, the Spanish branch of it, has been found to have been perhaps the most corrupt of any body of ecclesiastics in the world; the Filipino clergy, while still remaining loyal to their church, and much more loyal to Rome than the Spanish priests, sympathized utterly with the natives in their revolt. They had seen clearly the iniquities of their Spanish brethren, and they hated, feared, and despised them for the evil of their lives.

Felipe Agoncillo

So revolt ruled once more in the Philippines, and this time, with no hope of relief; and this was the situation in the year 1898, when the declaration of war was made between the United States and Spain.

Though the American people, in common with the rest of world, knew little or nothing about the Filipinos or their islands, the government at Washington was not so ignorant. Perhaps the first real intimation that the authorities had received of the real existence of thinking men on these islands, was when, late in 1897, Señor Felipe Agoncillo, at one time a member of Aguinaldo's cabinet, proposed to Consul-General Wildman the establishment of an offensive and defensive alliance between the United States and the Filipinos. He seemed to be convinced that war between Spain and America was inevitable, and this proposal, coming from what had hitherto been thought to be a rather disorganized party of angry savages, caused Washington to open her

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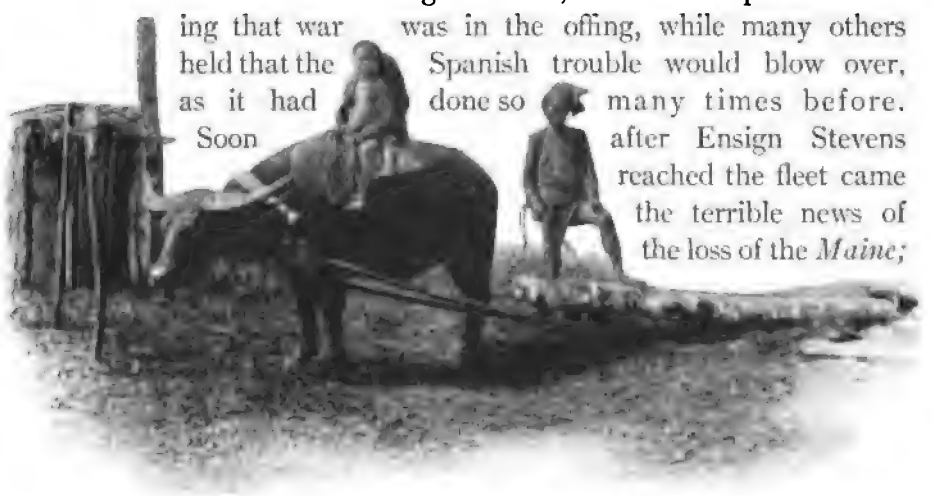
eyes. It was plain that the Filipinos had men with brains among them; it followed as a natural sequence that the Philippine group was worthy of earnest attention.

PRIMITIVE FARMING IN THE PHILIPPINES

Most earnest attention it promptly received. The Asiatic squadron, in command of Commodore George Dewey, lay off Hong Kong. Thither George Stevens, eastward bound from Paris, arrived duly, to find the squadron seething with suppressed excitement. Far out of the world though they were, the men had heard rumors of the dispatches which had come to the fleet since the New Year. It was known that Commodore Dewey had received word from Washington to retain all men whose enlistments had expired. Comment of all tenors was rife among the men, the more hopeful believing that war was in the offing, while many others held that the Spanish trouble would blow over, as it had done so many times before. Soon after Ensign Stevens reached the fleet came the terrible news of the loss of the *Maine;*



A MORO HAULING BUILDING MATERIAL

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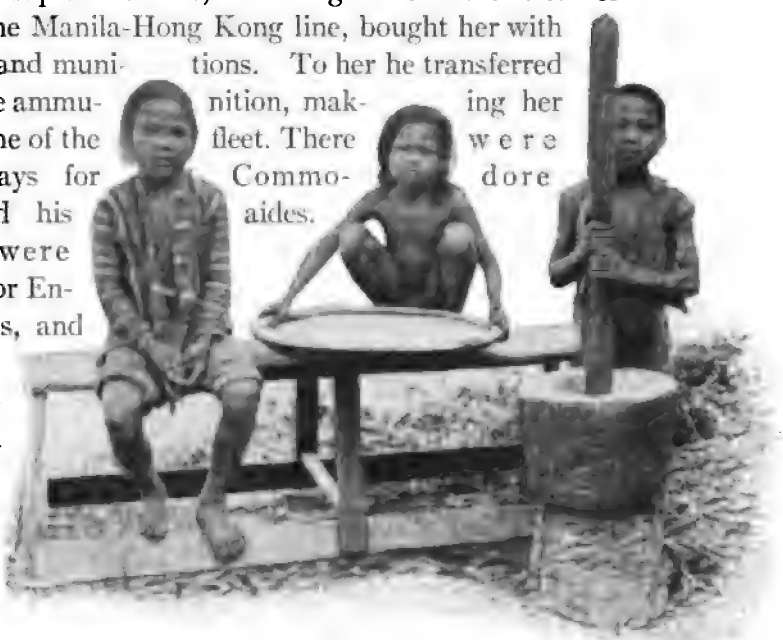
and from that day forward the men lived in a state of eager suspense, awaiting the order which it seemed to them must surely come.

Shortly before March 1, a word was received that waked the hopes of all. Dewey was directed to assemble his entire squadron at Hong Kong, to retain the *Olympia*, which had been ordered back to San Francisco, and to put himself and his fleet in readiness for offensive operations in the Philippines. Simultaneously the cruiser *Baltimore* was sent post haste to Hong Kong, bearing a great store of ammunition for Dewey's armament. A thrilling sense of eagerness and suspense ran through the fleet, and the cable office was watched day and night by hawk-like eyes. Soon there came an order, telling the commodore to fill all the coal-bunkers to the brim; straightway he sent the paymaster over to the *Nanshan*, then for sale, and two days later was in possession of her by purchase, and with her of more than 3000 tons of good Cardiff coal. Proceeding in his sapient course, he bought next the steamer *Zafiro*, of the Manila-Hong Kong line, bought her with all her fuel and munitions. To her he transferred all the spare ammunition, making her the magazine of the fleet. There were no idle days for Commodore Dewey and his aides.

They were busy days for Ensign Stevens, and at night he tumbled into his bunk too tired to move. They



MORO BOYS BEATING RICE

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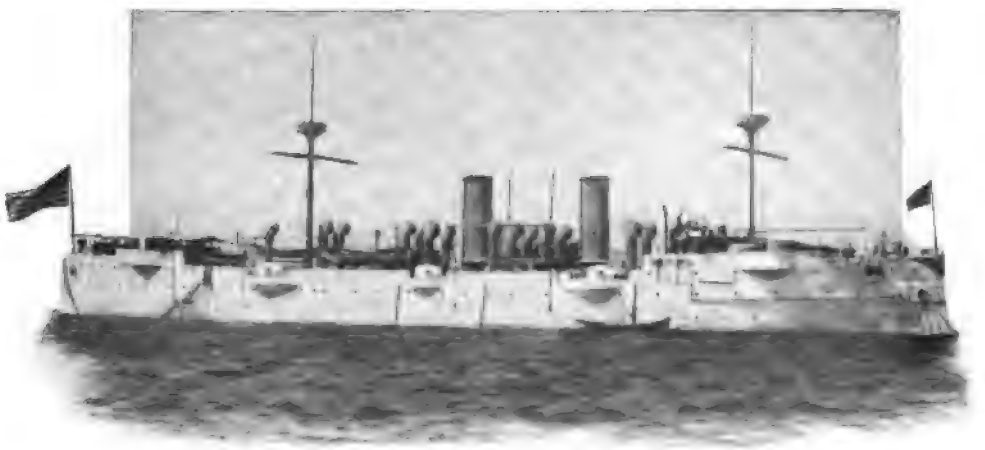
were delightful days, though, filled with life and color and action. There was time, too, while executing his various commissions, for a great deal of speculation and talk between George and his fellow officers. There were many young men among the officers on the *Olympia*, and George was in good company. He and his friends wasted much breath in conjectures about what Washington would do next, what the Spaniards would do, what the Filipinos were like, how powerful was the Spanish fleet at Manila, and the thousand and one details that came up in the day's work. April 18 there was a stir in the squadron over the arrival of the revenue cutter *McCulloch*. She was a material addition to the fleet, having almost the effective armament of a small gunboat, and carrying 130 men. By this time the news coming from the United States was fast removing all doubt as to the outcome, and the men were awaiting with bated breath the great word which they felt now could not be long delayed.

April 19, on the anniversary of Concord, while the two Houses of Congress in Washington were passing the joint resolution that made war inevitable, the blue-jackets of Dewey's fleet were busy with paint cans and paint brushes. By evening of that day the white squadron was no more; in its place there rode at anchor a dark, drab-colored, sinister



THE "BALTIMORE"

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company of ships, whose neutral tint mingled softly into that of the twilight waters and the sky. Two days later the *Baltimore*, untouched and untroubled by her long voyage across the Pacific, put in her appearance. This was the last thing needed. Commodore Dewey was ready for war. Within forty-eight hours it came.

Not until April 26, however, did the news reach Hong Kong. And even then, the word of the English declaration of neutrality reached the fleet before the actual orders from the government. On April 25, then, the fleet was compelled to leave Hong Kong, which, by the English proclamation of neutrality, became a neutral port. Accordingly, the entire squadron moved some thirty miles northward to the Chinese port of Mirs Bay, and there rested, awaiting orders from Washington. The waiting was not long.

On the morning of April 26, the eyes of the men were gladdened by the sight of the *McCulloch*, which had been left behind to receive dispatches; she now came racing up the bay at top speed. Drawing up near the *Olympia*, she

HONG KONG, CHINA, SHOWING HARBOR

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sent a messenger aboard the commodore's flag-ship. Dewey, standing calmly by the table in his cabin, read with level eyes the dispatch which made naval history, so quickly and so tremendously. It ran as follows:

"DEWEY, Asiatic Squadron: War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors. LONG."

CONSUL-GENERAL ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN (*From a photograph in the State Department, Washington*)

At noon the next day the squadron steamed out of the harbor of Mirs Bay, and headed southward across the China Sea, toward the Philippine Islands. The captains had all been called together, the plans were made, the fleet was ready to follow its leader to the end of the passage. Nine ships they were, that dared the roughest and most turbulent waters to be found in that or in any latitude. This comprised the entire American

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THE PHILIPPINE JUNTA

force, for the only ship left behind, the old corvette *Monocacy*, was of no value from the war standard. The heavy weather forced the war-ships to keep to a slow speed, so as not to run away from the colliers, which labored along at barely an eight-knot gait. It would have taken more than this to dim the spirits of the men aboard these ships, however; their time was coming, and they looked forward to the combat with a cheerful though quiet assurance that nothing could dismay. Many were the stories that went abroad, telling of the barbaric treatment which the Spaniards accorded their prisoners; they debated on whether they would be led out and shot in cold blood if they should be so unfortunate as to fall into Spanish hands. The possibility was dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders, the general attitude being: What will be, will be — but we mean to win.

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George Stevens and his special companion, Ensign Robertson,— both of the commodore's flag-ship *Olympia*, Gridley commanding, — spent what spare time they had in looking over their armament, and making sure for the hundredth time that all was in readiness. Robertson had gotten hold of the Spanish general's proclamation issued at Manila, and he caused a great deal of amusement on board by reading forth its contents to his assembled friends.

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A Filipino "Granny" Enjoying Her Cigar

On the evening of the first day out the declaration of war had been read to the crews, and was greeted with tremendous cheering. This proclamation, too, had been read in part on a few of the ships; and Robertson had contrived to secure a copy of it. It was a remarkable production, dealing with the many virtues and heroic bravery of the Spaniards, and describing with much detail the disgusting

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and venal practices of the Americans who were coming to attack Manila. Before a select company Robertson, mounted on a shot-locker, read off the more bombastic passages, to great applause from his hearers:

"The struggle will be short and decisive! The God of Victories will give us one as brilliant as the justice of our cause demands. Spain will emerge triumphantly from the new test. Filipinos, prepare for the struggle, and united under the glorious Spanish flag which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the calls of our enemies let us, with the decision of the Christian and the patriot, oppose the cry of *Viva España*! Your general, BACILIO DAVILA."

Thus the Spanish general at Manila; and his proclamation. The men who heard it listened with a quiet smile curving their lips. They did not say much, but looked to the bridge where, not saying anything, the man walked on whom the destinies of all depended, George Dewey.

"When should we reach Luzon?" asked Robertson of Stevens, on the third night out, as they made ready to crawl into their bunks.

"I should think we ought to be near there now," answered his companion. "It is only six hundred miles, and we have gone nearly that now."

"Where does the commodore expect to find the Spanish fleet?"

"I do not know; there was one word from Washington which indicated that the Spaniards were at Subig Bay; but I myself think it much more likely they are at Manila, where their strongest fortifications are located."

"Do you suppose the commodore will give them battle right away?" pursued Robertson, thoughtfully. "These are strange waters, and they are said to be filled with all manner of submarine mines. They say the harbor of Manila

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is just one large blast of giant powder, waiting to blow the cursed *Americanos* to Kingdom Come. Ticklish affair, attacking that sort of a harbor!"

"I think the commodore can be depended on to play as safe as can be done, to accomplish what he has come to accomplish," said George. "He is not giving anybody an inkling of his plans; I doubt if he has any very elaborate ones. He is too shrewd, not having enough facts to make plans from. He will wait to see the lay of the land. One thing is sure: he is not the man to beg the question. The Spaniards will find that there is an American fleet in the neighborhood, and I doubt if they have to wander very far to find it."

"Well," sighed the other, "this rolling and bumping game can stop any time it likes, as far as I am concerned. I don't care much for the China Sea."

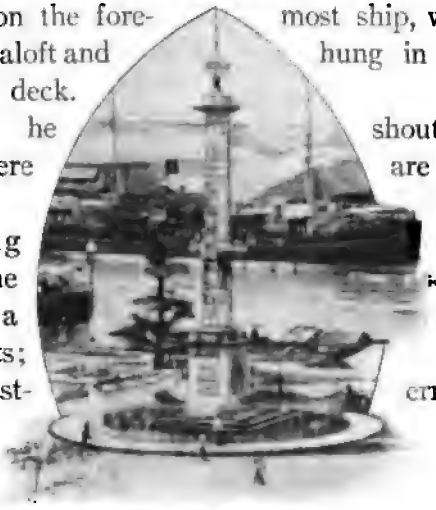
"Nor I." But China Sea or no China Sea, with its rocking and bumping of tired men against the sides of their bunks, five minutes later the two young officers were sleeping the sleep of the just, and the healthy.

When they awakened, the fleet lay off Luzon.

A sailor on the foremost ship, with a great shout, sprang aloft and hung in the rigging far above the deck.

"Boys!" he shouted. "There they are! There are the Philippines!"

A ringing cheer that warmed the heart sprang from a thousand throats; and across the eastern sea arose the sun above the island of Luzon.



THE MAGELLAN MONUMENT OVERLOOKING THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA

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CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST OF MAY

OUT of the sea rose the headland of Cape Bolinao, one hundred miles north from Manila. As the light grew clearer, and the ships drew closer to the coast, it could be seen that no war-ships were near; here, at least, were no Spaniards. Not pausing in their southward flight, the fleet took up its way along the western shore. Soon they were abreast of Subig; here greater caution was necessary, for it had been rumored that the Spanish fleet was there at anchor. The *Boston* and the *Concord*, steaming ahead, poked their grey noses into the waves as scouts. Debonairly they went forward, and halted only at the entrance to the bay of Subig. No ships here, either, save for a few fishing vessels not worth a shot, and not even capable of giving word where the Spaniards might be found.

GEORGE DEWEY

No word was needed; there was only one more place to look, and that was Manila. As the grey cruisers sweep southward, but more cautiously now, there is time to see

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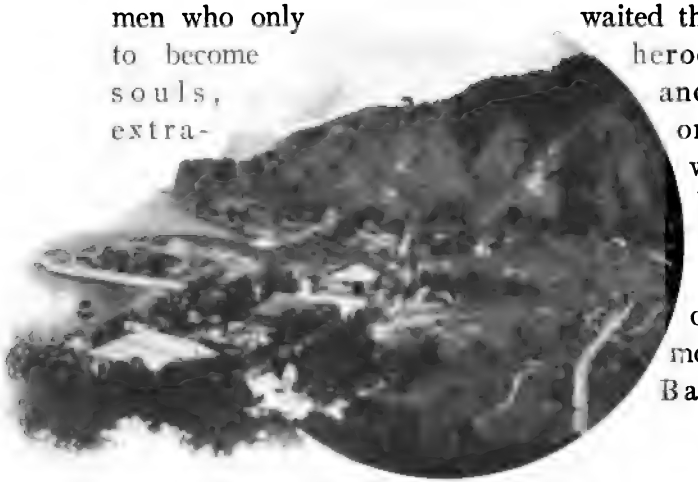
them as they go, in the clear daylight. Nine in number they are, of which two, the *Nanshan* and the *Zafiro*, colliers and supply boats, are non-combatants. They come last.

The *Olympia*, flag-ship, Gridley commanding, is a first-class steel cruiser of about 6000 tons, having steel barbettes, deck-plates and conning-tower, and an eight-foot cellulose belt thirty-three inches in thickness; for battery she carries four eight-inch guns, ten quick-fire five-inch guns, fourteen six-pounders, some small rapid-fires, and a few Gatlings And on her bridge, with the casual manner of a man 10,000 miles from war, George Dewey, commander-in-chief.

The *Baltimore*, a second-rate cruiser of 4400 tons displacement, ranks next in size and weight of metal; she carries four eight-inch and six six-inch guns, with many rapid-fire smaller guns and six machine guns. The *Boston* and the *Raleigh* next, being of about 3000 tons each, and having armament of about half the weight, in effective metal, of that of the *Baltimore*. On these four vessels will fall the brunt of the work that lies ahead. For there are but three other ships-of-war; the revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the gunboats, the *Petrel* and the *Concord*, the first of less than 1000 tons, the latter of 1700. Not a tremendous squadron, numerically, nor in weight of metal, but manned by seamen who only waited the opportunity to become heroes in their souls, and marksmen extraordinarily apt with their bodies and their brains.



CORREGIDOR ISLAND

As the ships drew nearer the mouth of Manila Bay, the day

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CAPTAIN GRIDLEY

drew to an end. It was Dewey's hope to be able to enter the bay itself without giving warning to the Spaniards on Corregidor Island, which guarded the entrance. To this end the battle-ports were put up, and as night came on every light on all the ships was hidden, save the protected stern-lantern which served for a guide to the next ship in line. It was full night when the squadron lay off the entrance to the bay; the moon was veiled in heavy clouds, and the water was covered with a dark mist. As the ships drew nearer and nearer to the island where the Spanish batteries lay, the silence on the decks became intense. All the preparations had been made. Every bit of inflammable material possible had been put in safety or thrown overboard; light and buoyant objects were arranged so that they might serve as life-rafts in case of need, and the faces of the watching men had grown grim at the sight; the life-boats had been protected by canvas to prevent flying splinters; the ammunition lockers had been filled and checked. All was ready.

Silently then, through the quiet night, the leading ship turned eastward into Manila Bay. Past the Corregidor forts she went, making no sound, her lights hidden, her

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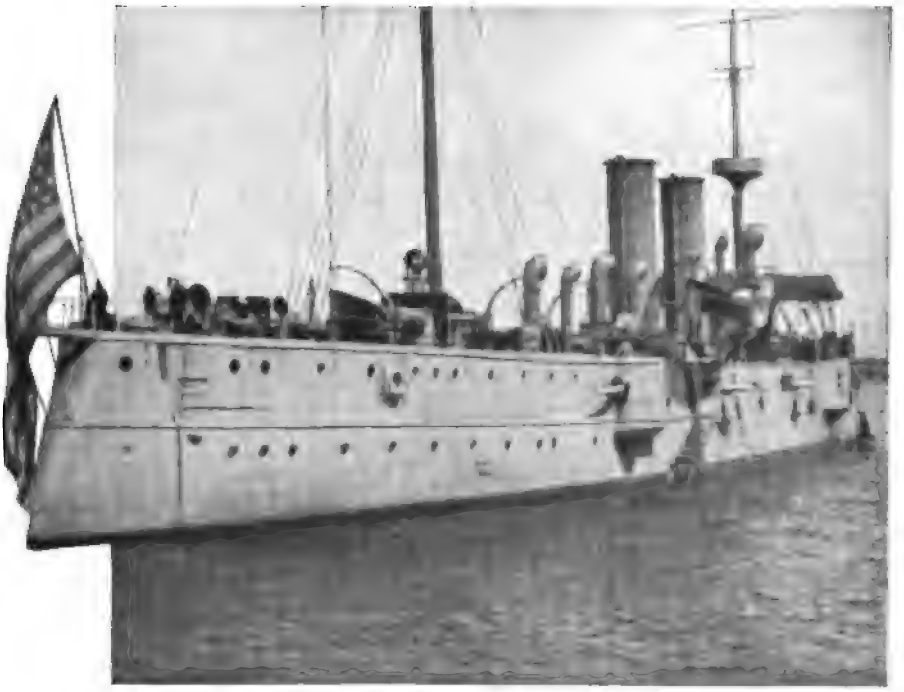
speed reduced so that she might make less vibration through the water. After her, in regular order and unbroken line, followed the other ships, silently, silently, making no sign, no noise. From the shore no sound could be heard, for it was midnight now, and the Spanish forts were still. The throbbing of the engines sent little waves of half-sound forth upon the night air, and the men upon the in-going ships held their breath in suspense. It seemed as though that muffled sound must reach to the ears on shore, if those ears were awake to hear. Soon, however, the leading vessel was abreast of the island, then she passed it; and still no sound, no signal, no alarm. The second ship followed her, then the third.

Rose from the island an instantaneous swift flight of fire, a rocket into the air! A puff of bright smoke from the funnel of the *McCulloch* had given the warning; and



THE "RALEIGH" IN WAR PAINT

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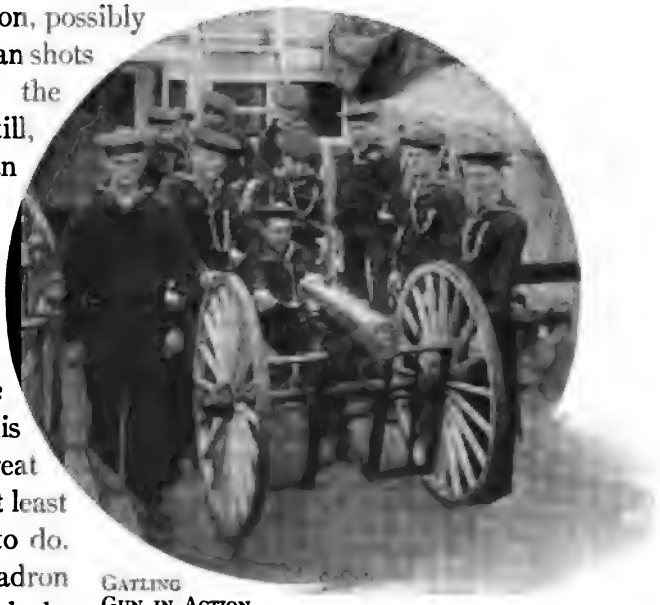
the Spaniards had wakened to what was abroad. At once the boom of a Spanish cannon rang out across the tense air, a projectile passed whistling over the *Raleigh* and buried itself in the water.

The *Raleigh* made answer, followed by the firing of the *Concord's* guns, and for a little time the Spaniards answered; then, for some reason, possibly because the American shots had taken effect, the shore batteries fell still, and the American ships, with no more need nor desire for concealment, drove on in peace and unmolested into Manila Bay. George Stevens let out his breath with a great sigh. That much at least was done and not to do. Slowly now the squadron crept along in the darkness, taking almost continuous soundings, and holding the speed down almost to a snail's pace. They were in strange waters and it was wise to go slowly, at least until the dawn. The strain was now to a great degree removed, and the men talked together in low voices as the ships bore slowly on across the bay. Their general direction was to the northeast, toward the city of Manila itself. The slow motion became monotonous, and the men, being assured that nothing would happen, at least before daybreak, tried, many of them, to get a few hours' sleep. The moment was too great. There was no sleep on that fleet that night, as George



GATLING GUN IN ACTION

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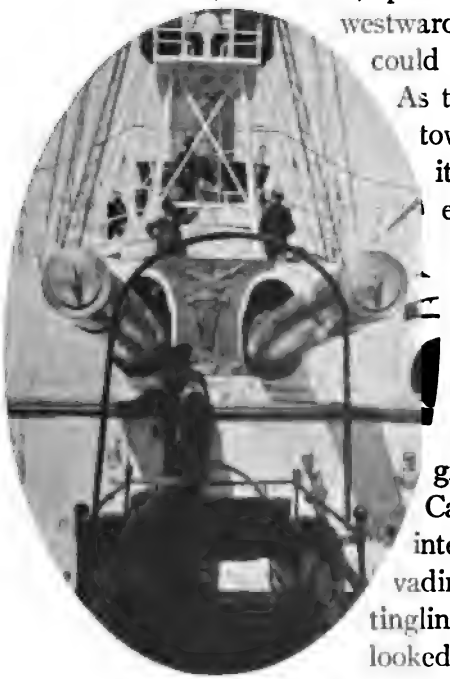
Stevens found for himself, after tossing in his bunk for an hour in vain. So the long hours wore on, and at last, faintly, there showed in the east the presage of the coming day.

Day dawned tremendously over the shore to eastward, dawned with all the swift magnificence of dawns in these waters, and there, spread out before them in a great south-westward curving sweep of shore, the fleet could see the strongholds of the foe. As the light grew quickly brighter the town itself could be clearly seen, and its forts and battlements; but the eyes of the sailors were not there, not they. For far to the southward, where the shore juts outward to the headland of Cavité, rode the Spanish men-of-war.



FORWARD FIVE-INCH GUNS OF THE "OLYMPIA"

There they were, drawn up in a compact group, looking grim and grave beneath the guns of the Cavité batteries; and a murmur of intense excitement ran through the invading squadron. The blood rushed tingling through their veins, and they looked, the men of the invading force, eagerly, pleadingly, at their officers, to see what action would be first. The only utterly calm pulse in all the fleet was that of the man on the *Olympia's* bridge. He, as he gazed quietly out over the smooth water in the shimmering dawn, knew what he had to do, and that he was ordained to do it.

The fleet was already in motion; its position was some five miles off the city of Manila, and a trifle to the north. The ships now made another detour, to the east and north, for the purpose of leaving the three supply and dispatch

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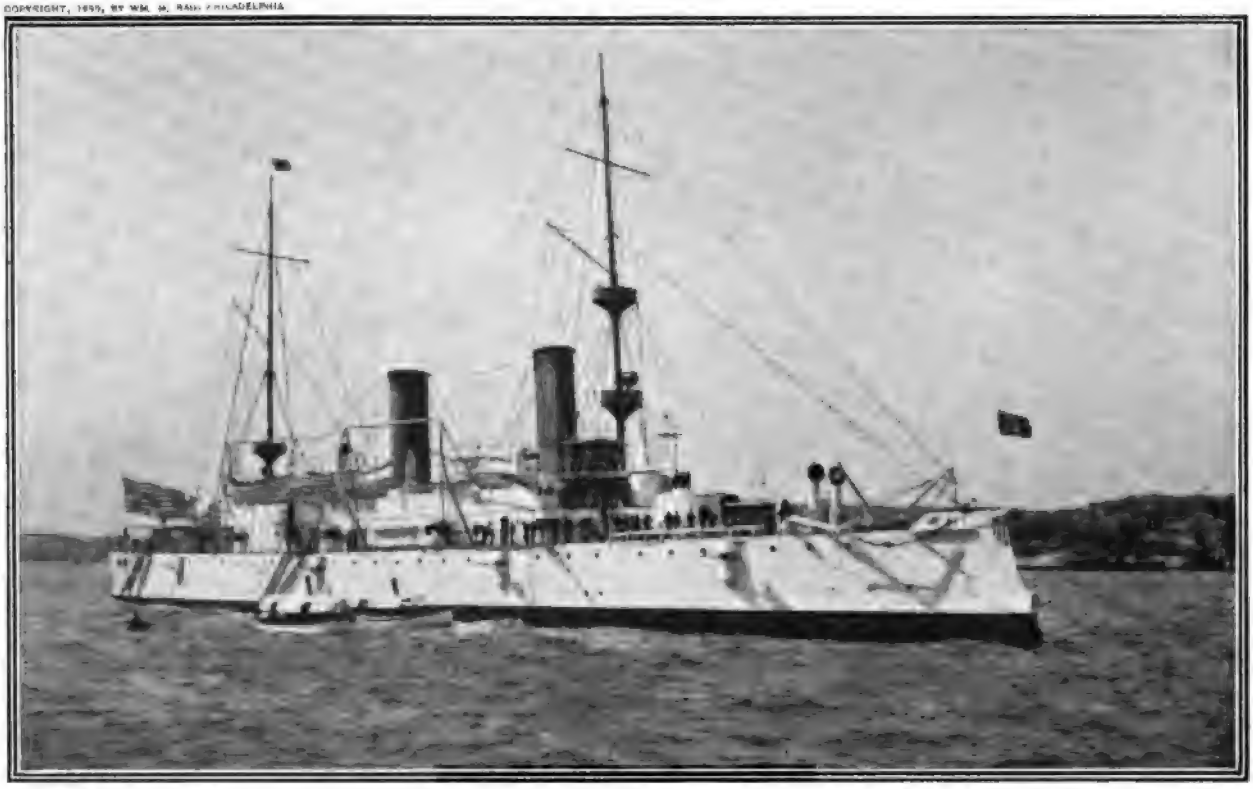

DEWEY'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "OLYMPIA"

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boats in a place of safety. As they steamed along before the towers of Manila, the people on the walls could be seen, with glasses, and the cathedral itself was plainly visible, its slender towers rising wraith-like in the luminous morning air. It was not yet 5 o'clock, and the deepest peace reigned on land and sea; no sound came from the city, nor from the fleet. There was no wind; the air hung quiet in the heavens, pervaded by the early morning hush. And, as the men listened, faintly, like a carillon of subterranean bells, came the morning chimes from the cathedral. So still and solemn and churchly was the air, as it vibrated faintly to the sound, that from many a breast went up a wordless prayer to the God of Hosts, in whose hands lie the world and all the issues thereof. And it was Sunday morning, May 1, in the year of our Lord 1898.

At 4 o'clock the men had been served with coffee and a light breakfast; it became evident almost at once that Commodore Dewey had no idea of delaying. The enemy seemed ready too, and before the ships had passed the shore-front of Manila the batteries in the forts there opened fire, and sent many a plunging shot harmlessly into the water, some near, some miles away from their American targets. This firing did nobody any harm, but the strain on the men's nerves was great, and the *Concord* suddenly opened fire in reply. Immediately from the *Olympia's* mast-head burst forth the signal: "Hold your fire!" and the *Concord* relapsed into silence.

The squadron's circle was completed now; the non-combatants were safe in the center of the bay, far from the range of any guns; the meat was ready for the fire. Slowly, but gathering speed as they advanced, the six invaders turned southward toward Cavité. From the mast-head of every ship streamed backward on the breeze the great battle-flag of the American Union; silently, orderly, calmly

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ENTRANCE TO FORT SAN FILIPPE, CAVITÉ

as though on dress parade, the squadron moved down upon the foe.

First came the *Olympia*, with the commodore on the bridge, in which exposed position he remained throughout the entire engagement; followed in their order by the *Raleigh*, the *Baltimore*, the *Petrel*, and the *Concord*, with the *Boston* bringing up the rear. As they drew nearer to their goal, the strength of the enemy's position could be better seen; and a strong one it was. The fleet was gathered in Bakor Bay, a small bight made by the jutting out of Cavité headland, and guarded by batteries on either flank. It was following the tiger to his lair with a vengeance. George Stevens, at his post by his gun on the port side of the *Olympia*, watched with a curious sense of fascination the majestic advance of his vessel and those that followed. He felt a strange lightness and buoyancy, as though his body might fly off at any moment into space. Before the advance had started, he had been thinking, with some disquiet, of the torpedoes and submarine mines with which the harbor was said to be filled; now, as the ships went steadily forward, he seemed to have forgotten not only mines, but everything else in the world, save the thrilling taste of the morning air.

Suddenly, just in front of the flag-ship, a great column of water rose in the air; it resembled the gushing of an oil well. Without warning, but with a dull detonation, the heavy

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mass rose before the *Olympia's* bows, the sun turning the bright drops to radiance as they fell. It was the first Spanish mine; and it had done no damage, though the water was still roiled and troubled when the *Olympia* a little later passed over the spot. A moment later another explosion raised another column of water, farther off than before; and this ended the hazard from mines. No more of them were exploded during the entire action. But as though angered by the failure of these two, the entire Spanish armament now began to open fire, by concerted signal; and the air was filled with shot and shell as the Americans came gradually within range. No signal on the flagship, though, and still the Americans held their fire. Into the water all around them fell the Spanish shot, the forts and the war-ships vying with each other in the fury of their bombardment. Still, silently, making no reply, the taciturn *Olympia* bore down upon her prey.

ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "OLYMPIA" DURING THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY (*From the drawing by F. A. Carter*)

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Closer and closer they came to the first ship — two miles, a mile and a half, barely a mile. At last, turning quietly to the captain beside him on the bridge, the commodore spoke for the first time.

"If you are ready, Gridley, you may fire," he said.

Like quicksilver spread the news among the men. With quivering hands the lieutenant of the first port gun made

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

ready; and an instant later the echoes rang with the first fire from the flag-ship. With the terrible eagerness of overstrained nerves, the men on the other ships took up the refrain. The cannonading became continuous, terrific. Dense clouds of smoke swept over the bay, at times almost completely hiding the vessels from view. The decks quivered from the vibration of the guns. From the Spanish fleet a terrible fire came back. The placid waters of the bay were lashed to fury; the speed of the attacking squadron, while not great, was sufficient to churn to white foam the green water in the wake. The uproar never ceased; as the ships drew nearer and nearer together, the noise became so deafen-

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ing that the men could not hear the orders. They rammed, and pulled, and acted out their parts automatically, by a sort of sublime instinct.

They had reached Cavité headland now, and were beyond the range of the enemy's cannon. At the *Olympia's* order, the ships swung around in a wide circle, and turned steadily back toward the north. This time they were even nearer to the foe, and from their starboard batteries poured in once more the deadly and accurate fire which their port batteries had given on the southward way. The Spaniards answered bravely still, though more than one vessel was seen to be in trouble. Calmly, steadily, unhurriedly, the American ships retraced their course. Again they wheeled in front of the city of Manila, and again they sought the prey. It was now 7 o'clock in the morning.

Admiral Montojo

As they drew near this time, it could be seen that the enemy was in desperate straits; some of the ships were on fire; part of their batteries were stilled; and the Spanish admiral, Montojo, looking about him, decided that the time had come for a desperate remedy. As the *Olympia* advanced once more, with the boom of her great guns breaking through the incessant sharp crackle of her rapid-fires, the admiral of the Spaniards slipped the moorings of his flag-ship, the *Reina Christina;* straight for the American leader she came, her great prow cutting the waters with ever-increasing speed. It was a daring attempt,

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and it was supported by a furious fire from all the other Spanish ships. On the American vessel ensued an anxious minute. Then, following the *Olympia's* lead, a perfect hell of steel was directed at the advancing enemy. The fire of the six ships was concentrated upon the *Reina Christina* with deadly effect. No ship could have lived through such a sea of death, and Admiral Montojo, his batteries almost silenced, his ship on fire in a dozen places, his steering gear smashed, and his decks covered with dead and dying, sadly gave the order to retreat. Crippled as she was, the *Reina Christina* found it not so easy to do so; and as she swung slowly around, almost helpless in the trough of the waters, a well-aimed shot from her foe struck her straight amidships over her stern. Down through the very heart of the vessel sped the shot, sweeping all before it, and spreading desolation in its path; at last its work was done, finished, and the forward magazine of the *Christina* exploded with a terrible sound of death.

With broken back, beaten, burning, wrecked, the *Reina Christina* floated back as best she might among her sister ships, presently going ashore upon the beach. Her tale was told, and the admiral took his flag to the *Isla de Cuba*, which he made his flag-ship henceforward.

The hazard of the *Olympia* was not over yet, however; simultaneously from the shore crept out two torpedo boats, one toward the transports, and the other toward Dewey on the bridge. The *Petrel* sprang after the northern one of the two, and soon made her turn tail and fly; but onward, indomitably and with a disquieting persistence, the second darted forward at the flag-ship. On her prow could be dimly seen through the smoke of battle the deadly projectile which meant death if properly launched; and the *Olympia* signaled to her fellows for support. Again that rain of shot and shell was turned upon an advancing vessel; but the

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little craft was a much more difficult mark than the great war-ship had been; and she came forward, still apparently untouched. It was a ticklish moment. The men peering over the *Olympia's* side felt their hearts sink as they watched the little black craft come on, bearing that charmed life. Every gun that could be, was turned on the dauntless little foe.

The end came swiftly. There was a crash from a six-pounder, a shock, a sudden thunder of impact, and then a thick white cloud of smoke flew toward the sky. A sullen roar announced a hit; the little torpedo-boat, struck on the very nose, dipped suddenly that nose into the boiling waters of the bay. A shot had exploded her torpedoes, and she sank in five minutes, literally torn in pieces. The ships were now upon their fourth passage before their foes. As they

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THE WRECK OF MONTOJO'S FLAG SHIP, THE "REINA CHRISTINA"

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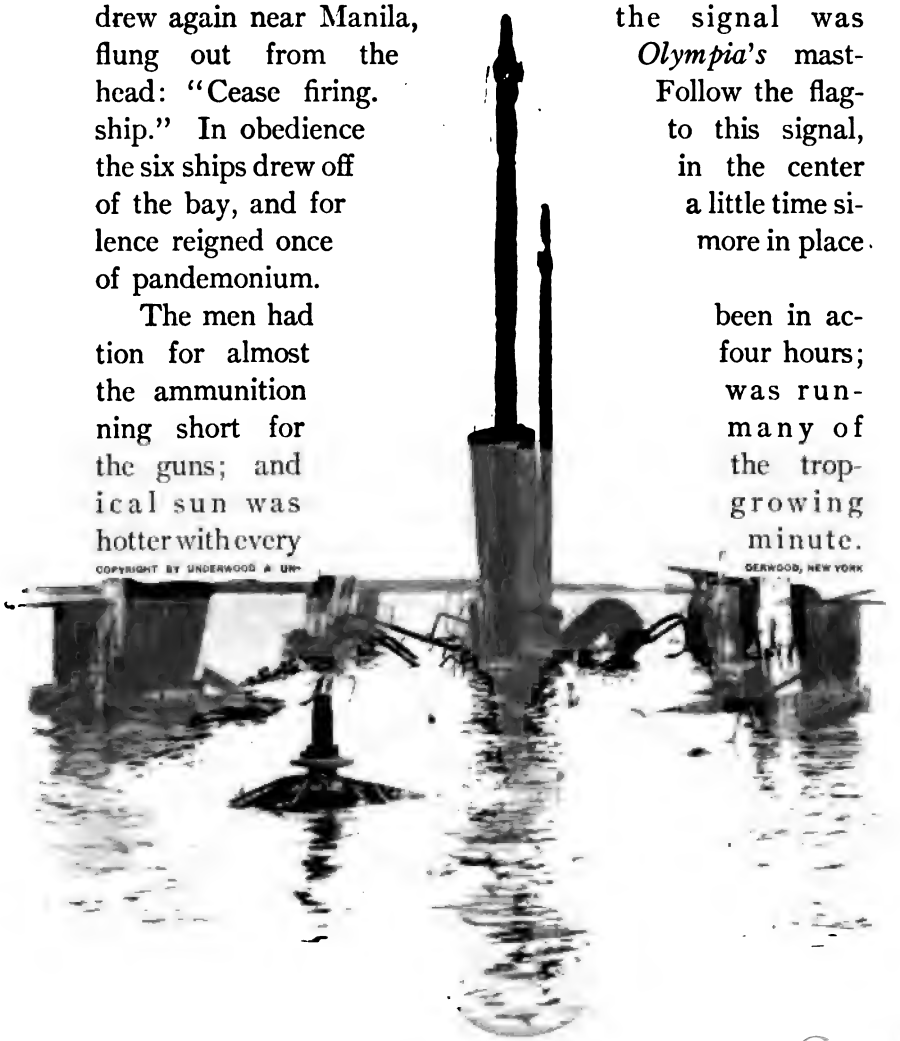
swept around in their circle this time in front of Manila, the forts there still kept up their fire. Dewey flung out the word, "Cease firing, or we will shell the city," and from those forts came no more. The fifth advance was made at a much shorter range; barely 2000 yards separated them now. It was seen that the enemy was in the utmost distress; most of the ships were afire; their flag-ship was out of the battle; half the land-batteries had ceased to shoot. And the ships swept southward once more, and, wheeling, back again before the crippled Spaniards. As they drew again near Manila, the signal was flung out from the *Olympia's* mast-head: "Cease firing. Follow the flag-ship." In obedience to this signal, the six ships drew off in the center of the bay, and for a little time silence reigned once more in place of pandemonium.

The men had been in action for almost four hours; the ammunition was running short for many of the guns; and the tropical sun was growing hotter with every minute.



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THE "CASTILLA," ONE OF THE SHIPS THAT GOT IN DEWEY'S LINE OF FIRE

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Dewey, looking at the ruin he had wrought, thought it could wait for the *coup de grace*. Accordingly, the ships fell quiet, and for three hours nothing broke the utter stillness of the bay. The Spaniards, not understanding the reason for this manœuver, thought that the Americans had drawn off to repair their injuries, and took the opportunity to send off some bombastic and characteristic cable messages to Madrid, describing how "they had caused the Americans to manœuver, and would presently finish them."

George Dewey, looking about him, and beholding his ships as clean and unharmed as before the battle started, waited for three hours. The men rested as best they might; at first they grumbled at not being allowed to keep on, but their commander knew best. He knew that the battle was won, that the foe could not escape and that all which remained was to complete his work, to carry out to the utmost his instructions from Washington, to "capture or destroy the Spanish fleet." At 10:45 o'clock, the boatswains' whistles shrilled through the air; the signals leapt out at the masthead; and calmly and majestically as before, the American fleet started down to finish their work.

This time the *Baltimore* was in the lead; and in the first fire her guns reached the last magazine of the ill-fated *Reina Christina*, and the one-time flag-ship sank in the shallow water. The *Baltimore* now directed its fire at the *Isla de Cuba* and the *Don John of Austria*. A shot reached the magazine of this vessel also, and the second great battleship of the Spaniards found its grave in the watery place of death. The only wooden ship had been set afire by shells, and was now burning fiercely, her men taking to the boats. Three gunboats went down under the heavy fire of the *Baltimore* and the *Boston*, and the *Antonio de Ulloa*, the last Spanish ship able to fight, went down with its flag nailed to the mast. The *General Lezo* was driven ashore and

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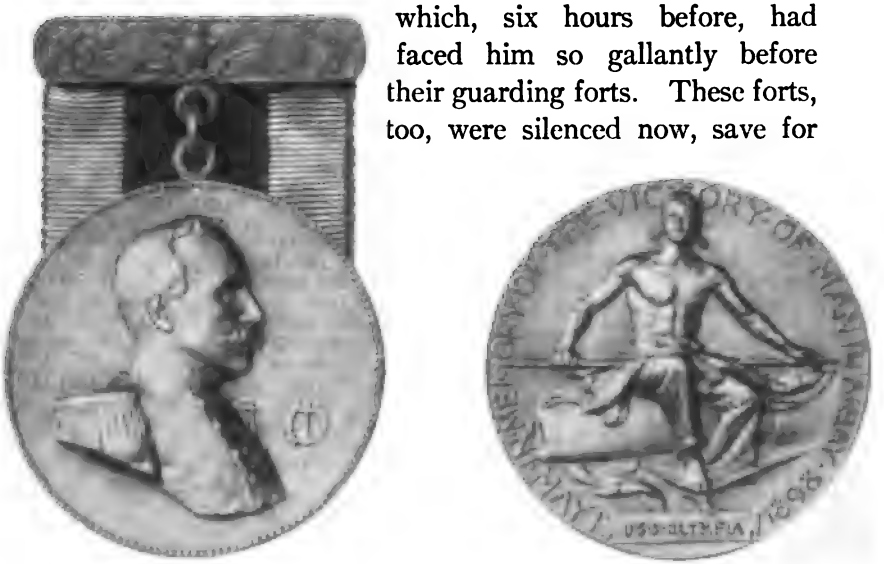
burned; the *Don John of Austria*, the *Isla de Luzon*, and the *Marques del Duero* were all sunk or burned; the two flagships were sunken wrecks, barely showing their ruins above the quieted water.

George Dewey, looking down from his bridge upon the stronghold of the enemy, saw no ship left of all that squadron which, six hours before, had faced him so gallantly before their guarding forts. These forts, too, were silenced now, save for



THE DEWEY MEDAL PRESENTED BY CONGRESS TO THE MEN WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

an occasional shot which buried itself harmlessly in the wave. There was no more to do upon the sea. No Spanish war-ship lived to tell the tale of that first of May. On the decks of the American squadron the men gathered, almost in utter silence. There was no disposition to exult. They had been too near the gates of death. Their ears still rang with the echoes of cannon. And the sight of the ruin before their eyes made the most thoughtless of the men grow sober.

The battle of Manila was won — won without the loss of a man, without the loss of a ship, or any appreciable damage to any ship. Only eight men were even injured, and

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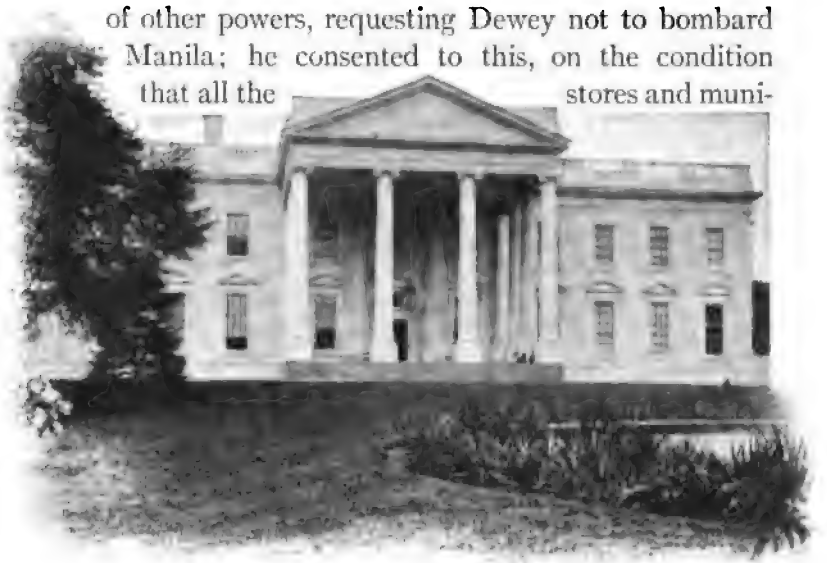
strangely enough, all these from the bursting of one shell. As the ships fell to taking count of their casualties, and when it began to be seen that not any ship had taken damage other than trivial, and that not a ship but had its tale of men complete, a great wave of thankfulness and of solemn triumph spread from man to man. Never had there been a more wonderful victory than this; never a triumph more overwhelming. And as the men began to realize the truth, and as their overstrained nerves commenced to react, they gave vent to their delight and their enthusiasm by cheers that shook the very skies. The name of Dewey was flung to heaven by the wildest cheering that the harbor of Manila had ever heard. And he, who had planned it all, stepped at last from the post which he had not quitted, and for the first time his face relaxed in a little smile. His work was done.

Some little of it, to be sure, remained, but it was purely incidental. The batteries of Cavité remained to be reduced; the forts of Corregidor to be taken. This work was for the morrow. Now other things were for attention. The British consul was coming aboard, and with him the representatives of other powers, requesting Dewey not to bombard Manila; he consented to this, on the condition that all the stores and muni-



ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE

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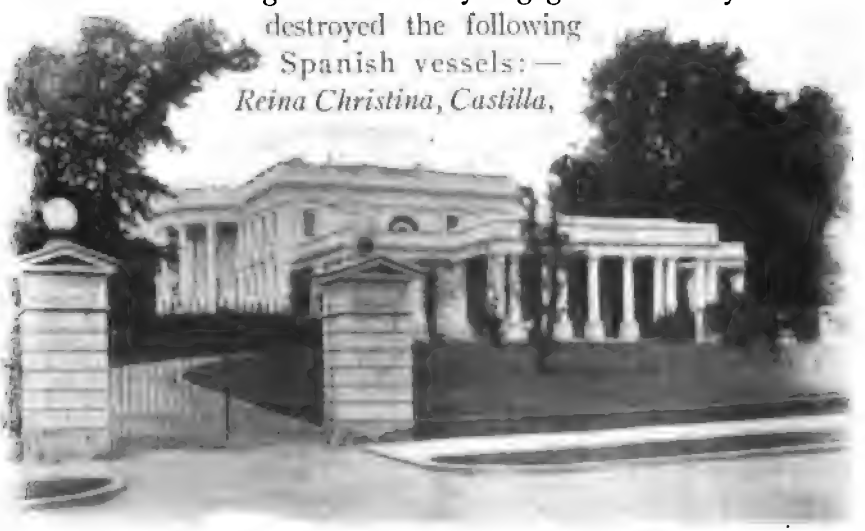
tions of the forts should be turned over to him, together with the coal supply, and the control of the cable to Hong Kong. This was refused by the Spaniards, after cabling to Madrid, where they sent their garbled version of the battle.

Dewey, being refused the control of the cable, cut it; the forts were taken, the entire forces either surrendered or were driven into the city of Manila; and then, and not till then, did Dewey turn his attention to a waiting republic that knew nothing of what had happened, save for the grave and disquieting rumors which were beginning to come from Madrid. There was nothing for it but to send the *McCulloch* back to Hong Kong; for which port on May 3 she started, bearing with her the historic dispatch which was to electrify a nation, and bring to every American heart a message of hope and of courage eternal.

On May 7 the cable bore the message; throbbingly under the sea it flew. And on the same day William McKinley, President of the United States, in his office in the White House tore open a yellow envelope and read in a low voice:

"Manila, May 1: Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and



THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE STREET

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Don Antonio de Ulloa, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marques del Duero*, *Cano*, *Velasco*, *Isla de Mindanao*, a transport, and water battery at Cavité. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to American consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him. DEWEY."

Never more simply read the history of a great deed. And over the waters of Manila Bay floated the flag that has never fallen. And over the thousand islands of the azure sea spread the tremendous shadow of the eagle's wings.

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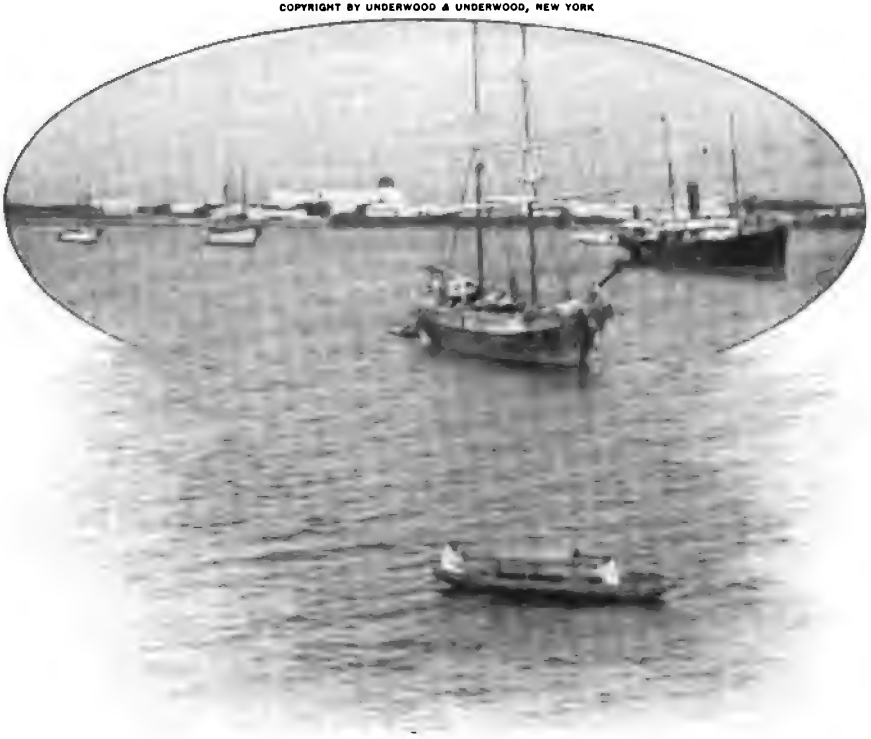

MANILA BAY

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CHAPTER XII

CERVERA'S PHANTOM FLEET

TWO young men on wiry western ponies were riding slowly along on the open prairie around San Antonio, Texas. One sat his pony with an air of carefulness and calculation, the other as though he and the pony were both part of the same lithe animal. The careful rider turned his head.

"I say, Benny, I think I'm sticking on better, don't you?"

His companion did not reply in words; his mouth gave a wry twist, and to his eyes there came a semblance of what in another man would have been a twinkle; but Benny Murdock, old cow-puncher and now Rough Rider, was not addicted to smiling, any more than he was addicted to speech — unnecessarily.

"I 'm getting the hang of how to fix him when he bucks," proceeded Hernando Stevens, a trifle breathlessly, but with just a touch of triumph in his voice. As he spoke, however, his heel touched a certain charmed precinct somewhere on his pony's rounded barrel, and the little fellow suddenly seemed gifted with all the attributes of a small but determined cyclone. He bucked, and he wheeled; he went up in the air and came down with his four feet bunched; he went, in short, through the entire series of manœuvers which he had in the past found useful in unseating tenderfeet; and this he found perfectly successful in the present instance. Hernando managed to stay with him for the first two gyrations; but the dynamic, sudden rush back to Mother Earth was too much.

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Over his pony's head he went, to land in a heap on the wiry grass before his mount's bunched feet. Gingerly he raised himself, limb by limb.

"Well, you need n't laugh, you Texas scalawag!" he cried, with a rueful grin to Benny, who sat regarding him with

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THE BRONCHO BUSTERS (*From the drawing by Frederic Remington*)

a stony countenance, on which there was no sign of any expression whatsoever.

"You do seem to have found out how to make him quit buckin'," he said.

"Never mind, I 'll find out how to do it, without all this fuss, too," said Hernando, sturdily, as he scrambled back onto his pony, who now stood meekly with drooping head. as quiet and docile as any lady's hack.

Hernando had been at San Antonio some little time; he had gone there to be mustered into his regiment, already

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dubbed, as if by common consent, Roosevelt's Rough Riders; and he had been learning things very fast since that ceremony had taken place. There were numbers of Eastern men in the regiment; in fact, about an eighth of the quota came from Eastern cities and colleges. The bulk of the men were from the West, but there was a large contingent from the most cultivated and highest circles of Eastern society. Hernando had reflected on the queerness of the combinations that ensued, often; and to-day, as he rode along home with Benny by his side, the incongruity of it all struck him all over again. Here was he, who had never been west of the Mississippi, hobnobbing with Benny Murdock, who had never been east of it, and who ordinarily would have despised all those who had.

"This is the most democratic bunch of men I ever saw in my life," said Hernando now. "It beats a boy's school, and that is saying a good deal. Did you see that tall man with the red whiskers that I spoke to this morning, Benny?"

Benny nodded, uninterestedly. He had seen him, but there was no need to rush into speech about it; on the contrary.

"Well, that was Georgy Mandeville, one of the most exquisite of all New York's elect," said Hernando. "To see him there, washing pans out in the creek, you never would think that was a man who had three valets to keep his trousers pressed, would you?" But again Benny saw no necessity for answering; he made a vague movement of his head, and Hernando proceeded with his monologue.

"We have got all the swells represented," he went on, "and I wager they make as good soldiers as anybody in the regiment. Say something, you!"

But Benny was not to be drawn. He was not especially interested in the sociological aspect of his branch of the army, though he was perfectly willing to listen to Hernando

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talk about it. Nobody knew just how it was he had happened to attach himself to Hernando; but there were as strange friendships growing everywhere around them, and nobody found it unusual in the least. He had been there when Hernando had negotiated the purchase of his pony. The first beast he had looked at had seemed to Hernando a fine animal; he looked it all over, examined its teeth wisely, because he had heard that was the thing to do, and was on the point of concluding his purchase, when he heard a voice close by:

"Say, young gentleman," the voice had drawled, "you 're not thinkin' of buyin' that cayuse, are you? 'Cause he is no good in this uni-verse."

Hernando turned short around, and beheld a cowboy standing quietly beside him. He was eying with some show of pitiful concern the young tenderfoot guileless enough to buy a horse like that; more he would not betray. Hernando never knew till long afterward that the horse died the following morning of some inexplicable disease of which he had never heard.

"You come with me," the stranger continued. "I 'll get ye a pony."

This was the beginning of the companionship of Hernando Stevens and Benny Murdock.

There was a great deal to interest everybody at San Antonio, learning the first rudiments of the war game. For outside amusement, however, there was little or nothing, and the men spent most of their time in speculating about this war, which was the greatest topic that had come their way in years. Hernando had seen enough of the inside of things at Washington to know just about how unready the country really was; and he watched the papers with eagerness for every item he could find concerning the preparations. He found, to his surprise, that Benny broke his charmed silence

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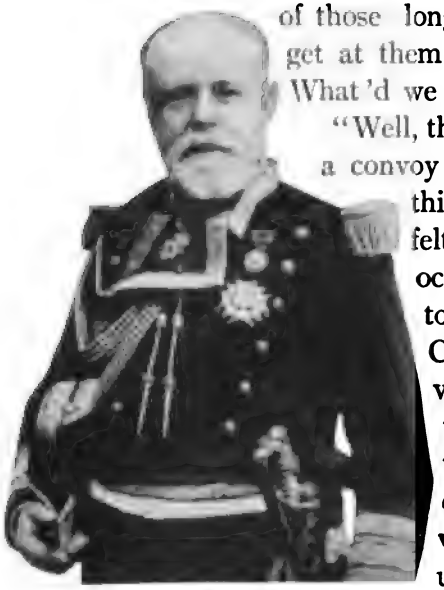
when the talk turned upon the voyage which must be taken by sea before Cuba could be reached.

"What worries me," Benny had once confessed, "is how they 're going to ferry all us fellows across. Suppose the Spaniards came along, and took a shot at us with some of those long guns of theirs? We could n't get at them; our horses would n't be no use. What 'd we do — tell me that?"



PASCUAL CERVERA

"Well, they would n't send us across without a convoy of war-ships," said Hernando to this, with more confidence than he felt, however. For the same idea had occurred to him. Word had just come to America of the departure from the Cape Verde Islands of Admiral Cervera's fleet, and Hernando shared the general uneasiness regarding the possible destination of that group of mighty fighting machines. In view of the utterly unprepared and unprotected state of our eastern seacoast, it was a matter of no small concern. Hernando spoke of this now, after he had remounted, and the two had resumed their leisurely amble across the dry and dusty plain.

"Cervera is at large somewhere in the Atlantic," said he. "But I hardly think they would send us out until his fleet is definitely located, somewhere or other. It would be too risky, altogether. They have begun to blockade the main Cuban ports, I believe. I saw in the paper that Sampson finally started from Key West three days ago. He will find Cervera if it can be done."

"Mebbe he will," grunted Benny. "It looks like a hard job to me. How is he to know where to look? The ocean

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must be bigger than the Gulf of Mexico, ain't it?" The Gulf of Mexico was the only body of water Benny had ever seen, with the exception of a few creeks and one river.

"Yes," said Hernando with a smile. "It is a good deal bigger than the Gulf, but there is not much chance of finding the Spaniards except somewhere near Cuba. There are a good many people who think that Cervera is headed for New York, or Boston, or the New England coast. I don't believe a word of it myself; in the first place, I don't believe the Spaniards have nerve enough; in the next, it is much more likely that they would make for Cuba first, if only to find out where to go after that. Neither do I believe any of the talk about Cervera's trying to intercept the *Oregon* on its way from 'Frisco."

WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

"Well, I don't care where the Spaniards go, so long as we get ferried across all right," repeated Benny seriously. "I don't feel at home about this water business. Why can't we ride to Cuba?"

Hernando looked at him; it was obvious that he was not joking; so Hernando gently explained that there was quite an expanse of water between Florida and Cuba; and that the only way to cross was by ship. Benny accepted his statements, but with much shaking of the head, and Her-

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nando felt sure that he still believed a land route could have been discovered by the exercise of a little thought.

They were now nearing the town, and as they did so they were aware of an excitement of some sort in the camp which they had quitted an hour before. As they rode along, they could hear faint cheering from afar, and, with increasing nearness, they could see men rushing wildly about, throwing things into the air and shouting. The two urged their horses on.

CHARLES E. CLARK, COMMANDER OF THE "OREGON" ON HER MEMORABLE CRUISE AROUND CAPE HORN

"Something must have happened," grunted Hernando heavily, as he jolted in his saddle over the unaccustomed speed to which he now put his pony.

As they rode into camp, the uproar was terrific. Men were shrieking and dancing about, the air was filled with boots, caps, and a thousand and one accouterments and sundries — whatever had come easiest to hand. Hernando

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THE "OREGON" UNDER WAY

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dismounted as quickly as he could, and rushed eagerly up to the nearest man.

"What is it?" he cried. "What has happened?"

"Happened?" answered the other, with a great shout, and grasping Hernando's forage cap and throwing it into the air, "happened? Why, Dewey's licked the whole Spanish fleet and captured the Philippines! That's what's happened!"

Hernando thereupon became another unit in the cheering, shouting mass.

When the first excitement was over and a measure of reason had returned, the tale was heard in full, or at least all that there was to tell. It was only the first cablegram, but that was enough. There had been rumors, those which had come from Madrid, thanks to the Spaniards' dispatches during the recess before their last hope was slain,— rumors that the American fleet had not been successful; and these had caused grave anxiety. Now, they made the utter, overwhelming victory only the more thrilling. It was night before the camp settled down to any degree of calm; and this transport of thankfulness and joy and pride was only part of the great throb of those sensations which thrilled through the national heart at the great news from Manila.

The victory of Dewey was worth while, even for no other end than to start as it did that wave of fervor and of patriotism which swept through his country as the wonderful word spread. Let Congress formally pass its resolutions of thanks to Dewey and his men; let them honor him as they will; his great reward came from more imperishable things, came from hearts through which country-pride and country-love swept in a new and tingling flood. No more was there quiescence, indifference to be found in speech or eye; for the waiting eyes and ears of Europe too, here was news. Here was an answer to those continental tongues which

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still held America to be a nation of shop-keepers! And all before the war had been a fortnight old!

Never was a victory more opportune. As the country advanced in its preparations for military activities, the more was it found how utterly unready it was. The long peace that preceded 1898 had clogged completely the brisk channels that ran so fluently in '65. The war department was not equipped for war; there were not guns enough, or cots enough, or tents enough, or anything enough; and it was so long since these things had been needed that all seemed to have forgotten how to secure them. The first requisition, for arms and accounterments for 200,000 men, less what things were furnished by the various States for their National Guard, almost threw the war department into hopeless panic. That they came out as well as they did, bespeaks a wonder.

The navy was little better off, except that what ships there were stood in good condition, and were well officered and manned; the individual efficiency was high. But there were not nearly enough ships to cope with Spain's navy, numerically supposed to be very strong, and having many new vessels of the latest type. Efforts had been made, when it was seen that war was inevitable, to secure additional ships from several foreign powers; two or three were bought from England, and two from Brazil; but of all of

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THE "WINSLOW" AT THE PEACE JUBILEE

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these, only one, a gunboat from Brazil, proved to be of any actual service during the war.

G. S. PETTINGILL

One of the first moves of the navy department was to arrange for a close blockade of the principal ports of Cuba; this was done partly with the idea of intercepting, or at least locating, Cervera and his squadron, which was now the principal source of unrest at Washington. Admiral Sampson was detailed, with several of his larger vessels, to the important work of finding Cervera's whereabouts, but after the very first, the work of maintaining the Cuban blockade was left to the lighter cruisers and the smaller gunboats. In this blockade the first real engagements in West Indian waters took place, Ensign Pettingill firing the first shot. At Matanzas, Cienfuegos, Cardenas, and other ports, sharp conflicts occurred at various times, none of which produced any lasting effects; but it was fine fighting, and much of it brilliant, for all that.

WORTH BAGLEY

Such an engagement was that which occurred at Cardenas harbor, some ten days after Dewey's achievement in the Far East. In this battle fell the first American to be killed in the war,— Ensign Worth Bagley, of Raleigh, North Carolina. The blockade of Cardenas was maintained by four ships, the *Wilmington*,

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the *Hudson*, the *Machias*, and the *Winslow*, Ensign Bagley's vessel. It was decided to make an effort to destroy the enemy's gunboats, which had caused no little trouble to the blockaders, and the four American ships entered the harbor of Cardenas with that object in view. There was a lively battle between the four and the Spaniards and their forts. The *Winslow* was crippled by a lucky shot, and was for a time in great danger; signaling for aid to the *Hudson*, a line was passed her, and she was about to be hauled to a place of safety when a second Spanish shell struck her squarely, bursting on the deck, and almost tearing into pieces Ensign Bagley and four seamen. It was a foolish escapade, without any tangible results to be hoped for; and the effort ended in utter failure. But it was the first tragedy of the war, and it made people realize as they had not done before that this was really war, and that death was a reality and not merely a piece of rhetoric.

The blockade in general did not avail much, in so far as tangible results were concerned, along the north coast of

General View of Matanzas and Harbor

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Cuba. Ships were detailed for it, and there was every reason to suppose that it was a useful thing. It was only that the movement of events made it, in the end, unproductive of effect. For the prime cause of its establishment, the thing which called it into existence, was not affected by it one way or the other. Strangely enough, it was the most useless episode of all, apparently, which proved the crucial thing: this was Sampson's bombardment of San Juan, in Porto Rico, which, utterly futile in itself, prevented the Spaniards from daring to land there, and which finally drove Cervera into Santiago harbor.

So much for the blockade, then; able strategy enough, but of no moment. For the main thing to be accomplished, and that to which the naval authorities now gave almost their exclusive attention, was the locating of Cervera's squadron, which had sailed from the Cape Verde Islands, and which might be anywhere in all the seven seas. Like hunting for a needle in a haystack, one might think, searching for a fleet at loose in the waters of the world; but it was not such a hopeless task after all. There were many wild views about the probable point for which Cervera was making; but there was little reason back of any, save one. That one was, that Cervera hoped to reach some point in the West

PANORAMA OF CIENFUEGOS

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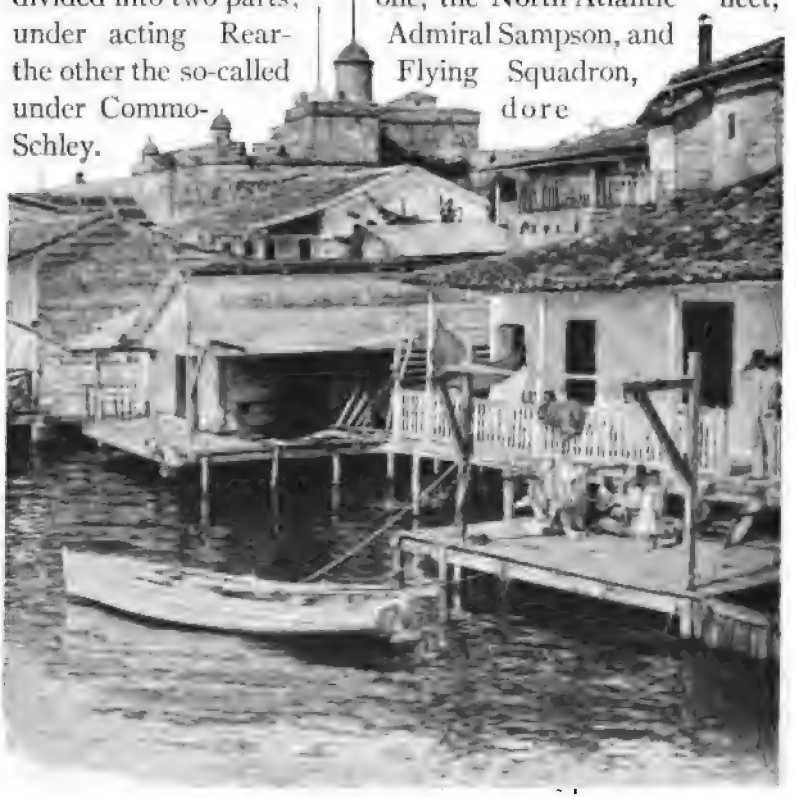
Indies, preferably in Cuba, where he could be in direct communication with, if not in immediate support of, General Blanco at Havana.

Havana was the natural place for him to go; and for a long while the navy department based its various fleet movements on that assumption. Failing that, the next choice fell upon Cienfuegos, on the south coast, but which had direct telegraph and rail connection with Havana, and which had, moreover, a good harbor and fairly good fortifications. For one or the other of these ports, then, it was felt that Cervera must be heading: the problem was, how to find him and head him off if possible from supporting Blanco and his men.

With the exception of the scattered members of the blockading fleet, the American naval forces in Atlantic waters were divided into two parts; one, the North Atlantic fleet, under acting Rear-Admiral Sampson, and the other the so-called Flying Squadron, under Commodore Schley.



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JAGUA FORT, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF CIENFUEGOS

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The former started its hunt for Cervera from Key West, and, strangely enough, was not sent either to Havana or Cienfuegos, but to Porto Rico, the reason for this being that Porto Rico was the Spanish territory farthest east, and San Juan the handiest Spanish port for Cervera to make after his long cruise across the Atlantic. Accordingly Sampson started for San Juan, which he found empty of all Spanish vessels, but which he bombarded for three hours before turning back toward Key West to send the news to Washington that he had not found Cervera.

On his way back he stopped at Cape Haytien, in Haiti, and there obtained the first piece of definite information he had had, to wit, that Cervera had been at Martinique some little time before, and was almost certainly making for some Cuban port. This port, the admiral shrewdly concluded, must be either Cienfuegos or Santiago. Back to Key West he went then, post-haste, there to find Schley and his Flying Squadron just arrived from Hampton Roads. Sampson promptly dispatched Schley and his squadron along the south Cuban coast, directing them to move eastward, but on no account to proceed farther east than Cienfuegos until he was certain that Cervera was not there. When he was convinced of that, he was to move direct to Santiago. Sampson himself remained at Key West, keeping watch along the north Cuban coast, and especially, through scouts and dispatch boats, on the harbor of Havana.

MORRO CASTLE, GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SAN JUAN

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Away went Schley, and the minute he was gone, evidence began to pile up at Washington and at Key West, tending to show that Cervera was at Santiago. A swift messenger was sent after Schley, in the shape of the *Iowa*, with "Fighting Bob" Evans in command; but this message still advised the close blockade of Cienfuegos; hardly had the *Iowa* left when later advices, and more explicit, came, removing from Sampson's mind almost the last doubt. It was practically certain now that Santiago harbor held Cervera; so another messenger, in the shape of the *Hawk*, was sent after Schley ordering him to Santiago immediately. Eastward along the coast went the Flying Squadron, and when they arrived at a point some twenty miles west of the port they sought, they were met by the scouts *Yale*, *Saint Paul*, and *Minneapolis*. These three scout ships and two Cuban pilots had been in and around the vicinity of Santiago for some time without having seen the Spanish fleet, and Schley, acting on this information, sent back word to Washington, on May 27, that he was returning to Key West. To those at Washington this was bitter reading, and the day of its receipt was the darkest day of all the war.

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

To Sampson on the next day came the query from Secretary Long, whether he could take the North Atlantic fleet to Santiago, and blockade that port? To this Sampson

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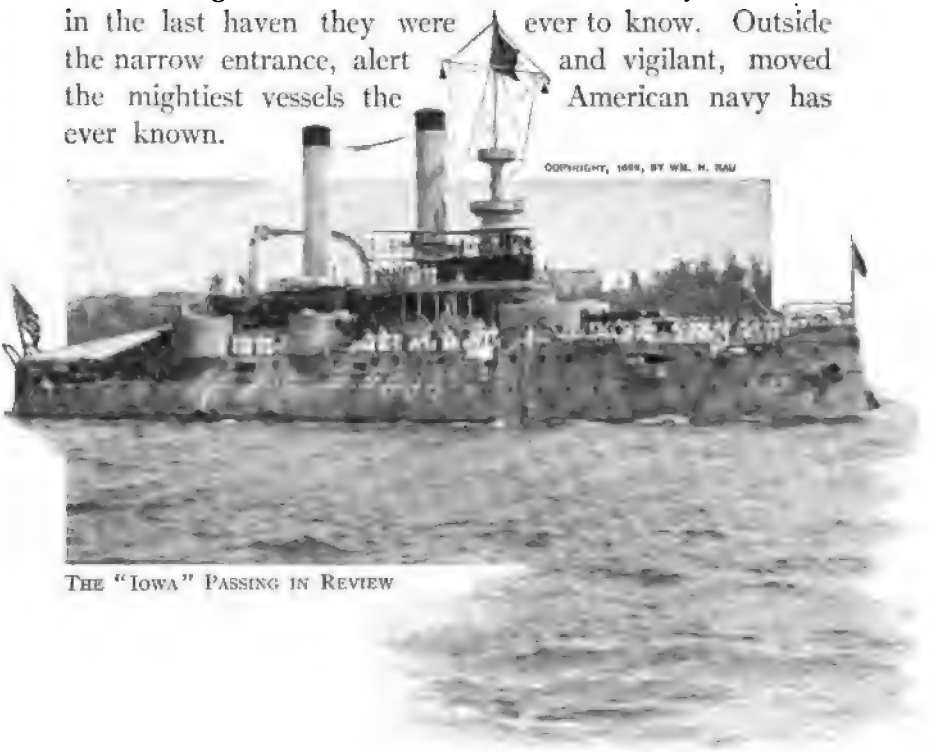
replied with a decided affirmative; and that very day he started with the *New York*, the *Oregon*, the *Mayflower*, and the *Porter*. Post-haste he went, and with the keenest anxiety at heart. It was not called for; for when on the last day of May he fell in with the *Yale* and the *Saint Paul*, he learned the great and the welcome news that Schley had turned once more, had gone eastward at last to the harbor of Santiago, and that there, resting securely under the shadow of the forts, lay Cervera's phantom squadron — a phantom no more, and never to be again.

The long chase was over. Cervera's fleet lay at anchor in the last haven they were ever to know. Outside the narrow entrance, alert and vigilant, moved the mightiest vessels the American navy has ever known.



THE "IOWA" PASSING IN REVIEW

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CHAPTER XIII

THE CORK IN THE BOTTLE

THE heights of Santiago lay bathed in light: white, blinding light, that shone keenly on the grey-white walls of the harbor forts, making them of a dazzling purity of tone, so that they stood out with startling distinctness against the shadows around them. Below the walls, on the steep hillsides, the trees loomed impenetrably black, save for little splotches of vague light near the forts. These fortresses themselves, upon which the clear blaze of illumination fell straight, rose like the white walls of a dream city whose walls were of marble. The unreal, ethereal air of such a city was about them, too, so that it seemed as though any moment the vision might dissolve, the magic fabric melt into air, and all the night be empty as a tomb.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON

Around all this, black night: the black night of the tropics, whose close and velvety darkness crept in silently, stealthily, like a panther, and lurked about these walls inside which it dared not come. The waters of the outer sea were of an unimaginable blackness, those of the harbor hardly less black, save in the one place. There, upon the

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ANCIENT GUNS ON MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO

channel that wormed its snake-like way out to sea through the bottle's neck, the white light lay upon the waves, till they were as one wide, shimmering floor, luminous and radiant. Rising from that floor, helpless and naked, lifted the spars of the Spanish fleet. Part of them, those that were able, lay anchored in the shadow of the heights, but all those whose mooring was near the channel-head lay helpless in the glare; their funnels, masts, roof structures, all stood out as though etched in fire, and the men upon the decks had no choice but to turn their faces landward, or remain in the shadow of cabin or of turret.

Outside the bottle-shaped harbor the night reigned supreme, save for a single place. That was the forward deck of an American warship, three miles out at sea, that rode the waters like a queen;

MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO

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and over her bow, keen and white and blinding, flamed the wide stream of radiance from her searchlight. There she rode, scarcely three miles from shore, — the shore, whose night she was turning into day, — as calmly as though riding at anchor in a harbor of her own. Exposed as she was to the fire from the forts that guarded the bottle's neck, she lay there as peacefully as a babe at slumber, with the little waves lapping her mighty sides. All alone she seemed, for utter darkness spread around her; but she was not alone. Within easy call lay a sister ship, her supporter and alternate, ready to take her place at any time or to aid her should need arise. Inside, like tiny scouts in the darkness, four little picket-vessels moved, alert and swift, listening for any sound from the blockaded harbor. But the greatest menace lay farther out, far and secret in the velvet night. There, never still, always awake, with steam up, and with keen lookouts who never slept, their great guns trained upon the narrow harbor-entrance, were the vessels of Sampson's fleet. Like eagles, eagles ready to swoop, waiting only the sight of the quarry, they hung unseen and menacing. In a great half-circle of six-mile radius they lay! Brave would he be who would dare the hazard of a flight within their piercing ken; from sunset to sunrise there they rode; and from sunrise to sunset. At day the sun, at night the search-light made luminous their prey.

It was one of the most terrible, as well as the most beautiful, of blockades. Cervera, safe within his bottle-harbor, looked, and decided not to venture out — a sapient conclusion. Sampson, outside, in his flag-ship, the *New York*, had wished to make assurance doubly sure. Cervera was there; he must be kept there at all hazards. Thus it happened that one day, the second after his taking charge of the blockading squadron, he held a consultation in his cabin with a young man who looked him in the face with

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THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA

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clear, serious eyes, and calmly presented to Sampson the assurance he asked.

"Lieutenant Hobson," said his commanding officer, "I feel it only right to warn you that the thing which you offer so simply to effect is a thing which promises almost certain death. It is right that I tell you this, though you yourself know it as well as I. I ask such a thing of no man."

Lieutenant Hobson bowed. He was a tall young fellow, with a short black mustache, and the alert military bearing of his Southern forebears.

"I have thought the thing out with great care," he said seriously, making no direct answer to his commander's speech. "Would you care to look at my plan?" Two heads bent over the cabin table.

"How many men will you need?" asked Sampson at length, musingly. "You will have no lack of volunteers, I fancy, when your plan becomes known."

"Not over six, sir," replied Hobson quietly. "I thought I had better take most of them from the *Merrimac* herself, since it is she which is to be sunk. There should be fully six men among her crew who are willing to go, even though there is little chance of coming back again."

"At what point in the channel do you plan to sink her?" inquired Sampson, after another moment's study of the plan. "Is this the place?"

"Yes," replied the other. "That is the narrowest point in the channel, and I hope to be able to sink the *Merrimac* directly across it. If I am successful, it will effectually block the harbor, for a while at least."

"I do not hope for an indefinite blockade," returned Sampson. "All I am hoping for is to cork this bottle long enough to allow the army to arrive. If Shafter can invest the town from the hills behind, we will have the Spaniards

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between two fires, literally between the devil and the deep sea!"

The young lieutenant's eyes twinkled slightly.

"Do I gather that you make reference to General Shafter in the first of your alternatives?" he asked, with a glint of humor behind his eyeglasses.

"No!" Sampson laughed outright. "Possibly my figure was a trifle unpremeditated. But, to return, that is my hope; and you, sir, think you are the man who can fulfil it. And I believe you are. I would not, as I say, ask any men to go on an errand such as this; but if you will go, then know that the hearts of us all are with you! Select what men you wish, and report to me to-morrow. What time have you thought of for your attempt?"

"The sooner the better," said Hobson. "The *Merrimac* is already stripped and fit; nothing remains to be chosen but her crew. To-morrow night will do."

"I will signal for volunteers in the morning," said Sampson. With this understanding the interview closed. Early in the morning the word went forth from the flag-ship that Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson was to

THE "NEW YORK," SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP

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sail the *Merrimac*, collier, into the narrow channel of Santiago harbor, and that six volunteers were desired to accompany him upon his desperate mission.

The word passed like wildfire around the fleet. If there had been any doubt about securing the volunteers, the first five minutes after the message started dispelled it utterly. From the *New York* alone more than 200 men volunteered. The *Iowa* signaled:

"All the men want to go; one hundred and forty insist upon doing so!"

The response from the other vessels was to the same end. The six men whom Hobson needed could have been 600 times that number. There was no frenzy or factitious enthusiasm about this volunteering, either; the men who came forward did so for the most part quietly, as a matter of course; and there was bitter disappointment when the word went forth that but two men from the rest of the fleet could go, Hobson having finally selected four of his crew from the *Merrimac* herself. These four, Deignan, Kelly, Mullen, and Phillips, together with Charette and Montague, both of the *New York*, made up the number. Here was the spirit that moves mountains, the spirit that cannot die. The six who were to go felt their hearts warmed by the courage in the hearts of the thousands of their fellows who had not been chosen; they went to their task soberly, cheerfully, with the clear flame of valor and hope burning high. It was hoped that the trial might be made that same night; and early in the morning of June 3, 1898, after a night of the most strenuous labor in making all things ready, when it had been thought that all was done,— the *Merrimac* started. It was too late; the dawn was already at hand, and Sampson, from his bridge, signaled the intrepid seven to return.

Unwillingly they obeyed; yet they could see the wisdom

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of the order. The dawn came, and the long day dragged its slow length away; and on the deck of the *Merrimac* Hobson and his devoted six went over and over their plans, till it seemed as though there could be no such thing as failure. At last the night came, welcome and dark. The hour had struck.

Silently, without signal or warning, the *Merrimac* headed toward her doom. At the helm was Hobson, directing her course. The night was black and not a breath of wind was astir. In the wake of the *Merrimac* went the *New York's* smallest launch, manned by Cadet Powell and a few men; it was the hope that Hobson and his men might be rescued after the explosion, by means of this launch; but that was not to be. Meanwhile, on the doomed craft itself all was tension and suspense. The entrance to the harbor showed plainly enough, and for that Hobson bent his course. The ship swept in.

Of a sudden, to Hobson at the helm, came forward a man, sheepishly. He fingered his sailor's cap nervously between his fingers as he advanced.

"Who are you?" demanded Hobson, not recognizing the man.

"My name 's Clausen," returned the man, "I 'm from the *New York*. I — I just had to come along, so I stowed away. Can you give me something to do?"

He was turned over to Charette, who assigned him a place. It cannot be thought that Hobson found the heart to be angry with the stowaway, for it merely was another proof of the intrepidity that animated every heart and which now was driving the *Merrimac* forward into the night. So the seven, who were now eight, slipped quietly in, nearer and nearer to the goal they sought.

Deignan was now at the wheel, with Hobson close beside him, directing the vessel's course. Suddenly, without warn-

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THE RETURN OF THE "BROOKLYN," WITH BATTLE FLAGS

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ing, came the roar of a cannon from the shore; the Spaniards had seen her! No hope now for secrecy, and Hobson gave the order to close in as promptly as possible. In, in she went, amidst a storm of shot and shell. The waters were whipped to foam about her; so deadly was the fire that the Spaniards did more than half the work of sinking; they destroyed the dinghy towed astern for the rescue of the men; they pierced the *Merrimac's* side with a score of wounds.

Hobson, cool and unflinching, gave the order to stop her; they had come far enough. Then, to his horror, he saw that his ship would no longer answer the helm. He sent a man swiftly aft to find out the reason for this.

"The rudder is shot away," said the man, returning almost at once.

"Make ready to take to the boat!" commanded Hobson. "Explode the torpedoes. We shall never be any nearer the center of the channel than now!"

"The dinghy is shot away," said the man calmly.

"Never mind," cried Hobson, in a thrilling voice. And he touched the electric button connected with the torpedoes in the *Merrimac's* hold. Instantly he was answered by a muffled roar from below-decks. The ship trembled, lurched heavily, and pitched jerkily to port. At the same moment Hobson and his men, their work done, leapt over the side into the black water, already sucked into eddies and maelstroms by the sinking ship. Not exactly in the center of the channel she sank,— the destruction of her steering gear prevented,— but she sank on the edge of it, blocking it partially. The *Merrimac* was no more.

In the water, struggling desperately against the sucking of the waters that boiled around the sinking vessel, swam Hobson and the others of the heroic eight. They made for the raft which had been tethered to the *Merrimac's* rail,

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and which was floating at a little distance. The water was lighted now by the white smoke and flame from guns, and was filled almost at once with the boats of the Spaniards, coming to see what had been done. Close to the old raft they came, and looked, and searched, and marveled; they thought it was an American gunboat or torpedo boat which they had destroyed; and fortunately they never thought to search the raft, under which, their heads only barely free of the water, clung the eight American seamen.

All during the long wait before the dawn they clung there, and morning found them in their places, chilled so that their teeth chattered; but safe, and with not one of their number missing. Then it was, in the grey dawn, that Admiral Cervera himself came out in a launch, to see the wreck. Close to the raft he came, and when he was near enough, Hobson hailed him, in Spanish:

"Is there a Spanish officer on board?" he cried.

"There is," came the answer promptly from the launch. Hobson spoke again.

A Distant View of Morro Castle, from Entrance to Santiago Harbor

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"I have seven men to surrender!" And he started swimming toward the launch. Admiral Cervera himself pulled the lieutenant out of the water; five minutes later, the eight, wet, bedraggled, almost frozen, but safe, were on their way ashore — in the hands of the enemy — while behind them, tipsily in the channel, protruded from the water the masts of the sunken *Merrimac*. The cork was in the bottle. Not quite straight, it is true, for there still was room to pass. The unlucky shot that carried away Hobson's steering-gear had prevented the full success of his plan. Never mind,— the exploit will go down in history as one of the most thrilling in modern warfare,— worthy to rank, in American annals, with the burning of the *Philadelphia*, so many years before, in the harbor of Tripoli.

Meanwhile, on the fleet, outside in the darkness, reigned the keenest suspense. From the deck of the *New York* nothing had been visible of the *Merrimac* after she had passed under the shadow of the hills. Silence prevailed unbroken, until that first heavy boom from Morro's cannon awoke the echoes. Then, the cannonade once started, it knew no cessation; for almost an hour the firing continued, fitfully toward the end of that time, tremendously for the first half of it, until it was sure that the *Merrimac* must have met her fate. Another source of anxiety to those on the *New York* was the fact that Cadet Powell, with his launch, did not return. He had followed the collier in at 3:30, and for almost three hours there was no sign of him either.

SMITH KEY, ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR, IN FRONT OF WHICH HOBSON SANK THE "MERRIMAC"

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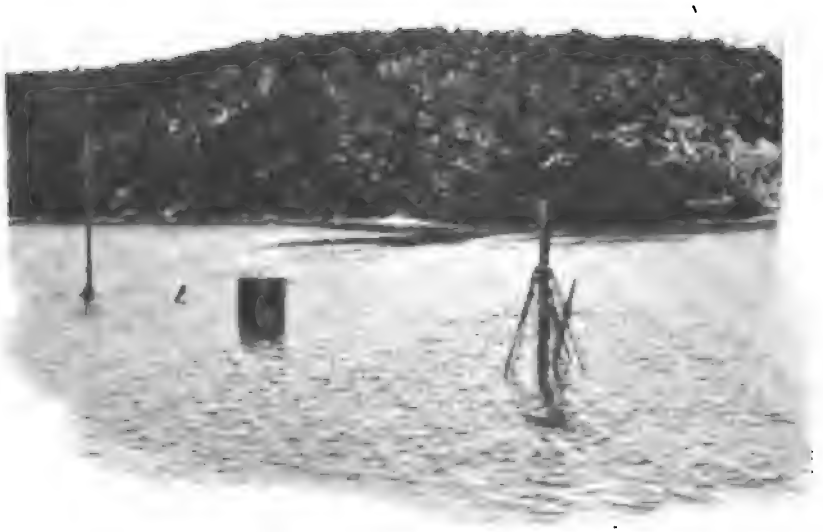
At last, however, shortly after 6 o'clock, the little craft was seen returning; and the hearts of the fleet's watchers were lightened by so much.

The report of Powell, however, was such as to awaken anew the keenest anxiety; for he had been able to find no trace of Hobson or his men, though he had gone as close to the channel as he had dared. He had, in fact, gone in directly under the guns of the battery in his hope of picking up some of Hobson's men; but it was not to be so. He reported at once to Sampson, closing his report with the simple statement:

"And no one came back, sir."

Sampson, grave-faced, thanked him for his report and his efforts, but turned sadly away; it was evident that he entertained no hope that the brave eight had won through with their lives. It was a sober morning on the *New York* and in the fleet at large. Fortunately, there were thoughtful as well as brave men aboard the Spanish decks,— or at least one man was there to whom thoughtfulness and courtesy were kin.



THE WRECK OF THE "MERRIMAC" IN SANTIAGO HARBOR

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About noon there came dancing across the waves toward the *New York* a little boat from Cervera's flag-ship. It bore a flag of truce, and moved in an assured manner directly up under the prow of the giant battleship. After an exchange of signals, a landing-ladder was let down, and Captain Oviedo, Cervera's chief of staff, mounted to the *New York's* deck, where he exchanged punctilious and somewhat flowery greetings with the fleet's commander. After the usages of international punctilio had been observed, the Spanish captain, with many bows, delivered the message with which he had come:

WILLIAM R. SHAFTER

"Admiral Cervera, the commander of the Spanish fleet, is most profoundly impressed with the brilliant courage shown by the men who sank the steamer *Merrimac* in our harbor. In admiration of their bravery he has directed me to say to their countrymen that they are still alive, and with the exception of two men slightly hurt, are uninjured. They are now prisoners of war, and are being well cared for, and will be treated with every consideration."

It was the act of a courteous gentleman, and a thrill of gratitude and of admiration for Cervera ran through the

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fleet when the welcome news was told. The Spanish envoy was overwhelmed with compliments, and when at last he bowed himself away, it was with the openly expressed godspeed of every man aboard the flag-ship. The truce-boat also bore back money and clothing for the prisoners, which Oviedo promised to deliver. It would have been well for the eight men had they been kept in the hands of the brave admiral, instead of being turned over to the military authorities; they were so disposed of, however, and four days later they were incarcerated in the frowning fortress of Morro Castle. The Spaniards had even been careful to place them in cells which were exposed to the fire of the fleet, a fact that effectually stopped the bombardment of Morro. From their windows they could look out and see the great war-ships of their fellows as they kept guard; at night, after the searchlight blockade began, they could see the great light streaming across their casements, and they felt that, though they could not share it themselves, the watch-dog work continued, and that all was well.

Sampson, too, eying the situation from the deck of his grey monster, felt that all was well, and that the time was come for the second great move in this war game,— namely, the sending of the army. Back to Washington went the welcome word that the blockade was effective, that in Sampson's opinion the Spaniards would not try to leave the harbor until they should be forced to do so by a land bombardment, or by the taking of the city itself. And at Washington was neither mood nor desire for delay.

General Nelson A. Miles was the ranking general of the Army of the East, and to him should properly have been given the charge of the Santiago expedition. General Miles, an old campaigner, wise in the ways of war, and full of subtlety and devices, was in Florida when the word came. Even before that time, however, the war depart-

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ment, had decided to place not Miles but Shafter in command of the Cuban army of invasion. This, there is no use in denying, was a blunder. General Shafter was a brave man, but he verged dangerously close to the line of incompetency. His mismanagement of the campaign was much less serious than it would have been but for the aid of the other generals with him.

So it was that, once the word was given, the gathering of the clans commenced; at Tampa, Florida, they gathered, 15,000 strong, and in imagination saw themselves already on the shores of the promised island.

And all the while, off Santiago bay, the searchlight beat upon the channel, and the grey forts, and the ships.

Richmond Pearson Hobson

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CHAPTER XIV

OFF FOR CUBA

"HURRAH for the ahmy!" shrilled a little negro wench, as she stood in a field outside of Tampa, and watched 2000 cavalrymen swinging by on their galloping horses. And "Hurrah for the army!" was in the heart of every man who beheld that sight. The long lines of mounted troopers, swinging at breakneck speed through the short underbrush, their red and white guidons flapping and their lithe bodies answering with rhythmic grace to every movement of their horses,— it was a sight worth the seeing! and the man who saw came from that spectacle a better patriot, a better lover, and a better man.

The army was gathered. From North and West and Northwest had they come, these men who made the army. Hernando Stevens, in the midst of his troop, looked out over the fields of Tampa with swelling heart. The Rough Riders had arrived from San Antonio, as fit as the fittest. Hernando may have been prejudiced, but it seemed to him that he moved in the sturdiest company of all. He may have been right, even then; later, it was certainly proved that these volunteers could do the work of regulars, and do it, withal, in a manner all their own.

It had not been so easy a matter, at first, to enforce any discipline upon this band of free-and-easy patriots, who had lived all their lives on the Western plains, where caprice was their only law. It had been hard to make them appreciate that strictness was a necessity in military operations. Roosevelt, himself highly democratic, did not believe in forcing the matter; and for a time the informal, com-

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panionable intercourse between officers and men was amusing. Scant ceremony was displayed. The men addressed their officers in free comradeship, and the officers, seeing that it was with no thought of disrespect, hesitated to check them.

"These skeeters are awful bad, ain't they?" called a private one night to Roosevelt, as both slapped at an insect at the same instant. His superior had answered with a smiling affirmative. But gradually the men came to see how the soldiers of the regular troops treated their officers,

NELSON A. MILES

and there came into being a desire for emulation, to show, in other words, that their discipline could be as perfect as that of the men who had been trained to it for years. After that there was no more trouble, though officers and men remained more completely in accord than would have been possible had those in authority forced the matter. In a word, the Rough Riders were, from a military point of view, no longer rough, and their *ésprit de corps* grew by leaps and bounds.

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"Look at them now," said Hernando Stevens to his inseparable companion, Benny, one day shortly after the arrival at Tampa. "You would never take them for the same men of a month ago at San Anton',—they are methodical as the regulars!"

"Humph!" grunted Benny. He had no great respect for the regulars, whom he regarded as soulless creatures, all exactly alike. Never having had any intercourse with regulars in the West, he found it difficult to see them as anything else than a long line of uniforms.

"This has been a wonderful journey," went on Hernando. "It has been worth the trouble, even if we never get to Cuba, which begins to seem doubtful. It was worth those nights on that train just to see the people in the towns we passed through, to see young and old drawn together by a single hope!"

"Humph!" said Benny again. But Hernando pursued his thought, as he was used to do, never expecting anything from Benny beyond an occasional grunt.

"Oh, this is *the* country, Benny, you unemotional mullet!" cried Hernando. "Do you remember that old town where the old Confederate post came down to the train to see us? It was worth dying for, Benny, just to see those old boys, every man of whom had fought against the flag in 'sixty-one, to see them now, cheering, waving their caps at us, with their grizzled old heads bare, and their eyes, many of them, filled with tears! Do you remember how one old fellow cried out, "God bless you, boys! Hold up the old flag!" and that man had fought against the old flag for four long and terrible years. Even my own family was divided, cousin against cousin, in 'sixty-one! All forgotten now, Benny, as though it had never been,— or rather it is the sweeter for remembering! And the young girls coming down to greet us, in their gay gowns, and throwing kisses

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TROOP D, FIRST SQUADRON OF ROUGH RIDERS, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

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from the platforms, cheering for the Union! It is worth it to go to war, if only for that thing, Benny, if only for the welding of the hearts of North and South once more!" His voice trailed off into silence, and Benny, while he made no comment, eyed him shrewdly, wondering what had come to check his speech. It was very simple, had Benny but known it; it was the word of his own mouth about the young girls at the railway stations; for never in his life was he to forget one girl at one little station far in the North, in old Maine, and how he had seen the last car go down the dusty track, leaving him alone upon the platform, and, it had seemed to him then, alone in the world as well.

Now he was bound for Cuba, bound for the island that held her. Would he be able to find her, he wondered, or even to search for her? Since the call to war no word had come from her, and before that for six months no word had come. A cold dread that he did not dare to recognize had dwelt at his heart for a long time. Why had she not written? He had tried to tell himself that the mails were interrupted by the war, that she was all right, but that her letters had been seized. He wondered whether any of his own to her had been delivered,— or whether she might be thinking he had forgotten her. But she would know better than that — she would know better.

Now the word had come that the regiments were soon to sail. He and Benny had been down to Port Tampa and had seen the indescribable confusion of that place, with its medley of everything and everybody, trains and boats, horses and mules, men and accouterments; and tourists and negroes and mosquitoes and flies and insects extraordinary! How order would ever emerge from that chaos no one could even guess. In point of fact it never did. Two days later, on June 8, the Rough Riders and the other regiments, those of them who could get aboard the heavily

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crowded trains, were landed at Port Tampa with all their belongings; and the rush for the transports began. The building of the tower of Babel was order and system compared to the rush of the men to get aboard these ships, of which there were only about half enough. Nobody knew who was to go on which ship; Colonel Humphrey was supposed to know, but nobody could find Colonel Humphrey; nobody, in fact, knew Colonel Humphrey if he had been there to be seen — which he was not.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT

Chaos, chaos indescribable! Hernando and Benny stayed together through it all and were glad of the comfort of a familiar face amongst all the hurry and stress. Finally, through the efforts of Roosevelt and Wood, the colonel who had the disposition of the transports was discovered asleep on one of them. He told Roosevelt that his men were to go on the *Yucatan*. Roosevelt, by investigation on his own account, found out that two other regiments had also been listed to go on the *Yucatan;* it was a case of survival of the fittest. So, in a frenzy of haste, but with all their belongings except their horses, one battalion of the Rough Riders, in the

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midst of whom went Hernando and Benny, galloped down to the wharf and scrambled aboard of their ship for Cuba! So far, good. But the end was not yet.

"What are you doing on our transport?" came an indignant hail from the wharf. And the 71st New York, and a moment later men from the 2nd Regulars, came down to go aboard the *Yucatan*, already loaded to the gunnels with Hernando's comrades, who answered the hail with cheerful blasphemies.

"This is n't your transport, fellow-citizens," they cried cheerfully over the side to the sweating regulars. "This is our transport; go and get a transport of your own! We 're a-going on this ourselves, to Cu-bia!"

Five days later they went. Seven days later a man, leaning, in a Rough Rider's suit, over the *Yucatan's* rail, called out cheerily to his mate:

"Oooh, Jim! My hat has blowed in the crick!"

"The crick" was that portion of the Atlantic Ocean which lies to the north of Cuba and between that island and the Bahamas; but the man whose hat had blown overboard from the *Yucatan* had never seen, until he went aboard that vessel, any body of water larger than a mill-pond. So he was not accustomed either to thinking or speaking of oceans.

He was destined to become accustomed to sea travel, however, once the opportunity came. It had seemed for a time as though the expedition was never to leave Tampa. There were two principal false alarms, and several others of local origin; the five long days when the transports hung sweltering in the harbor of Port Tampa were the most nerve-racking and uncomfortable that Hernando Stevens had ever spent; they were even more unpleasant than the railroad journey across from San Antonio. When the fleet finally got under way, things grew worse instead of

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better. The only thing which was perfect was the weather, and that was apparently made for the occasion.

There had been little ceremony accompanying the farewell to the land of this expedition's nativity; on the days of the false alarms there had been ceremony enough, but when the final sailing was really accomplished, no man was there to see, save a few roustabouts and a couple of forlorn soldiers who were not to be among the invaders. The soldiers on the transports were in no mood for ostentation; they had exhausted their enthusiasm on the false-alarm days, and they felt none left. This, the greatest expedition of war which had ever left the shores of the United States, started on its way as quietly as a tired man starts for bed. The black transports with their gleaming sides stretched out over the waveless sea for perhaps eight miles, while around them moved austerely the grave rat-colored warships which were the protectors, the watch-dogs of the fleet. And in and out among them and between them and all around, like untiring and restless fox terriers, the gunboats dashed to and fro, on their ceaseless mission of keeping the transports in line, and giving them orders which they were too blundering to obey.

THE WHITE SQUADRON AT ANCHOR IN HAMPTON ROADS

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The speed of the fleet was below belief; the war-ships, held of necessity to the speed of the slowest transport, which pegged along at the tremendous rate of six miles an hour — with luck — the war-ships seemed to feel the ignominy of being connected with so dilatory and unseamanlike a convoy; they steamed along in a bored manner at about one-third of their rated speed, and exchanged no comments with their weaker sisters. The sea was as empty as the sky; not a ripple stirred its glassy surface, and the ships moved along with a dull air which certainly did not encourage those passengers to whom this was a first experience to adopt sea travel as a diversion. The days went by, each like all the rest; and gradually the fleet moved eastward, past Havana, and Cardenas, and the Gardens of the King; and at last it seemed that they had gone far enough to eastward,— and the whole band swung around in a great quarter circle, and started southwest for Santiago.

During all this time not a Spanish vessel had been seen; not a shot had been fired by

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THE HILLS SOUTH OF SANTIAGO, SHOWING ENCAMPMENT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

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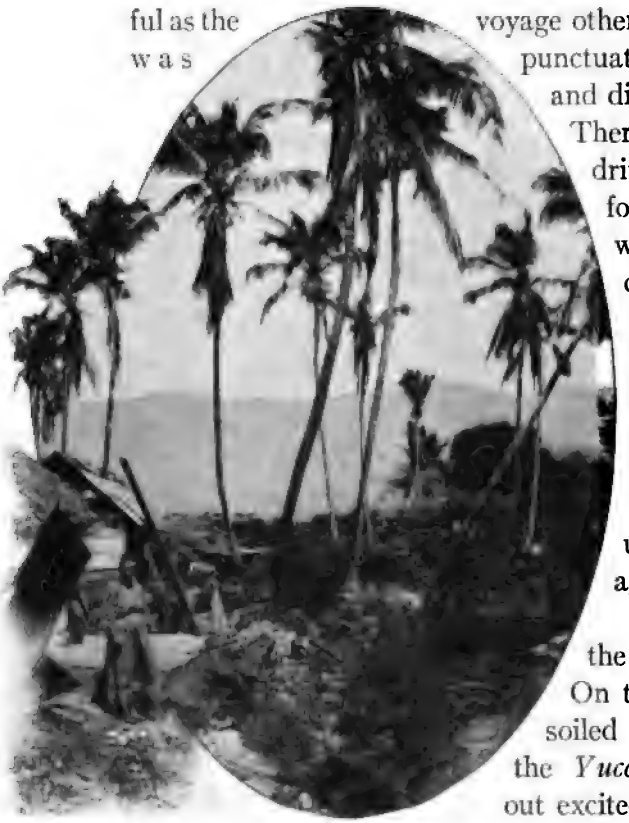
a Spanish gun; there was nothing, save the war-ships themselves and the soldiers crowded on the transports, to indicate that this was an invading army on its way to the seat of war. The life on board was as monotonous and as uneventful as the voyage otherwise; but it at least was punctuated by annoyances and disagreeable incidents. There was no water fit to drink; there was little food fit to eat; sleeping was extremely difficult, privacy impossible. It was a badly managed group of transports; there was no man upon them but hoped he might never set eyes upon a transport again.



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PICTURESQUE SIBONEY

On June 20 came the beginning of the end. On that day a man in a soiled grey shirt, poised in the *Yucatan's* rigging, cried out excitedly, again and again, waving his free arm frantically the while, to attract the attention of those below:

"There they are, there they are, there they are!"

There, surely enough, they were, "they" being the ships of Sampson's blockading fleet off the harbor of Santiago. As the army of invasion neared the scene of activity, new life sprang up in every breast. The voyage was done at last; and there before them, with its clean green hills show-

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ing as fair as those of the promised land, was the island of their dreams. Captain Chadwick, Admiral Sampson's chief of staff, came abroad the *Segurance* for a conference with General Shafter. He was followed shortly afterward by the Admiral himself. At the sight of the American flag on Sampson's launch, the men on board burst into irrepressible cheering. They cheered the flag, and the Admiral, and the men in the launch, and the shores of Cuba, and the sun and the sky and the sea! Before their exhilaration was at an end, the first landing of the invaders on Cuban soil was in progress.

F. E. Chadwick

Only a few went ashore at this first landing,— Sampson, Shafter and his aides, some other officers, and a war correspondent or two. They landed with the purpose of meeting General Garcia of the Cuban army. It was not a chance meeting, this between the American officers and the leader of the Cubans. The importance of securing the coöperation of the Cuban insurgents was anticipated before hostilities commenced, and as early as April 9 Major A. S. Rowan set out on the most difficult and dangerous enterprise of establishing communication with the Cuban forces and ascertaining conditions on the island. This perilous undertaking deserves to rank with the expedition of the youthful Washington, in delivering Dinwiddie's message to the French. In an essay entitled "A Message to Garcia," Elbert Hubbard has immortalized the man who rendered this service to his country, and the

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feat bids fair to become a prototype for perfect service for all time to come.

Major Rowan landed by night, from an open boat, at El Portillo, about 70 miles from Santiago, penetrated the enemy's country, and obtained most accurate and valuable information of the Spanish forces, their defenses, and the topographical and climatic conditions of the country, all of which was of incalculable value in the planning of this military expedition. He traversed a hostile country to the interior, met Garcia, remained with him long enough to secure information of the active operations of the Cubans against the Spanish troops, the location and strength of the enemy's forces in eastern Cuba, then, together with two officers of Garcia's staff, passed up to Manati on the north coast and from there went in an open boat to Nassau, New Providence. This expedition was followed by others, to equip the Cuban army with military supplies; and now the leaders of the two forces had met to arrange the details of the disembarkation of American troops. It was arranged that this should take place at Daiquiri, or, as it is sometimes spelled, Baiquiri; and two days later, on June 22, 1898, the disembarkation began.

CALIXTO GARCIA

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Daiquiri is a village on the south coast of Cuba, about a dozen miles to the eastward from Santiago. It was at the time of the landing almost deserted by its former inhabitants, and presented a state of decay and desolation far from cheering. It was the site of the Spanish-American Iron Company's plant, and save for that, there was little to the town except a line of tumble-down shacks. Out into the water ran a dilapidated pier; and at this place, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the transports began to unload their cargoes of men. From Siboney, to westward, came the sound of bombardment; the gunboats and smaller war-ships were shelling the shore and the forests on the hills

Very sincerely
A. A. Rowan

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about the shore, to dislodge any Spaniards who might be lurking there hoping to dispute the right of the invaders to land. In a few minutes the regular disembarkation was begun; the sea, which was as level as a floor and as blue as azure, was dotted with rows of white boats filled with men and bristling with muskets; and these drew in nearer and nearer to the shore. The ships were firing on Daiquiri, too, by this time, and the hillsides were torn by the shells.

All at once, down by the dismantled pier, a dinghy was seen to raise itself on the crest of a wave; as it did so, a dozen men, gripping their guns firmly in their hands, and with their blanket-rolls bobbing over their shoulders, jumped for the pier. An instant they scrambled and clung; then righted themselves, waving their arms and their guns wildly in the air. A fragmentary cheer answered them; but they were the ones chiefly interested in their exploit; the others, in the boats, had no time to exult over other men's landings; they had landings of their own to make.

From the *Yucatan* went Hernando and Benny, tumbling into the first boat they could get near. Their horses had been left behind at Tampa; they had nothing but their kits to care for, and in one of the first boats to leave the *Yucatan* they started for the shore. But now other men were landing, and they, too, were cheering, and the cheer was being caught up by the

THE MONUMENT AT DAIQUIRI, MARKING THE SPOT WHERE AMERICAN TROOPS LANDED IN CUBA

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THE MONUMENT AT DAIQUIRI, LOOKING SEAWARD

boats, and farther out by the men on the war-ships. The cheering spread like a prairie fire, till almost the whole face of the water was vocal with triumph.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried one boat-load, as they rolled over and over in the surf, an accident due to unskillful pilotage. The boats behind them, even while laughing at the spectacle, joined also in their cheers. For an hour, two hours perhaps, the boats plied back and forth, bearing their quotas of men and arms. But those who had landed had no eyes for those who were to come; they were watching other things, and those other things were the bodies of four men who were scrambling up the trail on the mountain-side, the trail that led to the block-houses on the heights. Small as ants these four dark figures seemed to the watching men, as they went on, up, up, still up, while the army watched with bated breath on the shore beneath them.

"What are they a-going to do, do you suppose?" queried Benny curiously.

"It is the flag!" said Hernando in a half-whisper. "They have the flag!"

Hardly had he spoken when the four men reached the

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summit. For a moment they stood there, apparently idle, their bodies outlined against the side of the abandoned Spanish fort. Then, suddenly, they disappeared; and for another moment no one could see them. All the men were watching now, even those who still were coming in in the boats. And then, before the eyes of the thousands of men, there rose, glorious and beautiful in the clear air, its bright folds shaken out against the cloudless sky, the American flag!

If there had been cheering before, what word is left to describe the sound that echoed from those 10,000 throats! Cheers, and cheers, and cheers, deafening, thrilling, heart-breaking almost in their intensity; the sound of the guns, and that of the fleet's shrill whistles seemed merely to punctuate, not to rise above the splendor of that cry. And of the 10,000 men who saw, the eyes of half were wet.

The rest of that day was an anti-climax. Hernando felt as though some part of him had gone out of him, up toward that piece of bunting in the sky. There were many who found their eyes still turning thither; in the hearts of all stirred something like a benediction. The long voyage was forgotten, and the discomforts and the waiting. They were on Cuban soil at last, and over their heads, in the clear Cuban sunlight, floated the Stars and Stripes.

As Hernando lay down that night to sleep, he looked up at the brilliant stars with thanksgiving in his heart. There was not much in his situation, it might have been thought, to be cause for thanks; his bed was the earth, and lumpy and wet earth at that; around him in thousands he could hear the movement of the bivouacked army, trying to be comfortable in their new surroundings; the surf beat softly along the shore, the leaves rustled gently in the trees; in a ditch near-by he could hear the uncanny scuffling of the land-crabs, which were present by the hundreds. Benny, an old

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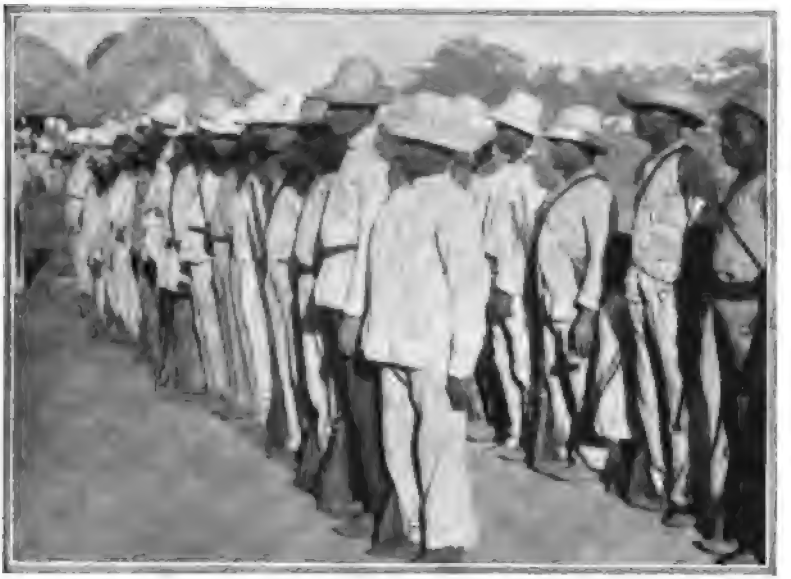

A Company of the Cuban Army

campaigner, showed Hernando how to arrange his bedding so that he could escape most of the earth's moisture, and side by side they lay down to sleep — their first night on Cuban ground.

Hernando lay looking up into the velvet darkness. He was on the same island with her, at last! It made little difference to him that he knew not where she might be found, that he did not even know whether he would ever have the freedom to go and search for her — at least, as long as the war should last. But the same sky covered them, the same ground lay beneath them. He felt in his heart only an abiding hope, a sort of prescience that she was not far off and that he was destined to find her. He seemed to know, by an intuition he did not attempt to define, that she was safe, and that she had not forgotten him. The troubles of his mind fell away, leaving him only peace.

There was really much of encouragement in the situa-

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tion,— for he was at least near to Santiago, and it was only a short distance out of Santiago that the Cabanel's plantation was situated. He was not sure in what direction Elaine had said it was, but he thought that any native ought to be able to tell him. Provided — the thought caught at his heart — provided that there was a plantation left! But he dismissed the thought, determined to think only of the more hopeful side. He knew that the army was to move toward Santiago at once, and he felt confident that they would reach their goal soon. When they did so, and were encamped around the city, there would be time, perhaps, for him to search. Yes, he would find her — there could be no doubt of that — and she would look just the same as she had looked that day on the platform when he had seen her last. A little older perhaps, but that would make her only the more beautiful!

His hand stole to the slender silver chain she had given him, which he wore around his neck. Fingering it, and with a peaceful smile touching his lips, Hernando Stevens fell asleep.

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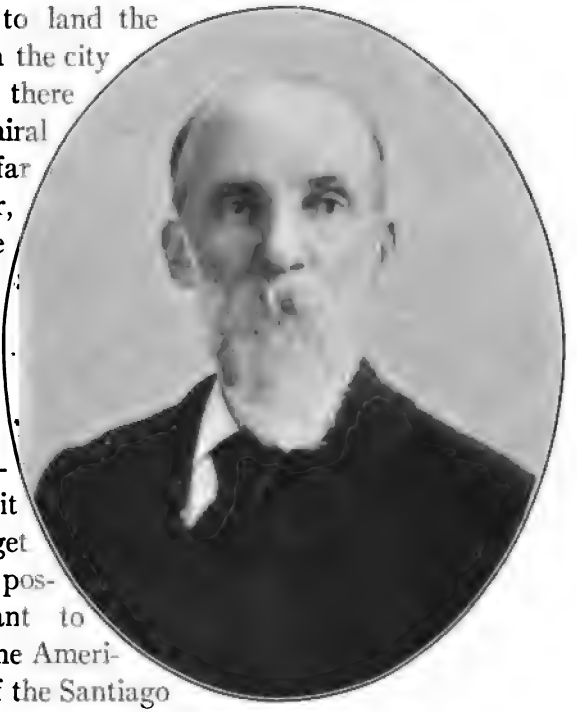
CHAPTER XV

THE FIRST BATTLE

IT has never been determined why it seemed wise to General Shafter to land his army of invasion at a point as remote from Santiago as Daiquiri was; but that it was a mistake in judgment to land the troops so far away from the city they had come to take, there can be no doubt. Admiral Sampson's plan was far better, and far simpler, and would have done the same work with much less loss of life. But Admiral Sampson, alas, was not in command of the land forces.



JOSEPH WHEELER

Having an unpleasant duty to perform, it is well to proceed and get it over with as soon as possible. It is unpleasant to have to conclude that the American general in charge of the Santiago campaign was all that he should not have been. In the story of the Santiago campaign, with all its heroisms and its gallantry, the commander alone fell short. He was obstinate, short-sighted, inconsiderate of his men's comfort and even of their lives. He sent regiments to death down paths of which he knew nothing, in a battlefield he

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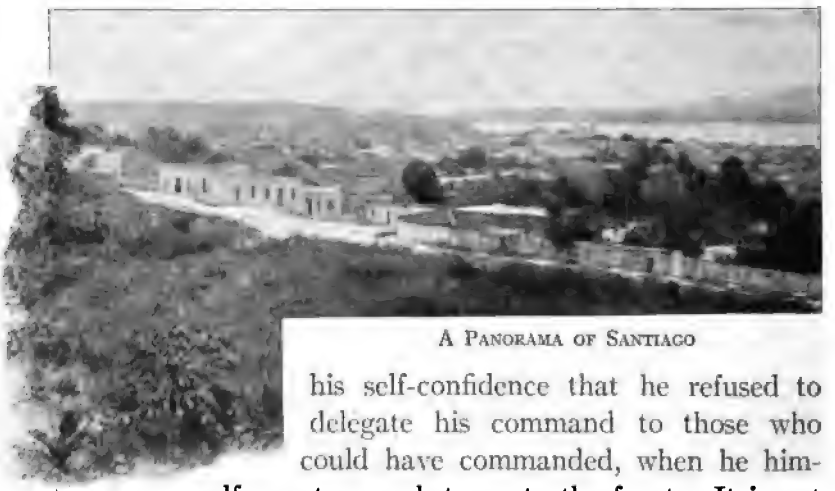
had never seen; he adopted a foolish plan of attack in the face of a much better one approved by every one in authority save himself; he was stricken with panic on the eve of triumph, and sent a frantic message to Washington that he feared he would have to draw back from the heights his men had won; he allowed the pest-ridden houses at Siboney to stand, a menace to the health of his army, exposed to infection from thousands of refugees; and yet so utter was



A Panorama of Santiago

his self-confidence that he refused to delegate his command to those who could have commanded, when he himself was too weak to go to the front. It is not pleasant to have to record these things of a commanding officer; but let us so record them, and then pass on to the happier, more glorious aspects of the fight for Santiago. There is no lack of material, for seldom has so brief a campaign yielded so much chance for praise, so many examples of the great valor that is the heritage of men.

Having been landed at Daiquiri, it was necessary for the army to march across country to the city they planned to take. Once the landing had been made, there was nothing to do but to make the best of it; and accordingly the westward march began, as soon as the men were ready to set foot upon the trail. As long as General Shafter stayed

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on board ship, General Wheeler was ranking general. "Fighting Joe" Wheeler was a veteran of the Civil War, and a most resourceful and intrepid leader. He was not as young as he had been, but nobody would have guessed it except for his snowy hair. He it was who planned the first movements of the advance upon Santiago.

The country near Daiquiri was beautiful as a valley of Lebanon to look at, but not to travel through. It was as rough and unfriendly a surface as could be found anywhere, formed as it was of rugged, uneven, precipitous hills, covered with thick woods, and thicker, almost impenetrable underbrush. Its opportunities for ambush were limitless, and only the indecision of the Spaniards, and the fact that the first part of the advance was made under the protecting guns of the fleet, prevented the army's progress being even more difficult than it was.

Hernando and Benny, sleeping with the others of their troop, had wakened at break of day, a little stiff from

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OFFICERS OF GARCIA'S ARMY

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their first night upon the bare ground, but eager and alert, and anxious for the awaited word. This they were not long in hearing, and they set out cheerfully on the road to Siboney, carrying only essential things. The road proved to be a mere trail through the woods, so narrow that only two or three men could walk abreast in many places; all went well until the fierce heat of the day set in, and the great tropic sun streamed down upon them. Then the real troubles of the march began. One by one the men threw away their blankets and tent-rolls, finally dropping everything they did not actually need for the business of fighting; even so, the heat was almost unendurable, and while rests were frequently necessary, it was only with the greatest exertion that the onward movement progressed.

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A Beautiful Valley in the Province of Santiago, Cuba

Out in front, leading the way, went some Cuban skirmishers, members of General Garcia's army; they knew the country well, and scouted cheerfully in advance, engaging in several brushes with the Spaniards, who fell back politely

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before the oncoming army. It was well that they were not minded to dispute the path, for it was impossible to see more than a dozen yards ahead at any time, and an ambushed foe would have held an insuperable advantage. Luckily, however, the Spaniards were not inclined to oppose an enemy of which they as yet knew nothing, so the fighting was confined to a few desultory exchanges of shots between them and the Cubans, no one being hurt on either side. The men, listening to the popping of the muskets, wished for nothing so much as the chance to stop marching and begin to fight; it would have been so much easier. But the fight would have to wait, a little while at least.

"Well," gasped Hernando once, as he and Benny stopped to rest after toiling up a travesty of a trail that wound up an interminable hill, "I thought New York was hot enough in summer,— but this!"

Benny replied something which indicated his belief that Arizona and New Mexico were summer resorts by comparison; but it was too hot to talk. Not till night came was there any relief; and even then the marching was toil for Titans. The Rough Riders, in their eagerness to be at the front, prolonged their march far into the night, and at last arrived at Siboney. Here they burst unexpectedly upon one of the strangest spectacles that the world will ever have to show. At midnight from the water came the blaze of searchlights; came the sounds of cries, of cheers, of wild laughter.

There, on the shore, disembarking, were naked men, some in boats, some swimming in the water, some dancing by wood fires on the beach to warm themselves after their plunge through the surf; and all yelling, screaming, with Gargantuan laughter. It was the most weird and wonderful of sights,—the black midnight, the blaze from the warships, the moonlight dancing on the waters of the bay, the

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fires upon the shore, and before them and around them, naked as they were born, dancing and yelling with the utter joy and delight of children let loose from school, the thousands of men! There was little sleep for any one at Siboney that night; but Hernando and Benny snatched perhaps three hours of slumber, so great was their fatigue after the march of the day and night. So heavy was their sleep that the pandemonium went on around them unheeded, and they woke with a start at the call to breakfast. There was no time to be lost; the regiment was to march at dawn.

Five miles to northward from Siboney lay the crossroads of Las Guasimas. This was not a town, nor even a hamlet; it was simply the place where two roads from Siboney intersected. Las Guasimas was a scant five miles from Santiago, lying almost due east; and a good five miles south of El Caney. It was at Las Guasimas that the first engagement was to occur. On the afternoon of June 23 word had been brought to General Wheeler that the enemy was strongly intrenched at the crossroads, and on that same afternoon, he, with other generals, went forward nearly to the Spanish lines, on a reconnaissance. His plan of attack was determined; and at 5 o'clock in the morning of the 24th, the army set forth on its way.

General Young, with the 1st and 10th Cavalry dismounted, took the east road; while on the west one, half a mile to the left, went the Rough Riders, also on foot, only a few of the officers retaining their horses. Cautiously, but as swiftly as might be, the two detachments moved forward on the trails. They moved almost in parallel lines, and scarcely half a mile separated them at any time; but so dense was the forest that they could not detect each other's presence. First, for the Rough Riders, came two Cuban scouts, trusty ones who knew the country well; then came Captain Capron's band of pickets, all experienced plainsmen and

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THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF THE VILLAGE OF EL CANEY

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scouts, followed closely by Capron's own troops; and after that the rest of the command. The thickness of the underbrush prevented the putting out of flanking parties. In this manner, as silently as Indians, and with their ears keyed to hear the faintest sound, the Rough Riders advanced toward the crossroads of Las Guasimas.

Captain Capron was a young man, barely twenty-eight years of age, and as fine a type of man or soldier as it would be possible to find. Of magnificent physique, he bore himself as though his weight were nothing, and strode over the rough path with untiring limbs. He kept the closest of watches upon the scouts immediately before him, and followed as closely in their footsteps as he could. There was no fear of running into an ambush, with Capron and his men in the van. It was still early in the morning; the sun was up, but its rays had not as yet begun to make themselves felt; still, even the weight of the men's guns and ammunition was sufficient to make marching no sinecure. The officers, who were mounted, found the advance pleasant, but they were never unmindful of their men afoot, and the progress was not rushed. Roosevelt rode with Colonel Wood at the head of the column, immediately succeeding Capron and his men; and as they went along he chatted quietly with a war correspondent, Richard Harding Davis, and an old hunting friend of his from the West. It was a beautiful trail along which they were passing, much like many of those which all three of these men had seen in the West; and as they rode along it seemed so peaceful, so beautiful, that it was almost impossible to believe that they were really in a hostile land, marching against a foe who was at that moment preparing a leaden welcome.

Hernando and his companion followed closely after their captain — they had been assigned to Capron's troop — and kept their attention sturdily to the matter in hand. The

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trail was winding, and in many places they could see only one or two paces ahead. Save for the rustling of the leaves, shaken suddenly by a light wind, there was no sound in the forest. They had now reached a spot nearly four miles from their starting-point, and it was nearly time to look for the enemy. There was not far to look.

"What is that?" said Benny suddenly, stopping short, his head raised as he listened, seeming to sniff for sound as an animal might for an odor.

Before Hernando could answer, there came a man along the path from ahead, running swiftly back toward the main column. As he ran he passed on the word: "The Spaniards are a quarter of a mile in advance." The next moment Captain Capron himself came in sight, looking gigantic in the leafy lane. He raised his hand as a signal for silence, as he went along. An instant later he met Colonel Wood, who had ridden forward. They conferred hastily.

"Pass back the command to keep silence in the ranks," went forth Wood's order.

LEONARD WOOD

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It was a narrow point in the trail. The path sloped steeply downward in an abrupt declivity; on the one side the impenetrable forest with low underbrush and thickets; on the other, guarded by a barbed-wire fence, a field of high waving grass stretched away; in the midst of it, at intervals, were high piles of tangled underbrush and chapparal. It was a narrow corner.

The order had come to halt, and the men, glad of the chance to rest from their loads, settled themselves on the ground to await further orders. Wood, with Capron and other aides, had gone forward along the trail; and for ten minutes Hernando saw nothing of him. Strange to say, the men were calm, and sat peacefully, whispering occasionally among themselves; they did not believe that the Spaniards would attack; and only those who had been directed to hold their arms at "ready" seemed to feel any suspense whatever. After a wait of perhaps ten minutes, Colonel Wood returned. In a quiet manner he gave orders to Capron to go forward, cautiously; from the main column he deployed flanking parties on either side of the trail. Slowly, the whole detachment began to move.

Hernando went forward in Capron's wake; he stole one look over his shoulder at Benny, following him closely; then looked no more. Still no sound from the enemy; still no shot from friend or foe.

THE VILLAGE OF EL CANEY

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Suddenly, with a sharp crack that made every nerve leap, the crash of musketry sprang out of nowhere. Like a board being ripped from a fence it came, turning almost instantly into a rapid crackle of shots. In the path Hernando followed he could see men ahead of him crouching in the trail, as they knelt to return the shots. The firing was all to the eastward, so that it seemed possible that it might have come from one of the Rough Riders' own flanking parties; but the next moment it began all along the line. The enemy was utterly hidden from view; but, invisible, they poured such a flood of lead down the trail and into the thickets that the men had to lie flat on the ground to escape it. From a short distance the firing came, sixty yards at the most. The Spaniards evidently had their fire trained upon the trail, for a perfect hell of shots swept through the underbrush. The noise was incessant, terrific. While still it continued, came the added sound of heavy firing far to the right; the battle was raging there, as well, where General Young and General Wheeler were advancing from the eastern trail.

Out of the thicket burst Roosevelt, with Lieutenant Kane; and for two minutes they lay flat, while that fire passed over their heads, and studied the situation. It seemed wise to try to establish communication with Young's forces on the right, and a guidon-bearer was sent back to climb the hill down which the column had passed. Back he went, and though the enemy concentrated their fire upon the waving guidon, he kept on undismayed, waving the flag steadily in the air until answering signals showed that Young had seen it, and that the two wings of the army were aware each of the other's position.

The fire that now poured into the valley was too hot to be endured; orders came to draw off slowly toward the left; accordingly, to the left, into the thickets, went Capron's

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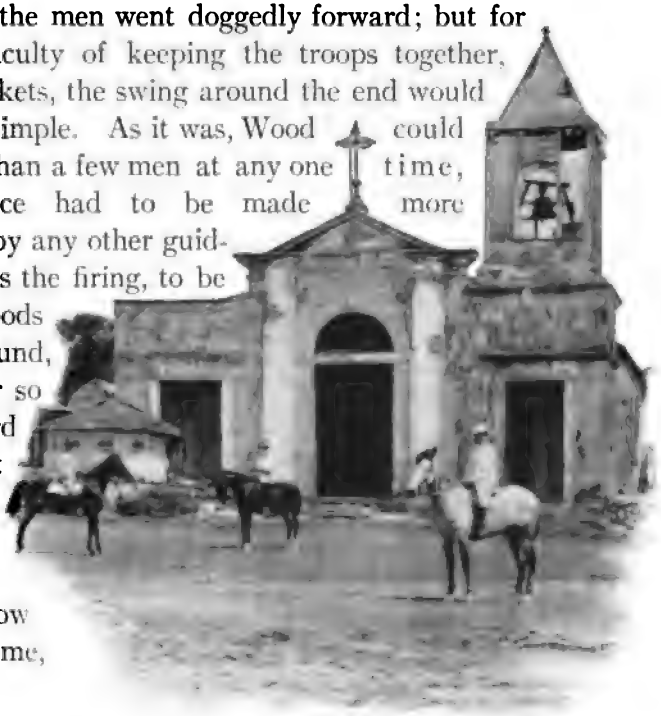
men, out of the pit of death — for the moment. In front, leading his horse, went Colonel Wood. His plan of attack was now determined, and he went about it as calmly as though the enemy were miles away and his men were executing nothing more hazardous than an end-run at football. Briefly, his plan was this: he meant to extend his lines in both directions, to the right to meet Young's, and to the left, hoping there to turn the enemy's flank. Half of this manœuver had already been achieved, for the union of two of his troops with Young's forces was an accomplished fact. The other four troops, fighting their way through the almost impassable forest, he swung around in a great half-circle, nearer and nearer to their goal.

Hernando and Benny, still together and still unhit, though many had fallen around them, followed Capron as closely as they could. The orders were now clearly understood, and the men went doggedly forward; but for the extreme difficulty of keeping the troops together, owing to the thickets, the swing around the end would have been more simple. As it was, Wood could never see more than a few men at any one time, and the advance had to be made more by instinct than by any other guidance. There was the firing, to be sure, but the woods muffled the sound, and in an uproar so steady it was hard to tell from what direction the shots were coming. The fire of the enemy was now fierce in the extreme,



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THE CHURCH AT EL CANEY

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and the advancing troops suffered gravely. The advance was a desperate one; by fits and starts, by mad rushes, with halts for firing. The men took shelter where they could, loading hastily, and firing in unison, each little group a unit. Many of them were out half in the open, exposed to the heat of the sun, which shone down with unrelenting fierceness. The enemy, never seen, fired always from ambush, and the men aimed only at the places from which the fire seemed to come. Thus, gaining ground inch by inch, in short, ugly rushes, squirming through the high grass and the dense underbrush almost like Indians stalking, the American troops went forward. All their impedimenta had been flung away long since; all that they carried now were cartridge-belts and canteens. Foot by foot they advanced.

They were out of the valley by this time, and fighting their way up the ridge on top of which the Spaniards were intrenched. Down the slope came the incessant fire, so low and so well aimed that there was scant hope of avoiding it by stooping. So up the hill, in the teeth of the storm, they went. Panting for breath, crimson in the face from this terrible exertion in the tropic sun, with the sweat pouring down their faces and into their eyes so that they could not see the sights of the guns,— their limbs torn by the thorns and "Spanish bayonet" plants, their arms wearied by the weight of their firearms,— foot by foot they advanced. No power on earth could stop them. Nearly two miles of ground had been traversed in this desperate manner; and the end was not yet.

It was after about an hour's steady fighting that the troops reached an open place in the forest, where the land sloped slightly upward toward a little eminence; on the summit of this hill was an old building formerly used for the making of *aguardiente;* here the Spaniards, having fallen steadily back from position after position, lay strongly intrenched;

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and upon this place the attack was now focused. But before the advance began there was a moment of pause. In the edge of the wood the men halted for an instant, to look about them. Hernando, gasping for breath, leaned for rest against a tree.

"Capron's gone!" he said to Benny. "We passed him — a moment — ago!"

Benny nodded, but made no reply. It was true; the gallant young captain, still hardly more than a boy, had been killed in the valley of death.

ALLYN K. CAPRON

As his men crowded about him he looked up smiling. "Don't mind me, boys," he said cheerfully, even as he felt the icy clutches of death; "go on fighting."

Lieutenant Day now commanded his troop. There was no time for sorrowing now; but many of the men went forward with grimmer determination when the sad word went forth that Capron would fight no more.

Now, suddenly from their covert, broke the men, and started up the slope. Benny shone in this advance in the face of the enemy's fire; he showed Hernando how to go forward at the word of command, firing when protected, and keeping himself hidden wherever possible by whatever shelter the field afforded. Stubbornly, indomitably, up they went. As they went, the Spaniards fell back; firing furiously, they still fell back; and foot by foot, as all the ground that day had been gained, the height was won. At the end, when the fire of the enemy was growing feebler, Wood determined upon a last device. This was nothing less than a charge, a final charge up the last of that slope.

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This was known as "Wood's bluff" afterward, because there was never a clearer case of successful effrontery. His men numbered barely one-third of the forces immediately opposing them; they were almost worn out from their progress through the most difficult of battlefields; and they were facing an enemy occupying a superior position, on an eminence, and a fortified eminence at that. It was a piece of magnificent audacity.

The word came for the charge. Like a clarion call it rang along the line.

"Charge!"

Out of the last cover, in a long, thin line, with great gaps where men had fallen, burst forth the men in answer to that call. With a ringing cheer they ran, sweeping up the slope with a confidence possessed ordinarily only by maniacs. They had no breath, but they cheered! They had no breath, but they swung up that hill like two-year-old colts. And the Spaniards, seeing this amazing charge of the indomitable handful, fired one last scattering volley — and broke, and fled. The battle was over.

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THE GRAVES OF AMERICAN HEROES WHO FELL AT SANTIAGO, SIBONEY, CUBA

Here at least the battle was over, though on the right General Wheeler and General Young were still stubbornly engaged. But after the charge of the left wing there was no more heart left in the

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opposition; and, save for a few scattering shots, the Spaniards were done with that fighting. Expeditiously they retreated in full force to Santiago, leaving behind them their dead and many of their wounded, whom they did not stop to take away.

Back to Santiago they went; and there, to the startled soldiers of the garrison, they reported that they had been attacked by the entire American army. They had fought bravely, they said — as indeed they had — but that at the advance of the whole foreign force of nobody-knows-how-many thousands of men, they had left the battlefield in the possession of the enemy.

"They do not fight properly, these Americanos," the story is reported to have run. "They do not fight in any manner to which we are accustomed. When we fired volleys at them, instead of falling back they advanced. That is not customary; it is not right. They tried to catch us with their hands, these Americanos!"

Let that be the epitaph of the brave men who fell at Las Guasimas. "They tried to catch us with their hands!" Many of those hands, too, had never fired a rifle at a foe before that day on the hillside. Long before the sun stood at noon, the field was empty of combat; and slowly, heavily, the victors began to count the cost.

The first battle on Cuban soil was won.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE WOMAN IN THE DUSK

THE night after the battle of Las Guasimas was terrible in its passing. When the fight was done, the sadder work commenced, of finding the wounded and bearing them to places where their injuries could be tended; and the still more melancholy work of giving sepulture to the dead followed. Dead there were many — and of the bravest. Never a troop but had its quota to add.

ADNA ROMANZA CHAFFEE

Capron was dead; Fish was dead, the brave sergeant who had fought as he had lived, and died facing the foe with a smile on his face. The wounded men were found scattered through the woods, all along the line of march, and the work of seeking them was weary work. As the time went on toward evening, the forces drew in together, and the men who needed it were given attention by the field surgeons, who had labored titanically throughout the long day. As the dusk began to draw in, the men pitched their camps, and the fires began to glow in little groups.

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As the returns came slowly in, it was learned what work it was that they had done, these raw troops who had never fought together before. It was found that fully 4000 Spaniards had been engaged, while the American force numbered less than 1000 in all. One thousand men, fighting in a country they had never seen before, had driven an enemy four times their number back across two miles of almost impassable territory, had forced him from his intrenchments, not once, but three successive times; and this they had done at the cost of sixteen men killed and about fifty wounded. The sleep was earned which they took that night, under the very trees beneath which part of the fighting had been done. Guards were set, for it was not known how far the foe had retreated; but the bulk of the army slept the sleep of worn and wearied men. Most of them slept where best they could, for many were unable to find again the blanket-rolls they had discarded in the heat of battle; but their sleep was no less sound. They awoke, stiff but triumphant, turning their eyes westward toward the heights they already fancied they could see.

SAMUEL BALDWIN MARKS YOUNG

The situation was now this: the main body of the army was advanced to a point within five miles of Santiago,

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which lay due west; five miles to the north was El Caney, near which were Chaffee's and Ludlow's detachments; and perhaps a mile west of where the Rough Riders lay were the Cuban outposts at El Poso. Half-way between El Poso and Santiago itself lay what was to be the crucial point of the whole movement, San Juan Hill.

Stretched out for two miles on either side of the main trail to San Juan, with their pickets almost touching the

A Telephone Station in the Field at Santiago

Spanish outposts, the main body of the army lay for nearly a week, after the battle of Las Guasimas was become history. The rest was welcome after the strenuous labor of the first three days after landing, and had it not been for the pouring rains the men would have been well content. Every day, or every day but one, the rain came down from heaven as though it were the loosing of some mighty dam; and while it lasted there was nothing that was dry. It soaked the men's bedding, their clothes, even their arms and ammunition in

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some cases; it stopped not for the officers' tents; it made the trails, none too good at best, merely narrow rivers of thick, liquid mud, down which the mule-trains, bearing the army's rations, toiled with the greatest difficulty at a one-mile gait. Then, when it seemed as though all the water in the world must have fallen, the skies would suddenly clear, the sun come out, and nature would be her smiling self once more; the rain was over till the morrow.

Save for this feature of discomfort, and the scarcity of proper food, the days of inaction passed pleasantly. Shafter was presumably making up his mind what the next move should be, and all action halted in the interim. Not so with the Spaniards, however; on June 27 men saw upon San Juan a long line of yellow earth where none had been before; and they knew that the enemy was intrenching itself on that eminence. On that commanding height the rifle-pits grew and grew, spreading out in a long and menacing line; and the invaders, lying helplessly quiescent under their orders, or lack of orders, had to watch them grow. From Ludlow's position below El Caney a similar sight was seen; rifle-pits were being dug there, too. It was an exasperating thing to have to sit idly and watch the enemy make impregnable its defense; but there was no help for it. It was impossible even to gain permission to make the necessary reconnaissances, though Chaffee and one or two others made them on their own authority. Chaffee was the only ranking general who had actually reconnoitered the scene of the great battle himself; and had

ROOSEVELT GIVING AN ORDER

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his advice been followed, the loss of life would have been cut in two.

Roosevelt was now in command of the Rough Riders, for Wood had been advanced to the charge of General Young's brigade, Young having been stricken down by fever. Many men of Roosevelt's forces came to him with requests to be allowed to reconnoiter the enemy's position, but he had to hold them back. Those who were given outpost duty, however, were not minded to be bound by the short-sighted policy from headquarters; and they construed with wide liberality the instructions given them with regard to their scouting. Benny and Hernando were, after the second day before El Poso, of the scouting parties; and Hernando found Benny a most intractable companion. He could not see the sense of venturing into a country without proper scouting first, and he kept venturing farther and farther from the beaten track. Hernando, who sympathized with him entirely, was in no mood to protest, and so, on the left flank of the American position, these two men, and several other Westerners used to plains life, scoured the woods for several miles around.

There was another thought in the back of Hernando's head, too, as he followed Benny doggedly through the morasses and the jungle land. He had not forgotten that Elaine had said the Cabanel hacienda stood upon a hill near Santiago, and his heart burned to explore the top of every hill within an eagle's flight of that city. That, at present, was impossible, but none the less he desired to explore the hills that lay within his ken.

Elaine, Elaine, Elaine! He said the name over and over to himself; for somehow the repetition seemed to bring her nearer. The dread he had felt about her safety had vanished, almost; he had grown certain of finding her. Not soon, it might be; not for a long time, perhaps; but even-

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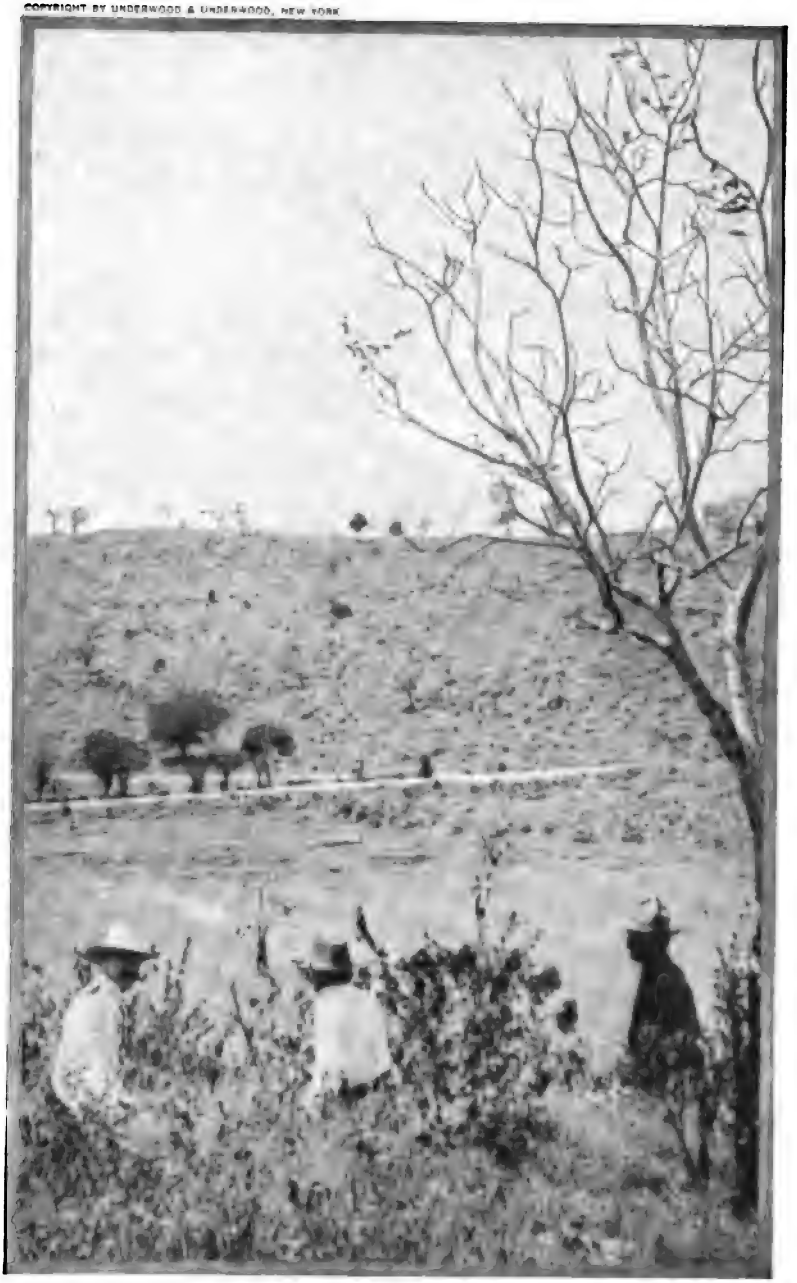

GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN HILL

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tually. So he followed Benny on his little excursions with this other hope stirring in his breast. He displayed such eagerness that even Benny marveled, though true to his taciturn habit he made no reference to Hernando's unexpected agreement to what he had at first opposed. Together they skirted through the woods, never getting far from their fellow-scouts, but taking a new path for exploration each time. Perhaps a mile and a half to the south of El Poso, and a little to the east, rose the summit of a wooded hill; and toward sunset of the second day after the beginning of the rifle-pits on San Juan, Benny and Hernando, with two other scouts not far behind, drew near to the base of this hill. It lacked perhaps an hour to dusk, and wisdom and prudence bade their returning; but Hernando had seen upon this summit the grey wall of a building, and he pressed forward with a determination he had not shown before.

Skirting along the edge of the woods, where a narrow meadow of high grass flanked them, the two moved carefully along, every sense alert, with their guns ready for action in case of alarm. The instinct which plainsmen acquire told Benny that some one was in the neighborhood, and he communicated his conviction to Hernando in a whisper. They were halting, at the moment, under the shadow of a huge pile of chapparal, and peering through the woods that clothed the upward slope of the hill. A narrow path, hardly more than a hint of a trail, straggled up the way they were looking; a few yards farther on it branched, being met by another little path which came from the west. As they stood, silent, with not a sound on earth or in the air, Hernando felt Benny's hand press his shoulder lightly with a touch of caution.

"Look!" he said between his teeth, in a whisper at Hernando's ear.

Hernando, turning at the word, looked to where the two

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trails met; and there, toiling heavily along with a pack of some shapeless stuff upon his back, he beheld the bent figure of an old man. He was crouching, whether to escape the sight of any possible beholders, or on account of the weight of his package, Hernando could not tell; and he moved along with difficulty, as though his limbs were cramped. Benny's hand upon Hernando's arm did not stir.

"Wait!" he breathed. "There may be others to follow."

But there were no others. And when this was assured, Benny and Hernando, their rifles ready, and their tread as soft as a panther's, stole cautiously along in the crouching man's track. They stayed as far from him as they could while still keeping him in sight; and in this order, silently, with the great shadows falling level from the sinking sun, the three men crept up the narrow trail that mounted the hill. Up, up, they went; perhaps a quarter of an hour saw the end of the ascent,— then, unexpectedly, the trail stopped; and Hernando and his companion found themselves gazing blankly at an empty clearing from which no path led, save the one up which they had just come.

Benny darted suddenly forward across the little open space, and Hernando followed as best he could. Plunging through the thicket they emerged into an empty plot where were to be seen the ruins of old walls. The man they had followed was nowhere to be seen, and they stood looking blankly about them. They were in what had apparently been at one time a garden; they could see the ruins of the old walls, the old stone seat beneath a stricken tree; and across the clearing, on the other side, lay some stone flags, which had at one time been a floor. The place was as ruined, as deserted, as a dead place; and Hernando felt a little chill pass over him as he stood gazing stupidly about him. As he stood there thus, listening with strained nerves, there came floating softly upon the sunset air the voice of a woman.

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The last rays of the sun had left the hill, but the air was still faintly reminiscent of its presence. Even as they stood, however, the radiance faded from the air, and the swift twilight of the tropics shut in upon them. It would not be dark for some little time, but the dusk was come now, and the forest began to blend into grey shadows as they watched. Then, once more, sweetly and softly upon the hushed air came the voice they had heard.

"I am out here, Pedro," it said. "Come to me here!"

Out of a hole in the ground which neither Hernando nor Benny had noticed, an old man popped his head. He hopped with no little agility out of his place and started briskly off toward the corner whence the sound had come. Benny, watching, to his surprise saw Hernando, without the slightest hesitancy, move swiftly forward at the old man's heels.

"Come back, you fool!" he muttered. But Hernando heard him not. He was now almost up to the old fellow; and as Benny gathered his wits and started to follow, the old man turned and saw them. He gave a cry of terror, but Hernando raised his hand in so beneficent a gesture that the other cried out no more. Hernando let fall the gun

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THE HILL CHARGED AND TAKEN BY THE ROUGH RIDERS

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which he still was holding, and walked quietly forward, his hands spread out. The old man looked at him curiously, but with almost no suspicion. For an instant they stood facing one another, silent both. Then,—

"I am a friend, an Americano," said Hernando in Spanish, softly.

"What do you want here?" the man replied promptly, but without alarm.

"I wish to see the señorita whose voice I heard," said Hernando quietly.

Before the man could answer, there came the sound of feet from behind him, and with a swift rustle of garments there stood beside them the figure of a young woman. Clad in an old garment of some brown stuff, shapeless and unlovely; her feet partly covered with ragged sandals; thrown about her head, veiling her face from sight, an old tattered mantilla,— she stood motionless, watching the two men. Back of her the dusky forest lay, and so unreal and so sudden seemed the apparition that Hernando could not believe at first that it was other than a dream. Yet even as he doubted, she spoke again, and at the sound he began to tremble. He peered forward eagerly, striving to pierce the veil that hid her face from his eyes; and then, with a great cry, he ran toward her. Pedro, who strove to stop him, he flung aside, and threw himself with the abandon of one demented upon the figure in the dusk. Fiercely he grasped her shoulders, and tore aside the mantilla; then, with a cry that lifted across the little clearing like a bugle-call, he found voice:

"Elaine! Elaine!" he cried, and she, lifting her eyes calmly to meet his, looked into his face with a little smile. Suddenly, while still he gazed, with his hands upon her shoulders, her eyes fluttered and closed; her limbs bent beneath her; and softly, swayingly, with a little tired sigh, she sank forward into his arms.

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Tenderly he laid her upon the ruined seat, and tenderly he hung over her in the little minute that her swoon lasted. Benny and Pedro, petrified by this strange thing, eyed one another in amaze. Hernando, with Elaine in his arms, was speaking urgently in her ear, calling, calling her back to life, to consciousness. Presently, at the sound of that

WHEELER, LAWTON, WOOD, AND ROOSEVELT AT SANTIAGO, CUBA

long-unheard voice, which penetrated even through her swoon, Elaine came to herself once more. Slowly the dark eyes opened; slowly, dreamily, they looked upward into Hernando's own; and from the quivering lips came just the ghost of a whisper,

"It is thou — at last." With a murmur of relief, with the breath of her sigh still upon her lips, she turned her head, wearily. Like that of a tired child it lay in the hollow of his shoulder. For a space no one spoke; and the dusk drew in, into the ruined garden; and the two men who stood speechless side by side, watched with wide eyes the

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silent two upon the seat. Over their heads the twilight deepened; they took no heed. The years were bridged at last, and in all the world there was no shadow of any fear.

Hernando, as he held her close, could feel how slender she was grown. Her fragile form seemed to weigh almost nothing, and he could feel the bones in her shoulders where they lay against his arm. He scanned her tranquil face as she lay; it was thin, but to his eyes more beautiful than ever. From his heart went up a wordless prayer. God was in His Heaven. Thus for a space they stayed, the world sunk to one of the frailest of phantoms, the only real thing in all the universe being the current that flowed between these two who had been lost, each to the other, and who now were found. He dared not move, for fear of disturbing her, so he listened to her soft breathing much as a mother might hang over the cradle of her sleeping child. On his heart he could feel the touch of an angel's wing.

After a timeless interval she opened her eyes once more, and this time he read in them the faintest glimmer of a smile. Softly she spoke.

"You were a long while on the way, my dear lover," she said.

"I have thought of you every minute of every day you have been away from me," he answered her. For another moment she was content to lie still, then she raised herself slightly from his arms. Gently he lifted her till she stood erect. She turned to face him gravely in the dusk.

"I love you more than I can ever tell you," he said soberly.

"Thou art my lover and my knight," she said in a whisper. Raising her arms, she laid them close about his shoulders. He drew her close. It was their betrothal. Later, they turned to confront Benny and old Pedro, who now came

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forward, a quizzical smile on Benny's weather-beaten visage.

"Benny," said Hernando slowly, "this is Elaine Cabanel, who is the world to me." Benny bowed awkwardly before her. With a smile of infinite sweetness she held out her hand toward him, and the rough plainsman, abashed, looked

General Wood and Staff on the San Juan Battlefield

at it an instant, shyly; then, raising it to his lips no less gallantly than a courtier might have done, he kissed the thin white hand.

"I am your servant all the days of my life, señorita," he said shyly.

She smiled on him once more. Hernando broke in upon the ceremony.

"How long will it take us to get back?" he asked briskly. "Can you give me a few minutes longer?" Benny nodded.

"Ten minutes," he grunted; and he and Pedro faded from the lovers' view. There was much to talk of, and the

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ten minutes seemed all too short for what they had to say. Hernando must know a thousand things, firstly, how she was living, whether she had any protector other than Pedro, and why she was staying in this terrible and lonesome place. All of these things she answered with one sentence, in that low voice which his heart thrilled to hear.

"Pedro and I stay here, in the ruin of the old hacienda. He brings our food to me here, and I dare not go away."

"Your father —" he hesitated to finish his query.

"My father is a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards at Santiago," she said simply. "I do not know whether he is alive or dead." Her voice was so sad that his heart bled for her; but he had to persist, to learn more.

"Tell me all about him!" he said. "It may be I can do something!"

"They took him away when my brother Juan was — when they killed my brother," she said. "Pedro saw them take him down the road. They put him in one of the prisons in the town. It is hard to get word of him; but last month he was still alive. He has a spirit they cannot kill, my father; and last month a messenger told me he was still alive. He is in the city prison on the harbor side. But he is old, and he is growing weaker —"

Her voice failed; she turned away her head, and stood looking off into the dusk. Presently she resumed: "There has been some effort to release him, him and other gentlemen imprisoned there, and who have friends; it may be they will succeed, one day. That also is why I stay here; I dare not leave, for if he should come here, and find the house burned, as it is, and find me gone,— so I must stay here, as thou seest!" This last almost pleadingly, and Hernando soothed her as best he might.

"Listen, my sweetheart," he said tenderly. "We go to take Santiago, we from America; and in a week, may-

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be, it will fall; and then the prisons will be opened, and we will free your father if he is still there to be freed. Do not grieve, *carita mia!* We shall save him, my dearest one!" With his arms about her and his kisses on her lips, he comforted her, so that after a little time a faint

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CUBAN SOLDIERS IN THEIR TRENCHES, AWAITING THE SPANIARDS

smile of hope returned to her lips, and she looked up at him again.

"What have you been about all these long months since your last letter came to me?" she asked, with a trace of archness in her tone. "Why have you not written to me, sir? Has there been some other girl who has been receiving the letters which should have come to me?"

"Every week until I sailed from Tampa did I write thee, sweetheart," he responded earnestly.

"I knew it was so," she said in a whisper, "even though I did not receive them. I knew that thou wert not the kind who forgets, my lover!"

"There is no man who ever saw thee who could forget thee ever," he said.

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"It is a year since I heard from thee last," she whispered again, "but I knew that I was not forgotten. Tell me, have you still — have you it still?"

For answer he pulled from around his neck the little trinket, and her eyes softened beautifully as she looked at it.

"I am glad you did not lose it," she said. And, for all reply, he took her once more into his arms. It was time now for them to part. Benny was getting impatient, Hernando could see, and he knew himself that they must be starting back before full night set in.

"We must part," he whispered. She nodded her bent head consentingly.

"I can always find you here? Are you safe?" he asked.

"I am safe enough," was her answer. "Pedro has still the underground room in which I stay at nights, and at other times when there is an alarm. I am safe, and I will wait for you here until it pleases my lord to come."

"I will come the first hour that I can come!"

"You are likely to go into battle at any time?" She spoke with a new anxiety in her tone. Here was another dread, new-born, the dread for Hernando's safety from Spanish bullets. He laughed at her fears.

"There is no bullet can touch me now," he said confidently.

"I will wait for you," she said again; and her eyes closed.

"Good bye, sweetheart!" His words were soft as a caress.

"Good bye — good bye." Her fingers loosed themselves from his, and he stood away from her, letting her go. The glory of her eyes still in his heart and soul, he turned on his heel. Followed by Benny, he passed swiftly across the ruined garden, out of her sight. She followed him with her eyes till the forest took him from her view.

It was night.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE TAKING OF SAN JUAN

ON the last day of June there came to the waiting army the welcome word, "Hold yourselves in readiness to march on Santiago!"

Never were tidings more joyfully received, and the order had not gone forward five paces before each man that it reached was taking his first move toward getting himself in readiness. It was about 10 in the morning when the great news reached the Rough Riders. At first it was a rumor, such a rumor as had started foundlessly every day they had been encamped there; but this time it was the truth, and soon every man in camp knew it, and was vocal with delight, or silent, according to his nature. Roosevelt, his face beaming, rode swiftly along the muddy trail, confirming the news and bidding the men be prepared for an early start. A thrill of excitement ran through the breaking camp. It had been a skirmish at Las Guasimas, was the feeling, but this was to be a fight! The men went about their preparations like hardened veterans; there was no turmoil, no nervousness, no sign of panic or of dismay.

HENRY WARE LAWTON

About noon the Rough Riders broke camp. Hernando, well to the front, fell into line close behind Roosevelt and

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his aides. The division took up their waiting position directly behind the 1st Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Veile. Then began the long waiting for the order to march.

The American forces were divided into three parts: the extreme left, or south, was under General Duffield and lay before the little coast town of Aguadores; the center, before San Juan, was under command of Generals Kent and Sumner, and comprised the Rough Riders, the 1st and 10th Cavalry, and Kent's infantry; while on the right, at the extreme north, before El Caney was General Lawton, supported by Chaffee, Ludlow and their detachments, and Captain Capron's battery. When the advance began, there were thus really three separate engagements, each having an identity of its own. Of the three the fight for Aguadores was the least important and may be dismissed with its mere mention. There remain, then, the two chief points of attack, El Caney and San Juan. Upon these two the storm was only waiting to break. Only the most general of orders had come from headquarters regarding the advance, and the whole affair was really fought by the men and their brigade commanders, rather than by the commanding officer. It was supposed from the first word given that the movements of the center were to be merely feints, and subsidiary to the main battle on the north, which had for its object the capture of El Caney. But the gods of war thought differently when the hour for action arrived.

Meanwhile, toward the middle of the long afternoon of June 30, came the final word to march, and the men, with a cheer that shook the ranks, moved forward at the tail of the cavalry. All that afternoon, with many pauses and haltings, they moved westward, slowly, and at 8 o'clock they were still marching. The roads were nothing but mud and water, the thickets almost impenetrable, the rivulets swollen so that the men became soaked to the skin from

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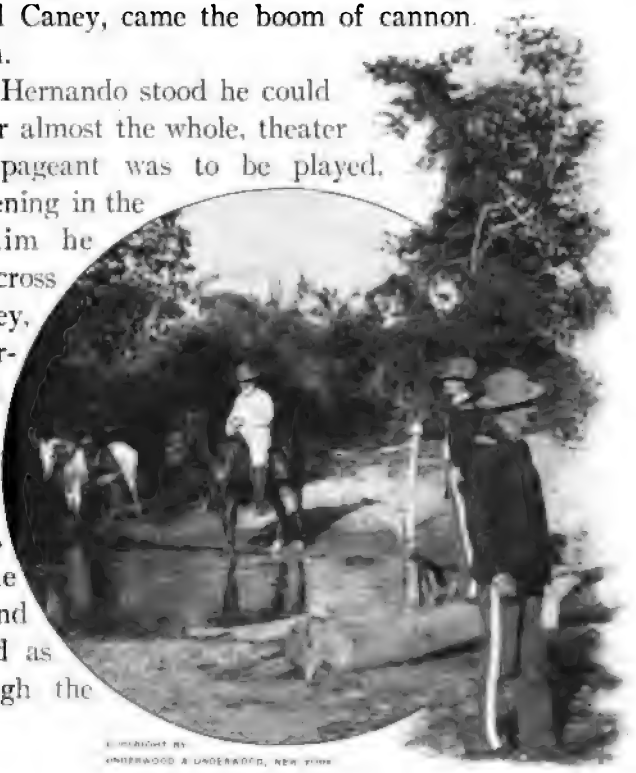
crossing them. When the word came to halt, the men lay down and slept on their arms. Luckily, that night, it did not rain, and luckily, also, there was no alarm from the enemy, so that the men enjoyed a fair night's rest. Though it was the night before a battle, and though no man could guess what the morrow might bring forth, there was little wakefulness. The sentries went quietly about their watchful business, and twice during the night Roosevelt and Wood visited the pickets along the whole line. So the hours passed.

Before dawn the column was broad awake. They breakfasted as best they could, their ears pricked for the signal which was now expected at any moment. At 5 o'clock it came, and as the sun rose he shone upon the men standing to their work. And a few moments later, far off across the valley toward El Caney, came the boom of cannon. The fight was on.

From where Hernando stood he could see the whole, or almost the whole, theater in which this pageant was to be played. Through the opening in the trees beside him he could see out across the beautiful valley, still and wonderful in the level rays of the newly risen sun; on three sides the blue mountains hemmed in the Santiago plain, and his heart swelled as he gazed through the



THE FORD OF THE AGUADORES, NEAR SANTIAGO, CUBA

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peaceful morning air, so soon to be torn with steel and sullied with the smoke of death. For a few moments, from El Caney, the American cannon boomed alone; then, opening in response, came the Spanish fire; and then, as though it were the awaited signal, from right and left and behind, the center burst into flame. Hernando's first sensation was one of surprise at the suddenness of the thing. He had known that the guns were near him, but he had not known their thunder was so momentous a sound; there had been little cannon-play at Guasimas.

SAMUEL S. SUMNER

Instantly the Spaniards, from their intrenchment on the hill, made answer. Over Hernando's head came a screaming, whistling something which burst with a terrific detonation, scattering fragments through the trees; it was the Spanish shrapnel, and it was entirely too close for comfort. Out in front, perhaps twenty paces ahead of him, was Roosevelt, running quickly forward to join Wood. He was leading his horse, and Hernando could see his teeth in a smile, as he turned his head to lead the animal forward.

The two officers conferred for a moment under a tree. Wood felt uneasy at the position of his brigade, for it was,

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VIEW OF EL CANEY FROM THE FORT

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he felt, right in line of the fire which the Spaniards would turn upon the American battery, and he decided to shift his position. It was about this time that to General Sumner came the last order received from the commanding officer. It directed him to go forward on the Santiago trail till he came to the edge of the woods, and there await further orders. With this suggestion the commanding officer's connection with the advance upon San Juan Hill may be said to have ceased, for no officer of any brigade received any further word from him during the entire engagement; and the charge of the affair rested, fortunately, in the most competent hands wherein it could have reposed, those of the brigade commanders and those of the men themselves. The original plan of procedure was completely disorganized by the difficulty encountered in the taking of El Caney, so the fight resolved itself simply into a plain, straight matter of attack and defense. But before that could utterly develop, the last toll had to be paid to Shafter's folly in sending the men down the noted trails, which the Spaniards knew, of course, with certainty, and on which they had trained their most murderous fire.

For almost an hour the men of the center, having no orders to do otherwise, lay exposed to this pitiless fire. And pitiless it was; for almost an hour the bullets came whipping through the trees and the high grass, leaving swathes behind them. For almost an hour the men, crouching there devotedly, suffered this fire with no hope of reprisal. The men could see those beside them, around them, struck by bullets, see them grip silently an arm, or a shoulder, sometimes rolling in still agony, without a sound. And this was the result of "waiting for further orders." Luckily, that waiting was not to last forever. Out in front of the Rough Riders, Roosevelt and Wood had come to the conclusion that this loss of life could not go on; something must be

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done. Still from the trenches above them came the almost ceaseless hail of the Mauser bullets, humming and whirring through the air. Endurance could go no farther; had there been any end to be gained by this sacrifice of life, it would have been different; but there was none.

To add to the impossibility of the position, the men saw to their horror the captive balloon, which was counted on for news as to the Spanish movements, descending directly in the rear of their position, thereby betraying more completely than ever their whereabouts to the Spaniards on the hill.

"I can't stand this," cried Roosevelt in Wood's ear. The other agreed; it was high time some one took a hand.

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SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL.

The detachment at this time lay near a ford of a small river, which had to be crossed by all troops which advanced along that trail. By quick action Roosevelt got his men across this ford and off a little way to the right. Still farther to the right were Kent's

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infantry; to the left was the 1st Brigade, whose engagement with the hill was steadily increasing in fury. In the rear, coming up rapidly and blocking the trail for hundreds of yards, were the rest of Kent's infantry.

Hernando, following closely after his leader, moved off to the right under his guidance, as did all the Rough Riders. Their way led them, by a bit of good fortune, into a sunken road where they were temporarily free from hazard and there was time to look about them. Many were the gaps in the ranks, and Hernando's heart sank to behold the havoc which that terrible fire had made in his troop. The Spaniards were not aiming at any particular man, or at any especial group of men; rather were they training their guns on the known and noted trails, and sweeping them and the woods around them with a steady fire which reached, one time or another, almost every foot of ground in that part of the valley. The uproar was without cessation, and from the sunken road, safe as they were for the moment, the Rough Riders could see the other regiments coming up, only to be torn, shattered, rent.

Roosevelt, after a hasty consultation with his aides, ran forward for a conference with Wood. Him he found nowhere, for Wood was back trying to secure orders which would enable him to go ahead. Back went an orderly from Roosevelt, searching for General Wood and pleading that the order to advance be given. The messenger made off and did not return. Another was sent, and a third; finally, one returned. He had not seen Wood, but he had the wished-for orders from General Sumner.

"You can go forward when you will, colonel," he said, saluting cheerily. "You can move forward and support the regulars in assaulting the hills in front. General Sumner's orders, sir."

General Sumner, riding along the front as cool as though

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on parade, gave his orders now himself for the advance. The 1st Brigade was to go forward, the 2d to follow it. It was an exciting moment when the great movement began. Roosevelt had formed his men in column, each troop extended in open skirmishing order. The heat was forgotten now, and the cruel fire which had so thinned their ranks; the men forgot that they had been rushed to and fro in a sun of 105°, that their limbs were cut and torn, that their faces were crimson with exertion and heat — forgot that the rain of Spanish bullets continued unabated. At the welcome sound "Advance!" they ceased to remember all these things. With dogged and determined faces, they swung into line behind Captain Jenkins, who led the first column, his eyes snapping with pleasure and excitement and his sword waving in circles above his head.

Roosevelt himself was in the rear, where, theoretically, a colonel should remain. At first he had remained on foot, but when both of his aides, Captain Mills and Captain McCormick, had been dispatched on errands to bring the men into alignment, he took to his horse once more. This had the double advantage of enabling him to see the battlefield the

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THE TRENCHES OCCUPIED BY THE ROUGH RIDERS, SAN JUAN HILL

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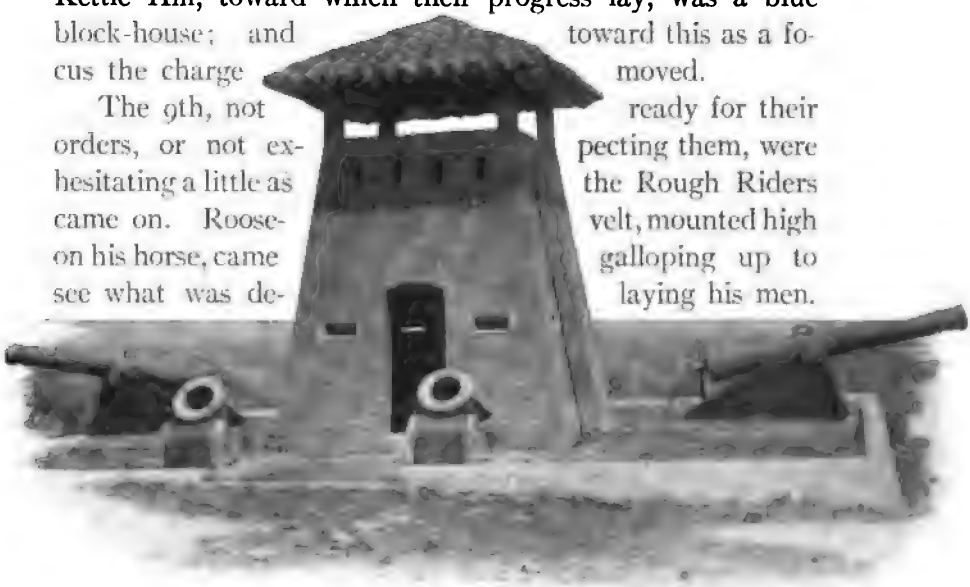
better, and also of permitting his men to see him. Thus, slowly, determinedly, the attack on the hills began.

It is no easy matter to charge up-hill, cutting barbed-wire fences as you go, into the teeth of an enemy securely intrenched in a superior position, an enemy with modern rifles, safe in earthworks untouched by any artillery fire. This might be said to be one of the things which cannot be done. There was no precedent for it; but this campaign was not a matter of precedent. The men were, through no fault of their own, in an impossible situation; to stay where they were was to be shot to death; to retreat was inconceivable; there was but one thing to do, and that was to go forward.

Go forward they did. Hernando was in the foremost troop of the Rough Riders, immediately following the 9th Regiment of the Regulars. The other troops of the Rough Riders followed closely, spurred forward by Roosevelt, who did not seem to know how to remain in the rear where he had been when the fight began. Up on the slope of Kettle Hill, toward which their progress lay, was a blue block-house; and toward this as a focus the charge moved.

The 9th, not ready for their orders, or not expecting them, were hesitating a little as the Rough Riders came on. Roosevelt, mounted high on his horse, came galloping up to see what was delaying his men.



THE BLOCK-HOUSE ERECTED ON BATTLEFIELD TO COMMEMORATE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL

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"If you do not mean to go forward, let my men pass, please," he shouted. His words were as a clarion call to battle. The 9th sprang into line, and with the Rough Riders swept on up the slope, pouring in their fire as they ran. Their own officers were with them, but they needed them not now. They were still, to a great extent, under cover, the orders having been to dislodge the enemy by fire, if possible. The regiments were becoming intermingled to a considerable extent, and it was hard for the men to place their own officers. As the Rough Riders swept through the ranks of the 9th, carrying those men with them in the current, they came among the main body of that regiment and several sections of the 1st, the men lying down and firing at the word, the officers moving about among them and directing their fire. The colonel in command was nowhere to be seen.

"We cannot dislodge the enemy by firing; we must charge the hills," cried Roosevelt to the captain who faced him here. "Where is your colonel?"

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"He is with the rest of the regiment," the captain replied.

"Then I am ranking officer here," Roosevelt shouted, "and I say 'Go for-

THE RUINS OF THE SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE TAKEN BY ROUGH RIDERS, SAN JUAN HILL

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ward'; we must rout them out by rushing them!" He started on.

The captain, naturally hesitating to obey orders from an officer not of his regiment, was for a moment in doubt, but at the sight of the grinning Rough Riders, who had been highly amused at the little altercation, the impetus was too great to be resisted, and he, and all his men with him, swung cheering into the fray.

Suddenly out into the open burst the regiments. Roosevelt, mounted high above the men on his plunging horse, rode up and down, shouting and waving his hat as a signal for his men to come on. Far to the left, similarly exposed, General Hawkins, his white hair floating back in the wind, rode out in plain view of the foe, waving his sword at the spitting hills and calling on his men to follow. With a cheer that shook the hot air, the men answered.

With the Spanish shrapnel shrieking in the air, with the Mauser bullets humming like a monotonous undertone, with the smoke from the American guns hanging like a thick haze above the slope, with the tropic sun beating down upon the charging men, up San Juan Hill they went. The grass under foot was slippery with blood in some places. There were all manner of obstacles to surmount; there were ditches to cross, wire fences to be cut, or jumped. And all the while the terrible Spanish fire never ceased, never slackened.

The men charging the hill seemed desperately few for the work they had to do; to those watching from the rear it seemed as though some terrible mistake had been made. It could not be possible that this little clump of men were rushing a position so strong, so almost impregnably strong! It appeared to be almost another Charge of the Light Brigade. As the steepness of the hill increased, the speed of the charging men inevitably slackened; they could not

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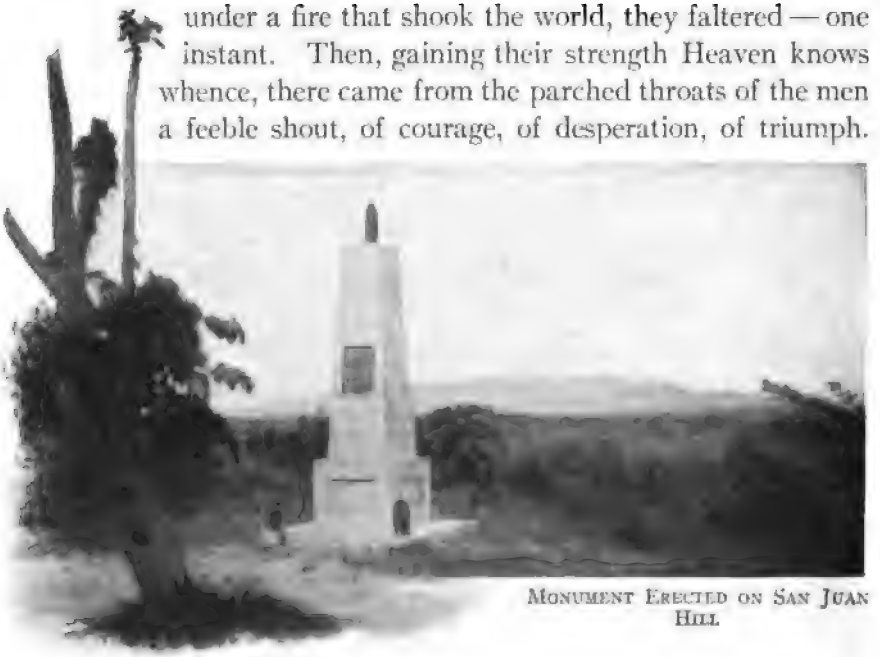
run up a slope so precipitous. The cheering had stopped now; there was no breath for that. The run had slowed to a slow walk. The men struggled through the grass, wading, as men crossing a stream; before their breasts they hugged their rifles, pausing now and then to fire. From the summit of the hill, in the rifle-pits, the Spaniards gasped in wonder at this last exploit of the "mad Americanos." When they saw that it was a reality, this thin line of men creeping foot by foot doggedly up the slope, they came to themselves with a mingling of desperation and of valor. That charge must be stopped, at all hazards. Their fire doubled, trebled in its fierceness; the very sky seemed to open and belch forth flame; the volleys came like rapid successions of thunderclaps, so near and so terrible that the impulse was to close the ears against the tremendous sound.

In vain. Up, up, still up, moved that thin blue line; the foremost men were nearing the summit, nearing the block-house now. Withering for one last terrible instant under a fire that shook the world, they faltered — one instant. Then, gaining their strength Heaven knows whence, there came from the parched throats of the men a feeble shout, of courage, of desperation, of triumph.



Monument Erected on San Juan Hill

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The speed of the advancing line doubled. They broke into a run. They dashed up that hill as though the fiends of night were urging them forward. On, on, on! like tigers springing upon their prey! And the Spaniards, with one last volley and a shout of dismay, stood out for one instant, outlined clear and black against that desperate height,— then turned and fled down its western slope. They had done all that men could do; but that was not enough, for the men opposing them were, on that day and in that hour, more than men! They were on the summit now, running to and fro about the block-house. A few Spaniards were found still within, and they promptly surrendered. The top of the hill was lined with men now, waving their hats.

From the summit of that hill, faintly through the clear, hot, summer air, came the sound of an exhausted cheer. The fight of San Juan was won!

Foremost among the men who gathered on that height were the guidon-bearers of three troops of the Rough Riders, and their colors were the first to be unfurled upon the breeze, in place of the yellow standards of the foe. Off to the left the infantry was still fighting, the contest now being entirely in that quarter. For a few brief moments the firing continued, then the Spaniards broke and fled. And from the rear, to make assurance doubly sure, came Parker and the Gatling guns, to hold the heights forever, if need were.

Hernando, feeling as though his lungs would never be full of breath again, sank down against the Spanish trenches. Beside him, in a similar state of exhaustion, sank three other men, and together they lay panting till their breath came back to them. All around, on every side, were men similarly extended, too worn out even to respond to the Spanish fire which still came spitefully up the western slope, as if to take revenge for those lost trenches. But gradually this fire slackened and ceased, and the Spaniards, bearing

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their wounded, drew off slowly, reluctantly, toward the city of Santiago.

Firing continued during the rest of day, at intervals. Once, during the long afternoon, there was one phantom of a foray by the foe, but it was quelled, even more quickly than it began, by Parker's Gatlings and the fire of the men

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INTERIOR VIEW OF THE DESTROYED STONE FORT, EL CANEY

upon the heights, who ran forward with eagerness, jubilant to think that they might have the chance to repel an advance, instead of making one. This was the last active demonstration from the Spaniards, and as the day wore on there was time for other things than fighting.

Meanwhile, at El Caney, the battle had been every whit as fierce as at San Juan. Lawton, Chaffee, and Ludlow, brave, skillful, and gallant soldiers, commanded here, and their attack could not have been better executed. After fighting which lasted several hours, Capron's battery finally got the range of El Viso, shot away its flagstaff, and made breaches in the stone walls; and General Chaffee took

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the fort by storm. The fighting continued for nearly two hours after El Viso had fallen, the attack concentrating itself upon the stone forts of El Caney, and finally, after a terrific artillery bombardment, with the town surrounded by the American troops, and the Spaniards cut off completely from any possible retreat to Santiago,— the end came. A well-directed shot from Capron's battery tore down the Spanish flag from the fortress wall. It was not raised again. El Caney was conquered. But what was calculated the work of an hour required nine hours of savage fighting. The Spanish forces at El Caney displayed a stubborn courage worthy of the days when the army of Spain was the greatest in Europe. Among the killed were the commander, Vara del Rey, his brother, and two of his sons.

When night fell upon that long line of battle, every point which had been the object of attack was in the hands of the American forces. Aguadores was abandoned by the Spaniards; El Caney's forts were fallen, their garrisons dead or surrendered; while on the heights of San Juan Hill and the adjacent hills, the victorious army looked down in triumph upon the city of Santiago.

But in a little gully, half way up that terrible hill, Hernando Stevens sat with dull misery in his face; across his knees, silent and unmoving in the gathering twilight, lay Benny Murdock, shot through the heart by a Spanish bullet. Hernando had searched for him when his first chance came; he knew

THE RUINS OF FORT EL VISO, EL CANEY

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that Benny must be wounded, or he would have been upon the hill, and he sought him with a dull dread dwelling at his heart. Half-way up the hill he found him, lying face downward in the smooth grass, with his rifle still clutched in his hand. Hernando knelt beside him, turning the white face toward the sky, softly. As he did so he knew the truth, that Benny would never move again.

So there, in the gathering gloom, he sat, his comrade's body across his knees. Two months ago he had never heard of this man. Now, it seemed as though half his heart were lying there beside that silent form. Just before night he carried the body up the hill, to be buried with the others.

It was part of the price of victory. But Hernando, looking all that night at the empty sky, felt that he would have given his triumph for one touch on his arm of those steady hands which would never hold a rifle more.

Fort El Viso, El Caney

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CHAPTER XVIII

SUNDAY THE THIRD

CLOSE round the beleaguered city drew the toils of war. The day following the triple victory was spent by the American army in bringing up its troops and forming them in a great three-quarter circle around Santiago from sea to sea. On three sides, to east and north and west, the encircling armies hung vulture-like on the heights. On the fourth side lay the sea, and in that sea, floating placidly in the lazy sunshine, but alert and wakeful as Cerberus at Pluto's gates Sampson's fleet completed the circle.

ROBLEY D. EVANS (*From a photograph made while in command of the "Iowa"*)

The position of the soldiers on those hard-won heights was not, at the end of that winning, nor during the long night and day which followed, precisely pleasant. Their hold on their vantage-ground was precarious in the extreme, and they were perilously few for the work that confronted them in holding the hills

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they had so gallantly won. Nearly all the night between July 1 and 2 the Spanish bullets beat upon their eminence with unceasing fury; but these men, gritting their teeth, manned the trenches with a will. After marching nearly all night from El Caney, early in the morning of Saturday, July 2, Lawton's men appeared, and swung into position on the hills at the extreme right. All during that long day the investment of the town continued. All during the day the furious exchange of fire between the Spaniards in the valley and the Americans on the hills went on. Had the Spaniards dared more, or had they known that the men upon those heights had not slept more than five minutes, most of them, for forty-eight hours, there might have been a different tale to tell. But as it was, they did not know, and it seemed to them as though they were hemmed in by a chain of lead and steel which it would be impossible to break.

To the Spaniards in the town it seemed that the town was doomed. The troops who had faced that impetuous charge up the hill felt that no ordinary men could avail against the demons who had charged that block-house, and the sentiment in the town and garrison generally was one closely akin to panic.

The only one on the American side who seemed panic-ward inclined was the commanding officer, and he, after the conference at El Poso, which he attended stretched out upon a barn-door, cabled Washington that his lines were so thin that he feared he might have to fall back.—But of that, no matter; it made little or no difference and hurt nobody, for the fruit was almost ripe for the plucking, and the doubts or deliberations of no man could affect it much.

In Santiago conferences were being held, too, and from the last of them Admiral Cervera emerged with his mind

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THE "INDIANA" ON FULL SPEED

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made up that Santiago harbor was no safe place for the Spanish fleet. With the city taken and in the hands of the enemy, the harbor would be untenable for Spanish war-vessels. Admiral Cervera, besides being a courteous gentleman, was a brave and a prudent admiral. So he made up his mind what was the only thing to do, and waited only for a favorable opportunity to put his plan into action.

Of all of this, Sampson, leading the great blockade outside the harbor, knew nothing but guessed a little. Every day for a month those grey bull-dogs had lain off that harbor, soaking lazily in the quiet waters. Every day for a month the long sunny hours had drifted by beneath the tropic sky, without alarm or movement from the foe. The men, from watching so ceaselessly the mouth of that harbor which never showed them the sight they awaited, came to believe that the Spaniards never would come out. They were very well off where they were, under the great guns of Morro; why should they venture forth? All the same, the gaze as from eagles' eyes never faltered, never lifted; and it would have been by a miracle alone that escape would have been possible.

The morning of Sunday, July 3, dawned glorious and clear. The red sun sprang from the horizon with a leap, and from the sky the stars faded with unnoted swiftness. Out in the sea-way the blockading battleships moved, or swung at their moorings, in a great peacefulness; the hush of a Sunday morning lay upon ships and sea alike. Even on the shore, which seemed as deserted as a graveyard, there was no sound, no sign of life; the only moving thing was the Spanish flag on El Morro's walls, which fluttered in the faint air of dawn. As the morning advanced the feeling of languor increased; the whole sea seemed a-dream in a drowsy haze, and the great ships to be sleeping in the sun. They were all in their places, save Sampson's flag-

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ship, for he had taken the *New York* down the coast, in order to learn how things had fared with the army during the fighting of the last two days. The *Massachusetts*, too, had gone to coal. Cervera, looking out, saw the departure of two of the strongest vessels of his foes and decided that the hour had come to strike.

The blockade, on this Sunday morning, was maintained by five vessels: The *Brooklyn*, with Schley commanding; the *Oregon*, with Clark; the *Iowa*, with "Fighting Bob" Evans; the *Texas*, with Philip; and the *Indiana*, with Taylor. There were also, acting as pickets, the two converted yachts *Vixen* and *Gloucester*, the latter in charge of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and having on board, among the others of its small but indomitable crew, Richard Barnabit, the casual, the philosophic, who had developed into the most ardent patriot that ever fought beneath the flag. Close in toward shore lay the *Gloucester*, prowling fearlessly about almost under the guns of the Spanish batteries. She was the only vessel of the American fleet which had more than a few pounds of steam up. On the great war-ships the men were getting ready for a Sunday service. But in the harbor of Santiago, with their boilers throbbing under full head of steam, every

THE "VIZCAYA"

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deck cleared for action, and every man's nerve keyed to fighting pitch, the Spanish fleet looked to its admiral for the word to start.

It was thirty-four minutes past 9, and a man in a blue jacket on the battleship *Iowa* leaned far over the rail, scanning a faint blue line of smoke in Santiago harbor. One instant later his glass fell to the deck; and in a voice husky with excitement, there came upon the hushed air the cry:

"They 're coming out! The Spaniards are coming out!"

A yell from a hundred throats answered him; and almost before the echo of that cry had faded on the startled air, the men on board the great battleship were in their places. The signal was run up to the gaff and answered one moment later by Schley on the *Brooklyn*. Like magic the drowsy air seemed charged with a thousand currents; with the speed of light the ships found their crews in their places; down in the boiler-rooms the stokers were frantically piling coal upon the fires. Schley, grabbing his binoculars, ran to the bridge, crying as he went, in a voice that shook with eagerness:

"Clear ship for action; the enemy is coming out!"

Out of the narrow channel, peering forth first like a hunted animal

THE "CRISTOBAL COLON"

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seeking a way of escape from death, a great grey war-ship came. At the great distance from its blockaders it looked like a grim, grey projectile, thrust headforemost out of the narrow channel-mouth. It was the *Maria Teresa*, Cervera's flag-ship, and, without an instant's pause or hesitancy it headed sweepingly to the west. Out, out it came, at full speed, its great funnels pouring forth clouds of smoke, and its speed seeming tremendous to the sight of the Americans, in whose boilers steam was almost dead. As Diamond Shoal was passed, suddenly the great war-ship was seen to emit great puffs of white smoke, and a moment later the thunder of its guns came booming across the water.

Close at the flag-ship's heels came, in their order, the *Vizcaya*, the *Almirante Oquendo*, and the *Cristobal Colon*, keeping as close as prudence would allow. Bringing up the rear, their black hulls flashing like porpoises, came the two dreaded, Clyde-built torpedo-boat destroyers, *El Pluton* and *El Furor*. As each ship emerged from the channel and swung quickly into flight to westward, her batteries opened fire. The uproar became incessant, and the escaping ships were covered in vast masses of smoke which hung close upon the water, and obscured the sight of them from the Americans farther out to sea.

Instantly the *Brooklyn*, which faced eastward, answered the fire from her port guns; then, seeing that the battle was to be to westward, swung slowly around, gaining speed gradually the while. Soon the great ship began to thrill with the increasing speed, as the boilers, pressed to their utmost, began to bring up the steam to yield the vessel's rated gait. Upon her all the while was concentrated the fire of the escaping Spaniards, as well as that of the west battery of the harbor forts. A heavy fire it was, but she emerged from it with none but trifling hurts.

Out of the smoke that cloaked her came the *Maria Teresa*,

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ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "MARIA TERESA"

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with the great yellow and gold standard of her country flying from her peak. She headed out a little, toward the *Brooklyn*, and it seemed as though she were to direct her attack at that vessel. The thunder of her guns never ceased, her men were firing frantically, round after round, and the other ships were but little behind. It was part of the Spanish plan to try to disable the *Brooklyn*, which was known, in the absence of the *New York*, to be the fastest ship of the American fleet. On board the *Brooklyn*, save for the noise of the cannonading, all was as methodical, as cool, as though the ship were merely firing salutes, or at target practice. The men served their guns as coolly as though they had been waiting for the chance all their lives, and the effects of their fire began to appear.

All the ships were in full flight now, and the Americans, their steam at last reaching full head, were hot upon the escapers' trail. Not far behind the *Brooklyn* forged the *Texas*, coming up fast, the bulk of her fire being directed with terrible effect upon the foremost Spanish vessels. And close at the *Texas's* heels, overhauling her with every ounce of power in her giant frame, came the *Oregon*, with Clark — the *Oregon*, which had come, almost without a pause, 14,000 miles of sea to join the Atlantic squadron. Now she was going to prove that her mighty cruise had not been taken in vain.

The ships were nearer now. At times, when the wind shifted, the men on the *Brooklyn's* deck could see the details of the enemy's vessels; could see the splendid golden figure-heads, the rich silken battle-flags, and the bright awnings that covered the decks. They were as glorious in appearance as the ships that once moved voluptuously upon the Cydnus, but they were on a different errand, and their guns spoke out that errand without ceasing. So close were they come that the men serving the guns could be plainly seen, as they

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CREW AT RAPID-FIRING GUNS

bent, and ran about, and pulled. All the while the watchers, upon their moving, quivering decks, felt their hearts thrilling to the glory of this most mighty of battles.

In their ears was the deafening sound of the rapid-fire guns, whose thunder smote upon the ear-drum with an interminable series of sharp and terrible detonations. To their nostrils and in their eyes came the sharp and acrid odor of saltpeter, the whirling, choking clouds of the gun's smoke that swept and swirled in masses to and fro. The men, half-naked now, serving their guns with unshaken nerve, moved in their places with the deadly surety of machines, as though they were part of the instruments they handled.

From the rear of the Spanish line the *Colon* was drawing up. She was the swiftest of the Spaniards, and her rated speed was higher than that of any of her foes. It was evidently her intention to escape, whatever might befall the remainder of her squadron. From the rear, too, coming up as fast as might be, to get under the protecting fire of the *Vizcaya* and the *Maria Teresa*, fled the torpedo-boat destroyers. Clinging

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to them, with a tenacity that would not be shaken off, came the *Gloucester*, every gun pouring its fire into the dangerous foes it had chosen for its own.

Richard, on the *Gloucester*, was in the seventh heaven. It seemed to him he had waited for this all his life, as though everything that he had done in the past were swallowed up in this great moment he was living now. When the ships had started out, his vessel, picket-standing, was closer to shore than any of the other American vessels. It lay almost under the guns of the two nearest forts and moved about with utter disregard of its perilous position. As the warships had emerged, the *Gloucester* let them pass — no prey of hers, she was saving herself for other things. Presently she saw the things she awaited. There they came, *El Pluton* and *El Furor*, the deadly, black, torpedo-boat destroyers that all the fleet dreaded, on their prows the terrible projectiles which needed but to be rightly directed to send the proudest ship afloat to her destruction. On they came, and

TRAINING A FIFTEEN-INCH GUN

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the little *Gloucester*, her guns belching forth one sheet of flame, swept dauntlessly into the fray.

The destroyers, answering her fire, turned at bay. They strove to aim their torpedoes, strove to shatter their single adversary, with a withering fire. In vain; the fire they were facing was far too accurate and too fierce. The *Gloucester* was but a short distance away, unheeding alike the fire

THE SANTIAGO SEA FIGHT

of the torpedo-boats and that of the forts ashore. The shots from her small guns raked the two black craft fore and aft. Battery after battery she silenced, gun after gun was disabled or abandoned. No human power could withstand such a fire as hers. One by one the guns of the two vessels went silent. In absolute disregard of prudence and of caution, the converted yacht went closer still; her fire, already tremendous, redoubled as she went.

Before the eyes of all, there arose from the *Pluton's* prow a great cloud of smoke, followed by a thunderous roar. In another moment the *Pluton*, her back broken, her hull afire in a dozen places, half her men killed and all her guns

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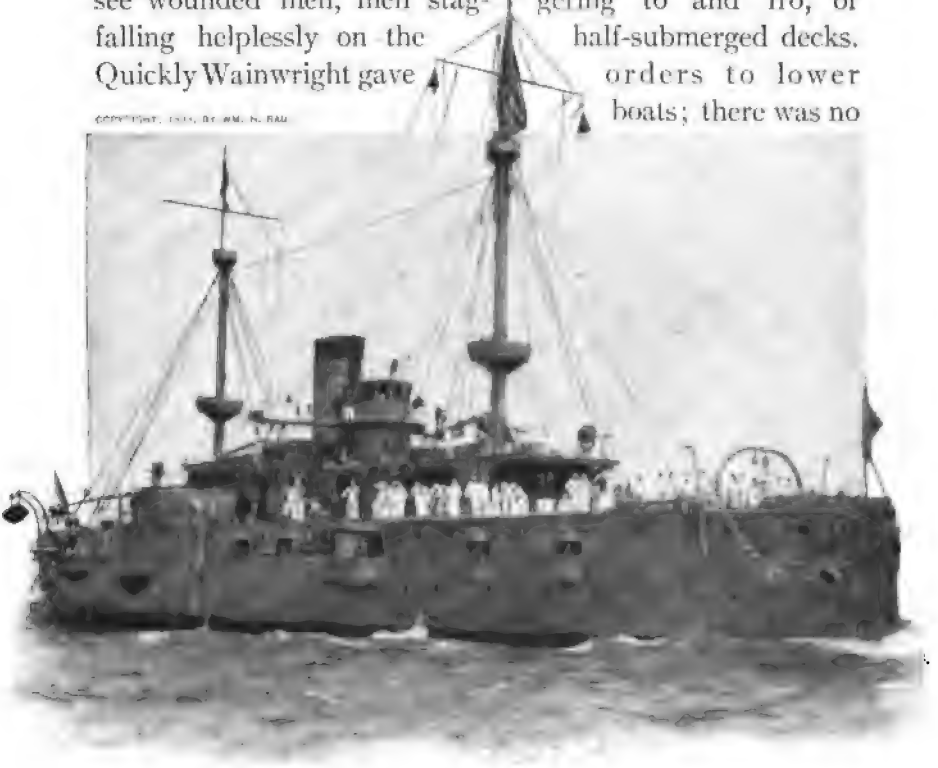
silenced, sank slowly into the water near the shore. Slowly enough she went down, but swiftly enough so that her men were in the gravest danger of drowning, for she had not a ship's boat left for their rescue. The *Gloucester*, seeing her plight, ran in close. She dared not stop yet, for her work was not done; but in less than five minutes, the *Furor*, too, was in ruins. Shattered, afire, crippled, beaten, she headed helplessly inland and grounded in the shallow water near the land. From her decks rose a great column of inky smoke. The torpedo-boat destroyers were no more.

Richard, hearing the swift hail: "Cease firing!" felt his heart swell with a mighty triumph. He, he himself, had helped to do this, and then, when that first great thrill was over, he felt rushing over him again the feeling of humanity, the feeling of brotherhood, which had been extinguished in the smoke of battle. On the two wrecked vessels he could see wounded men, men staggering to and fro, or falling helplessly on the half-submerged decks. Quickly Wainwright gave orders to lower boats; there was no



THE "TEXAS" RETURNING FROM SANTIAGO

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other aid within sight, and the Spaniards were drowning. Over the side went the dinghys, and in one of them went Richard. Across the waters toward the foe they went, and Richard helped to pull the living to a

THE "OQUENDO" AND THE "MARIA TERESA" BURNING ON THE BEACH OFF SANTIAGO

place of safety. Their mission was one now of peace and the diviner one of mercy, and Richard was amazed to find with what careful and tender hands he helped to pull over the side these men whom five minutes before he had been fighting with all his

THE WRECK OF THE "OQUENDO"

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soul and body. Had it not been for the *Gloucester* and its men, every Spaniard on the two boats would have perished in the sea.

Meanwhile, farther on, where the greater fight raged, two more of the Spanish ships would fight no more. The *Maria Teresa* and the *Oquendo*, which had striven mightily to cover the *Colon's* flight, had yielded at last to the hail of shot in which they had been enveloped by the *Oregon*, the *Brooklyn*, the *Texas*, and the *Iowa*. In less than half an hour from the actual commencement of the fray, the *Oquendo* turned in toward shore, burning in a dozen fires, which her men strove vainly to extinguish. Only a few moments later the great flag-ship of Cervera, shattered and broken, with her prow a wreck from a thirteen-inch shell of the *Indiana's* battery, headed also into shore. For these two also the story was told. The *Texas*, and the *Iowa*, too slow to take part in the running battle which remained, stood off to finish their work.

There was not much more to do, in the way of fighting, but much in the way of mercy. The flag of Cervera was still flying — afterward it was learned that there was no one in that part of the vessel to take it down — and for a little time the firing continued. It then was seen that both vessels were utterly helpless and soon the swift dinghys were flying over the water, just

THE WRECK OF THE "MARIA TERESA"

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as they had done from the *Gloucester*, to the work of humanity and rescue. Just six miles had the flag-ship fled, in its swift running to escape, and just one half-mile farther had the *Oquendo*. For them both the day was done, the world was ended. And from the bridge of the *Texas*, to his men who thronged about him in the hour of victory, Captain Philip said gently:

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying!" And the cheers perished unuttered in the victors' throats.

But two of the fleeing vessels now remained afloat, one, the *Colon*, far in the lead, the other, the *Vizcaya*, tearing along at top speed less than a mile inland from the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, which now directed their fire solely upon Eulate's ship. Then ensued the most terrible gun-play of the day, as far as accuracy and execution were concerned. The short range made every shot that took effect a terrible engine of destruction, and the range was gradually shortening. Slowly they drew together: 1800 yards, 1500, 1200, barely a thousand. The *Brooklyn* was bearing the brunt of the battle, with the *Oregon* drawing up slowly. The fire was becoming more and more deadly, and it was about this time that there occurred on the *Brooklyn* the only fatality of the day. George Ellis, captain's clerk, had his head cut from his body by a Spanish shell. It was the only death on the American side. Schley, a few paces away, found time to say: "Do not throw that body overboard; save it for honorable burial." This was done.

It was by this time nearly 11 o'clock, and the *Oregon* was in the fight. An eight-inch shell from her forward battery struck in the *Vizcaya's* gun-room and a great explosion followed. A storm of fragments, steel, and men rose in the air; one end of her bridge tottered and sank in ruins; a burst of flame arose from her deck. Her fire slackened and stopped; the last shell whistled over the *Brooklyn's*

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Very truly yours
W. S. Schley

Yours very truly
R. D. Evans

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head and dropped harmlessly into the sea beyond. The *Vizcaya*, beaten, humbled, turned, as her sister ships had done, into shore. This was at Aserradero, twenty miles west of Santiago; and Evans, of the *Iowa*, coming up in the trail of the battle, went over to the sinking enemy, to take her commander's surrender.

Gallantly Evans handed back the sword of the brave Eulate, who had fought so well, yet all in vain. On his own quarter-deck he proffered his sword to the American captain, who shook his head in tribute to his foe.

"Keep it, señor," he said to the wounded Eulate, "no man ever fought a braver fight than yours!"

The fight was over. Of that fleet of fighting machines that had steamed so valiantly out of Santiago harbor one hour and a half before, five were lying in ruins in the sea along the shore. The sixth, the *Colon*, five miles ahead of her grim pursuers, the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, was in full flight westward. Back along the shore the American ships were succoring the wounded foes, doing the thousand things that the moment suggested. Sampson, in the *New York*, who had been steaming furiously back to join the fray, was now returned and in command, as he had been theoretically during the whole engagement. He now directed the handling of the rescuing parties and gave confirmatory signals to Schley and Clark as they kept on their dogged pursuit of the only floating Spaniard. The great chase began.

About four and a half miles separated the *Brooklyn* from the flying prey. The *Oregon*, making two knots above its rated speed, tore through the water nearly parallel to the *Brooklyn*, and a mile or so nearer shore. It was a doubtful business, this stern chase, for the *Colon* was rated at a speed four knots faster than either of her pursuers. But there was no such word as fail in the American lexicon that day.

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Schley, knowing the coast, knew that many miles to the west the headland of Cape Cruz protruded, and the ship's prow was turned straight for this point. Inasmuch as the *Colon* followed the coast more closely, there would be a little gain in that.

With their prows cutting the water in clouds of foam the great ships plowed through the sparkling waves. The captains had given orders to cease firing, and all the men who could be spared from the boiler rooms were out on deck, resting after their exertions and cooling their heated bodies and brains in the bright air of heaven. Slowly the pursuers began to gain. The *Oregon*, throbbing in every sinew from the mighty efforts of her engines, kept pulling nearer and nearer. The *Brooklyn*, going under forced draft, was crawling nearer inch by inch. The flight had now continued in this formation more than an hour, and the beginning of the end was in sight.

THE WRECK OF THE "VIZCAYA" ON THE CUBAN COAST

A tremendous boom from the *Oregon* broke the stillness, and at a range of 8500 yards, a great shell tore off toward the *Colon*, plunging into the water only a short distance astern. It was too close to be agreeable, and when, a few miles farther, both the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* opened in earnest, the Spaniards saw that the race was up. One shell from the *Brooklyn* struck at the *Colon's* heel, hurling a mighty column of water over upon her decks.

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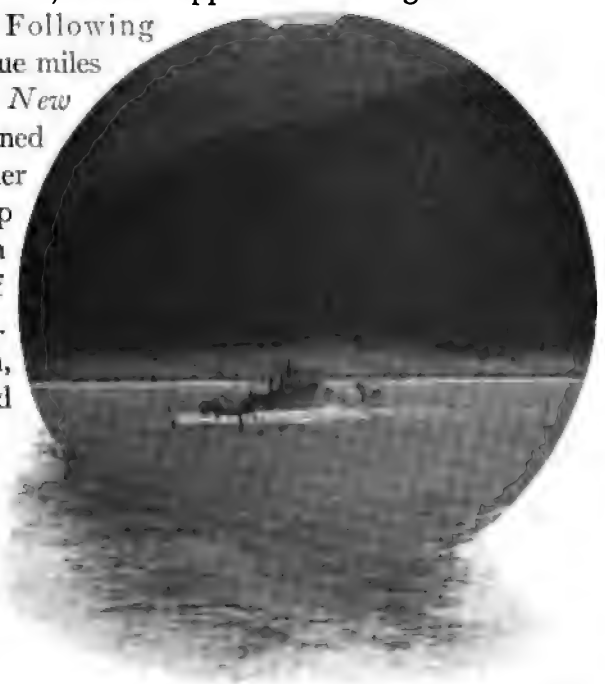
Other shots later struck her side. There was no fight left in her, and at 1:15 that afternoon, after a chase lasting nearly two hours, down from her masthead came the proud standard of Spain. Heading into shore, the *Colon* drove into her last resting-place. With her sea-valves opened by her crew when they saw that her race was run, she sank in the shallow water. At Rio Tarquino she sank, forty-eight miles from the place where her flight commenced, and, by a strange quirk of fate, on almost the very spot where, twenty-five years before, the first Hernando Stevens and his comrades of the *Virginius* had sought to land. There she lay, and with her passed the last of the Spanish sea-warriors.

The second of Spain's two great fleets was a thing of the past. The wrecks of one lay rusting in Manila Bay; the ruins of the other lay strewed along the southern Cuban shore. Of the two warrior fleets which had done these things, not much was there to choose. Save for the one man killed on board the *Brooklyn*, both battles had been won without loss of life, without appreciable damage to the American ships. Following through the long blue miles Sampson, in the *New York*, who had planned the whole for other men to do, came up to draw the curtain on the last act of this naval drama.

Back and forth, like a distracted chicken, in the Suez Canal, went Admiral Camara with Spain's only



THE WRECK OF THE "CRISTOBAL COLON"

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HENRY C. TAYLOR

remaining vessels, considering whether to go to Manila or to Cuba. In the end he did neither, and so, with this victory of that Sunday morning, the naval history of the Spanish War must cease. Seldom has anything been seen more complete, more utterly perfect than the behavior of the ships and men of the American navy. To those foreign eyes who watched grudgingly the success of the American fleets, not one loophole was left for blinking the truth.

JOHN W. PHILIP

One victory so sweeping as was Dewey's might be accidental; but two,— no. It was the old blood flowing through the veins, as it flowed through the veins of John Paul Jones, of Decatur, of Lawrence, of Farragut, and of the long line of sea-heroes who followed them. It is the blood of the victors of the world's greatest conflicts, those which were waged, not for glory, not for gain, but for the hope of liberty, for the love of country, for the great heart of humanity.

Along the southern shore of Cuba, that Sunday afternoon, the victors forgot their triumphs in the ministry of mercy.

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CHAPTER XIX

THE FALL OF SANTIAGO

OVER the brow of a little hill in front of Santiago went a man with a white flag. Outlined for a moment he stood, boldly silhouetted against the clear radiance of dawn; then, slowly, and choosing his way through the rough going, he started for the city gate, followed by the eyes of half the American army. It was shortly after 8 o'clock in the morn-

SEAVEY'S ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WHERE CERVERA AND HIS CREW WERE CONFINED AS PRISONERS OF WAR

ing, the morning after the fleet of Spain had been destroyed, and the truce flag went into the invested city to arrange for the evacuation of the non-combatants.

Grave days they were, in Santiago, when the news came that Cervera had been taken, and that his squadron was no more. General Toral, who commanded, now that Linares was wounded, was confronted by the most serious of dilemmas. His city was surrounded; his harbor blockaded; his men, already twice defeated by these strangely fighting Americanos, were not any too eager for resumption of immediate hostilities. And all the while, maddeningly, querulously, came over the wires from Madrid questions, orders,

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fretful complaints, queries as to why this, that, and the other course was not taken!

General Toral found his position one which might tax a graver head than his, which was not especially astute; though it was filled, as was his heart, with an obstinate and a desperate bravery. He puckered his brows over the matter for many a weary hour, yet no way of escape could he see. One thing, however, was sure — there could be no harm in yielding a truce for a few days till the non-combatants could be let out of the city walls. They ate a great deal of food, these non-combatants, which might be needed for fighting-men, and it was well to be rid of them. And for his part, he wished the Americans joy of the bargain. The sooner the non-combatants left, the better for Santiago!

It was arranged that on July 5 they should leave, and on that day the exodus began. Ah, what a sight was there, in the bright morning! Out they came, these people who could not or would not fight, wearily, miserably, out into the broad light of day, and picked their wretched way up over the hills to safety, and to a place, their sodden faces said, where there was no more fighting and no more war — if such a place there were in all the wide world.

THE SANTIAGO WATER FRONT

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Men, women, and children, of every age and condition and shape and size, but all one in their aspect of hopelessness; a motley crew they were. Black and white, cultured and ignorant, old and young, they elbowed their way along through the shifting crowds of them, out of the danger of the bombardment which was to come. This bombardment, as a matter of fact, never did come to pass, save for a few scattering shells from hills or from war-ships; but the non-combatants could not know that such would be the case. Many of them, those of the better class, were leaving behind them the homes which had been theirs for all their lives, and their families' for generations. This, too, was in their faces as they marched along, too proud to show the anguish they felt at being jostled by half-naked negroes, who ran sweating with fear helter-skelter from the walls. It was a pitiful spectacle: let it be remembered no more. Over the hills to El Caney most of the refugees went, there to spread famine and fever as their troubles bred.

Through the lines they had passed, and the lines closed after them, and the great circling watch of the city continued. Shafter, now that his backbone was stiffened by President McKinley's sharp telegram bidding him take nothing from Toral but unconditional surrender, behaved better. There was in the blood of him, though, the incurable germ of indecision, and for nearly two weeks after the naval victory he backed and filled before the surrounded city, which needed but one assured touch to fall into his hands. The one flag of truce of that first day sprouted hundreds; a flag of truce went in every hour, asking Toral if he were not ready to surrender! No? then back to the hilltops and fire another gun. Now, will you surrender, Señor Don Toral? In went another flag of truce.— What? still obdurate? Then, back again to the hill and try

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him with one more shell! And so the tedious business progressed, or failed to progress, for many weary days.

There was, however, to the men who waited so patiently upon the circling hills, one ray of hope — the Spaniards had no intention of fighting any more. That, and the fact that Miles was on his way, made the long wait endurable. One incident, moreover, brightened the dullness of the vigil, and that was the return of Lieutenant Hobson. For more than a month it had not been

THE PEACE TREE, WHERE THE GENERALS MET TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO

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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET

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known with certainty whether Hobson was alive or dead. Both ways the rumors ran; one day it was reported he was dead, the next that he was alive, but suffering from prison fever, and likely to die at any moment. The British consul, who had been kind to him in the first days of his imprisonment, had not been permitted to see him any more, and definite news there was none.

The authorities were at work, however, and finally, after much effort, and a great deal of superfluous talking on the part of Spanish officials, it was arranged that Hobson and his seven men should be exchanged for a Spanish lieutenant and fourteen privates. July 7 the exchange occurred. Up the winding road from the city came the brave lieutenant and his seven men, the great trees on either side of the trail arching over their heads as they rode slowly along. All day, under rumors of their coming, the soldiers had waited for them; at sunset they came.

Slowly, gravely, they came up the trail, and the men, almost the whole army, watched them in silence. Hobson rode in the lead, the prison pallor on his face and his eyes bent steadily before him. At the top of the rise he halted for a moment, in full sight of the breathless army.

A pause of terrible impressiveness. Over his head bent the green shadow of the trees, and behind him, turning the air to a rosy glow, flamed the setting sun, so that his figure stood out clear and black against the sunset glow. Before him, motionless, reverent, and with heads bared, stood the men of the army, men who had fought bravely, too, and who were come to pay homage to one whom they felt deserved all the homage they could give. Just for one moment, one breathless moment, he sat thus; then, behind him, the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner"! The spell was broken; from a thousand throats burst forth a roar of welcome and of joy; and Hobson, with his white face and his

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serious eyes, followed by his seven men, rode on through the thronging men, who laughed and cheered, and threw their hats high in air, and rushed forward to press his hand, or his horse's harness, or anything they could reach. And followed thus by the plaudits, not only of hands and tongues, but of hearts, he passed on through the lines, on his way to rejoin his ship.

The spectacle was over. Whatever might befall Lieutenant Hobson after that, he would at least have one thing to remember, a triumph as wonderful as any ever accorded to a Roman conqueror. The army returned to its dreary business of watching the doomed city. Every day and night the vigilance, the firing, the truce-flags — the prospect stretched out interminably ahead of them, it seemed at times. The only breaks in the monotony were the meals, and once a day, at sunset, when the bands played the wonderful strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." When those great tones came through the air, the camp went hushed; the men, whatever they were doing at the time, fell silent. Half unconsciously, every man rose to his feet, hat in hand, and so remained, till that playing was done. Then, silent still, but with unspeakable things moving in his heart, he bestirred himself once more about the business of the hour.

SCENE NEAR THE MARKET, SANTIAGO, CUBA

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Santiago was a doomed town, and everybody in it knew that this was so; all that remained was to fix upon terms of surrender with the Americans. It was at this juncture that there landed at Siboney General Nelson A. Miles, the general commanding the American forces. General Miles showed no disposition to supersede General Shafter, but his very presence seemed to stimulate affairs. July 12 a truce was made; the following day a conference of generals was held, and the matter was virtually settled.

General Toral, indeed, did request a day's time to cable the terms to Madrid, but there was no longer any question about their acceptance, the two or three days which elapsed before the signing of the first agreement being merely due to the inevitable Spanish habit of delaying. July 16, however, the delays were at an end, and the next day the American army marched into Santiago, in triumph that made no display, and with all the signs of a victor's elation repressed out of respect to the vanquished.

Early in the morning General Shafter and General Wheeler, with their aides and chiefs of staff, followed closely by the division and brigade commanders, started forward toward the captured city. At about 9:30 they were met by the magnificent array of the Spanish officers,

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THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SANTIAGO

wearing, every man of them, orders, and stars, and crosses, and bright ribbons in profusion. General Toral, sad-faced, rode slowly up to General Shafter, and the two, victor and vanquished, shook hands in silence.

"You fought gallantly, señor!" said Shafter, breaking the little pause. "I congratulate you upon the fire and

THE CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO

bravery of your defense!" The Spaniard bowed, but it was to be seen that his heart was heavy. Only once during the ceremony did his face lighten, and that was when, as the two rode forward toward the open city gates, Shafter beheld the lines and lines of barbed-wire fences wherewith Toral had protected every approach to the city.

"It would have taken me many thousands of men to break through that defense," he said; and the faintest

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flicker of a smile crossed the other's downcast face. As they rode forward along the path, they beheld the carcasses of horses lying by the roadside, and the hasty graves of men, some of which had been torn open by the vultures — grisly sights for seeing, and ones which showed with terrible clearness that war had been that way. Just outside the wall they were met by a battalion of Spanish infantry, who marched out, laid down their arms, and marched back again, in token of surrender.

Into the city's narrow streets they went, finally reaching the square, which the 9th Infantry soon cleared. The generals entered the church.

All this had taken time, and it was now nearly noon. In the cathedral Shafter was received by the archbishop — a matter of much ceremony — and many high phrases were exchanged. It was this same archbishop who had declared, only a little while before, that with 10,000 troops he could raise the Spanish flag over the Capitol at Washington; so it is possible that there was in the meeting, for him at least, food for philosophy. He passed out through the open doors, into the crowds that rimmed the square, and took his way on out of public view. The eyes of all men, now, were watching the great cathedral clock, whose hands indicated five minutes to noon.

Drawn up in magnificent formation stood the troops, and around them, in indiscriminate groups and masses, clustered the people, natives, soldiers, and priests — all waiting for the end. The five minutes dragged on like snails. Finally, half a minute before full noon, the cathedral bells began to chime; others joined them; and at last, full-throated, came the first stroke of twelve, ringing out upon the hushed air like a note of doom.

The hearts of the watchers in the square stood still, for suddenly, at that signal, there broke out on the palace flag-

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staff over their heads, the American flag! A little sigh ran through the watching troops, and every man bared his head in silence. Then, while still they stood hushed, "The Star Spangled Banner," with its tremendous opening chords, floated out upon the air. Afar from the trenches came the thunder of artillery, and from 10,000 American throats came the thrilling sound of cheering.

It was all over; Santiago had fallen.

From the roof of the palace floated the American flag; the Spanish one, which had floated there so long, had fallen forever. The city of Santiago had surrendered! This city for more than three centuries had been the Spaniards' own; round it were centered some of the proudest memories of the race. In its history were great dates, mighty names — Balboa, Cortez, Columbus, Las Casas the humane, the almost saintly. From this harbor sailed on their memorable expeditions, Cordova, Grijalva, Cortez; at this port had touched De Leon, Pizarro, De Soto, and Christopher Estévan, in those old days when the New World was new. But the flag which had waved above those mighty navies of old was to float no more above this harbor. Presently it would float no more over any single foot of all this land which Spain had come so far to find and striven so desperately to hold.

For Santiago, and for Cuba, it was over, for nobody doubted now that the war in Cuba was at an end. The blockade of the northern ports was as strongly maintained as ever, and no one, even in Madrid, but knew that Spain's days in her western colonies were numbered. Already in the harbor, where the last of the defenders' torpedoes were exploding harmlessly, the ships making ready for the Porto Rican expedition were preparing to sail, General Miles waiting only for Sampson to furnish him proper fighting-ships for escort. And it was on the old and weather-beaten

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quay that Hernando Stevens and Richard Barnabit met again at last — met for one fleeting instant — no more. Richard, on the *Gloucester*, was to accompany Miles, and his duty would not give him leave. So he and Hernando, leaning across the short blue space which sundered them, waved their arms affectionately over the water and shouted glorious shoutings of triumph and good-will which neither could understand. And Hernando, standing alone upon the quay, saw Richard's form, erect and jaunty as ever, retreat slowly from his sight as the *Gloucester* dropped down the bay to her anchorage with the fleet. Warmed at heart, he turned to the work that confronted him.

SUBMARINE MINES TAKEN FROM THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR

Now that the surrender had passed into history, he had little trouble in getting a half-day's leave, and, straight as a homing pigeon, he flew to the ruined garden on the hill. There, almost as he had left her, he found Elaine, and she stretched forth her arms to him without a word. Old Pedro, looking more withered and aged than ever in the sunlight, shuffled off again when he saw who it was, and the two were left alone for one charmèd hour.

When that little time was done, Elaine, rousing herself by an effort from the reverie into which she had fallen, turned swiftly to Hernando.

"We must go now, to search for him," she said.

"Yes," said Hernando gravely. "Are you ready to come now?"

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Together, with Pedro shuffling along some paces in the rear, they went down the narrow path. Hernando, who had managed to procure a sturdy little Cuban pony, bade Elaine mount, as soon as they reached the open road; and in this manner, old Pedro still bringing up the rear, they proceeded along the road to Santiago. It was nearly sunset, and the sadnesses of the road were hidden somewhat by the shadows; all the same, Hernando was glad when that journey was done. He took Elaine straight to the American headquarters, where he learned he could find place for her at the British consulate. Under the English flag she slept that night, for nothing could be done toward searching the prisons till the following day. When morning dawned, Hernando awaited her at the door.

In some way he had contrived to obtain leave to accompany the party which was to open the long-unopened Spanish prison; for Elaine he had not been able to gain a similar permission, but when her story was known, she was allowed to go to the prison itself, there to await the result of the search of the cells. As they walked along toward the old grey building, Elaine could find no word to say. Hernando strove to comfort her, but there was little he could say. In his heart he felt sure that her father must be dead, but, seeing her unwavering hope, he had not the heart to voice his conviction. Instead, he endeavored by every means in his power, to cheer her. In this manner they passed through the streets.

At last they stood before the prison gates, and slowly, reluctantly, as though hesitant to disclose the secrets which had been kept so long, the gates swung open, and the Americans entered the courtyard. A cold air, as of the tomb, came from the long corridor behind the open door. A jailer, with large keys and an obsequious manner, bowed before the Americanos and assured them in stammering Spanish that he would show them everywhere. The gover-

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nor of the prison was nowhere to be found, and was, in point of fact, never discovered. When the secrets of that prison were known, it was not hard to understand his absence. Indeed, had he been present, he might have been roughly handled. For the things which were in that prison were beyond the utmost contrivances of the Pit. As Hernando followed through the long, cold corridors, the chill of them penetrated to his bones, and at the sight of some of the cells, the hearts of all were aghast.

There, in the cold, fetid air, lying in mouldy and miserable straw, or else on bare stone floors, their eyes gleaming

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OVER THE HOUSE TOPS OF SANTIAGO, THE HARBOR IN THE DISTANCE

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like those of wild beasts in the almost utter darkness, were men and women — some in chains, some not; some old, a few young; some sane, many no longer so, but all wretched, emaciated, half-starved, racked with fever or ague, all half-blind, wholly miserable, utterly hopeless. And for what crimes? Most of them, for none. There were men there who had been imprisoned twenty years, without trial or examination, on suspicion; there were witnesses who had been detained for evidence in some long-settled lawsuit, lingering here forgotten; there was a man named Silvera who had been imprisoned for fourteen years, for a petty theft, the maximum punishment for which was legally but six months; there were old men who wandered in their minds, and who could not remember for what cause they had been imprisoned; women who fainted on the floors of their cells on being told that the Spaniards were in power no more. Looking on all this, no man could doubt that it was time for Spain's dominion in this land to cease.

Through all of this search, no sign had been found of Señor Cabanel. The jailer, whom Hernando questioned sharply, said hesitatingly that he thought he was still alive; he thought he was in one of the lower cells. And so, when all the upper corridors were searched, they descended to the lowest, most terrible level of all. In the first cell, which had no window, there was no prisoner; in the second none; but in the third cell, on the corner, which had a small opening, perhaps six inches square, there was a man stretched out upon the floor. He made no answer when they hailed him through the door.

Hernando forced his way through the little group.

"Is this the cell?" he demanded of the jailer.

The jailer muttered in Spanish that he thought so — he was not sure — it might be — he was a poor man — he could not tell — it might be — it —

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COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN SANTIAGO

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"Open the door!" cried Hernando, mingled fear and hope beating at his heart.

Creaking on its rusty hinge, the door swung open, and Hernando brushed past the jailer and entered the stone room. By the light of the lantern he could see that a man lay still in the corner of the cell; the rays fell upon his white hair, and his emaciated cheeks. His eyes were closed.

Hernando knelt beside him; the other did not stir. Hernando turned again to the jailer, who stood stupidly by holding the light with hands that shook.

"Señor Cabanel!" said Hernando questioningly; and the jailer nodded. At the sound the grey face upon the floor relaxed; and the lids of the sunken eyes were raised. From their sockets shone out two glittering eyes, eyes in which remained a courage not even death could daunt. Motionless, save for those bright eyes, the old man lay, and he and Hernando regarded each other silently.

"Señor Cabanel?" asked Hernando, tremulously. The eyes answered him, "Yes."

Hernando rose to his feet. He had seen enough to know that there was no time to lose. He whispered for a moment in the ear of the lieutenant in command, then started back along the corridor; save for the lieutenant, and the jailer with the light, the cell was left to its silent occupant. A minute passed. Swiftly along the stone floor, came the tread of returning feet. The lieutenant could hear a voice, low and tender, saying:

"Do not fail, sweetheart! He is alive — there is time!"

Then, the gleam of Elaine's gown, the sound of her swift feet, and, with a great sob stifled on her lips, she passed through the narrow door and fell upon her knees before the figure of the old man.

"*Padre mio, padre mio!*" she said, in a voice as soft as an angel's wing. Bending over him as though she were his

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mother, she raised the poor old head with its white hair in her arms, close to her heart. And he, her father, opening his eyes for the last time, fixed them upon her face. From his lips came the murmur of her mother's name — the mother whom she had so wonderfully resembled. The old man thought that it was his love who had come to him once more, and with a little smile upon his lips, he turned his cheek to rest upon her bosom; and so, died.

It was only a little later when Hernando led Elaine forth again into the sunlight. She could do no good by staying; nothing could be done for the dead man now. Elaine, having seen that smile upon her father's lips, knew she had come in time, and all her soul thanked God. Hernando led her back through the streets to the consulate. The rest of that day he did not leave her; she leaned upon his shoulder, and was comforted in his arms.

Outside, in the streets, was the incessant hum of the reawakening city, now to be born again to freedom and to life. Over the city, gloriously in the brilliant Cuban sunlight, floated the Flag of Freedom.

A Street Scene in Santiago

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CHAPTER XX

TEN THOUSAND MILES TO WESTWARD

MEANWHILE, in these swift summer months, Cuba had not been the only theater of war. Far away across those thousand leagues of smiling sea, out of the ken of all save the inner few, alone in the subdued but unfriendly waters of Manila Bay, rode George Dewey, at the head of his little fleet.

EMILIO AGUINALDO

Not a man of all that fleet but knew that the case was grave. Admiral Dewey, scanning with keen eye the waters of the bay and the frowning walls of Manila's forts, knew it; George Stevens and his fellow officers knew it, and discussed it calmly in season and out; every man aloft knew it; the very Chinamen in the cooks' galleys, imperturbable and uncaring as the sky itself, knew it as well. For it was no common contingency that confronted the American admiral when the echoes of his guns had died away. The Spanish fleet was destroyed, it is true, and the backbone of the Spanish defense thus broken,—but that was only one peril gone from a sky of perils.

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AGUINALDO AND HIS PRINCIPAL SUPPORTERS

When the laconic cable-message sped over the wires from Hong Kong, it started an electric thrill not only in America and in Spain, but in other places as well. If every word of that brief dispatch was multiplied by one hundred, it would still be inside the number of dispatches that began to fly like invisible dragon-flies over the diplomatic wires of Europe. The Spanish power in the Philippines was in danger of being overthrown! That was not the worst of it. The power of America in those islands was, correspondingly, and most perilously, in the ascendant. A Martian, or any other unprejudiced person, might pertinently have inquired, in the vernacular: "What business was it of Europe's?" But Europe did not feel that way about it.

Europe did not feel that way about it at all. She felt so differently, in fact, that almost before the powder smoke had blown away from Corregidor inlet, war-ships of foreign powers began to poke their noses through that channel, to take up as excellent a seeing position as might be in Manila Bay. Nobody knows exactly what orders these inquiring

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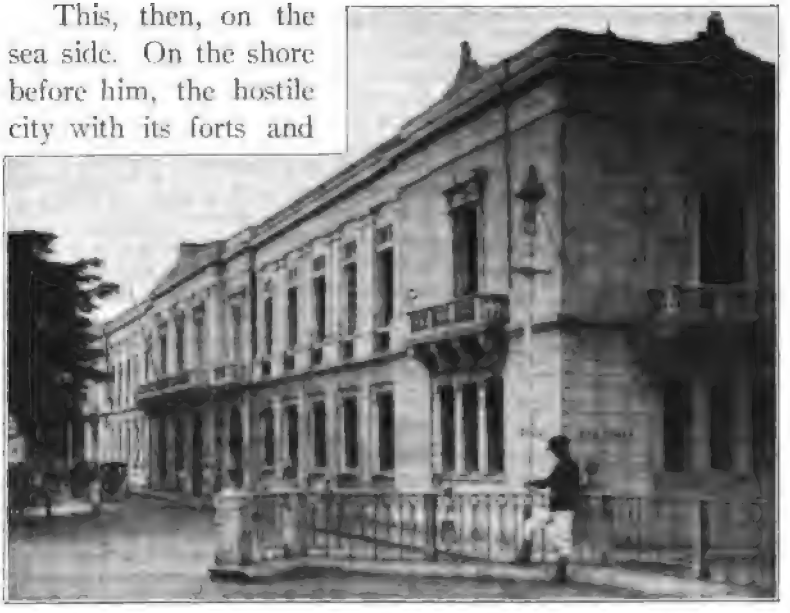
strangers had received from their governments. It is, in fact, probably true that the orders were as vague as the ideas behind them, for none of the European Powers knew precisely how far it was desirable or safe to go.

Japan was curious, but friendly; Russia had troubles enough and to spare without mixing in alien ones; Great Britain, towering in her strength, was an ally the most magnificent — but this fact was not discoverable from the bridge of the *Olympia*; France was overtly hostile in spirit, if not in act; but Germany it was in whom the snarling European chorus found their only active protagonist — Germany sent five war-vessels to Manila, and from the first their attitude was anything but friendly. Not until a little later did an open breach come; but Dewey was not blind, and the difficulty of his position was immeasurably increased by its uncertainty. The Germans' armament was superior to his own, and he knew that it might be more than a month before reinforcements could come from America.

This, then, on the sea side. On the shore before him, the hostile city with its forts and



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING, MANILA

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well-armed garrison, outnumbering the American forces by ten to one, so far as mere numbers went. And lastly, in the country around Manila, growing more discontented and unruly every day, and forgetting more and more readily that he owed to the Americans his return to a position of power, flourished Emilio Aguinaldo, head of the Filipino insurgents. Theoretically, of course, he was an ally of the Americans, in the fight against Spain; but as time went on, and he became more and more accustomed to authority and to the sight of the hated Spaniards cooped up in Manila, his love of country and hatred of Spain made it hard to be an ally to anybody. But the trouble with him, as with the Germans, came not yet; and Dewey, keeping a quiet and masterly hand upon the reins, maintained his sapient policy of playing for time. There was plenty of time, if the reinforcements from home started promptly. Unfortunately they did not so start. It was three weeks from the time that Dewey cabled for reinforcements, until the first expedition sailed from San Francisco. Not until May 25 was it that General Anderson and the first expedition left for the Philippines, by way of Honolulu; it would be another month before the transports

THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA: THIS WAS ALSO THE HOME OF ADMIRAL MONTOJO

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A Company of Aguinaldo's Soldiers

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could possibly reach Manila. It was, in fact, precisely two months from the day of the sea-fight that the first American reinforcements reached the seat of war.

The transport fleet for this first expedition consisted of the *Pekin*, the *Australia*, and the *City of Sidney*, in charge of the cruiser *Charleston*, Captain Henry Glass commanding. On June 4, under sealed orders, the fleet left Hawaii, and headed out across the calm Pacific for the island of Guam, in the Ladrones; for Captain Glass' sealed orders, which he opened as land grew hazy behind him, directed him to capture the Spanish strongholds on that island. After two weeks of uneventful passage, the *Charleston* and its convoy arrived at their first port of call. The *Charleston*, well in the lead, bidding the transports follow as they would, started forthright into the narrow entrance of San Luis d'Apra and after a little time was swallowed from sight in the narrow and tortuous channel.

Calmly, silently, unostentatiously, the American cruiser steamed slowly in and paused before the Spanish fortress Santa Cruz. A puff of white smoke broke from her bow, followed by the dull boom of a three-pounder, while the bright folds of the American flag broke out at her masthead. No reply from the shore. For perhaps five minutes the *Charleston's* guns awoke the far echoes of the silent bay. Still from the shore no sound. Soon the *Charleston*, realizing that none was to be expected, slipped along and dropped anchor before the walls of the town itself. Almost immediately there was a stir along the shore, and little boats began to put off from the quay. As they drew near, it could be seen that there were several Spanish officers aboard, and five minutes later these officers sprang over the *Charleston's* rail.

They bowed to the waist. They assured the Americans that they were honored by the visit of so magnificent a vessel,

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and so gallant a captain. They appreciated exquisitely the courtesy of the salute which had been fired, and they regretted, with all the Spanish hyperbole at their command, that only the utter absence of powder in their magazines had prevented their responding.

HENRY GLASS

"Salute?" said Captain Glass, and a little grin hid itself under the edges of his moustache. "Salute! Make no mistake, señors! That was no salute, I assure you. The United States and Spain are at war, and those shots were my demand for your surrender!"

In this ingenuous manner came about the capture of Guam. The governor, who had known nothing of the war's existence, and who seemed unable to recognize the situation, made at first some little difficulty; but when at last he found his doubts removed, sadly he came aboard the *Charleston*, with his chief officers, and the Spanish flag floated over that harbor no more. The second day thereafter the fleet moved onward, on the last stretch of its course, and one week later, the Philippines lay dark upon the horizon beneath the vessels' prows. On the last day of June, with the bright tropic sun dancing on the waters of the inlet, there crept in past the silent Corregidor forts, past the sullen foreign war-ships, past the low-lying shore batteries of Cavité, the vessels so long awaited. From the throats of the men who had made the First of May immortal burst forth a cheer such as those waters had heard but once before.

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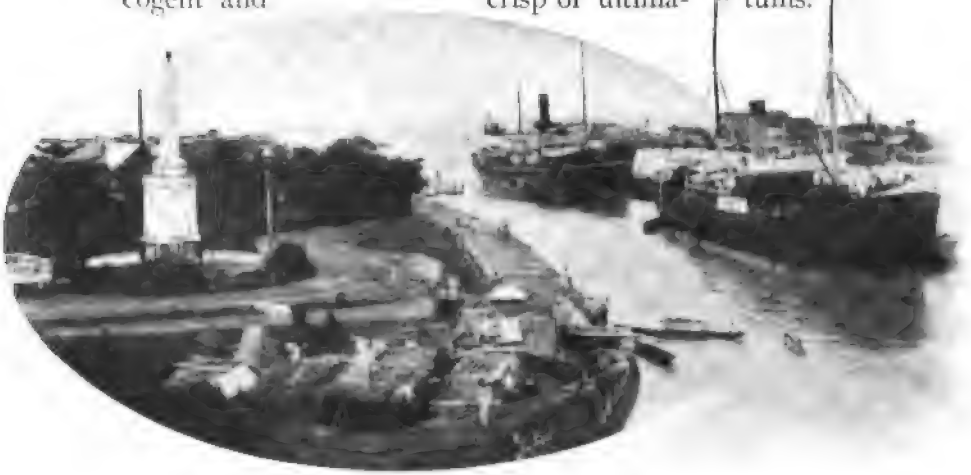
General Anderson and his men were immediately ensconced in the fortifications at Cavité, and the moral effect of their presence was marked. But perhaps their chief value lay in the load which their coming removed from the mind of the man on the *Olympia's* bridge, the man in whose hands the destiny of these islands lay. Not only did the arrival of the troops materially strengthen the American forces, but it showed that more aid was on the way. And the heart under every blue jacket beat more stoutly for feeling that on the blue waters to eastward other ships were coming — American ships, bearing American soldiers, to help finish the work so brilliantly begun.

Only the Germans seemed unmoved by the changed situation, and began, if anything, to press their unfriendliness to even greater lengths. Two incidents brought the matter to a head: the first, an attempt to interfere with the *Raleigh* and the *Concord* in their capture of Subig Bay and its forts; the second, a direct and open breach of naval and international etiquette when a German gunboat landed some provisions at Manila. Dewey's action in each of these cases was swift and decisive, and his message to the German admiral, von Diederich, was the most cogent and crisp of ultimatums.



THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER

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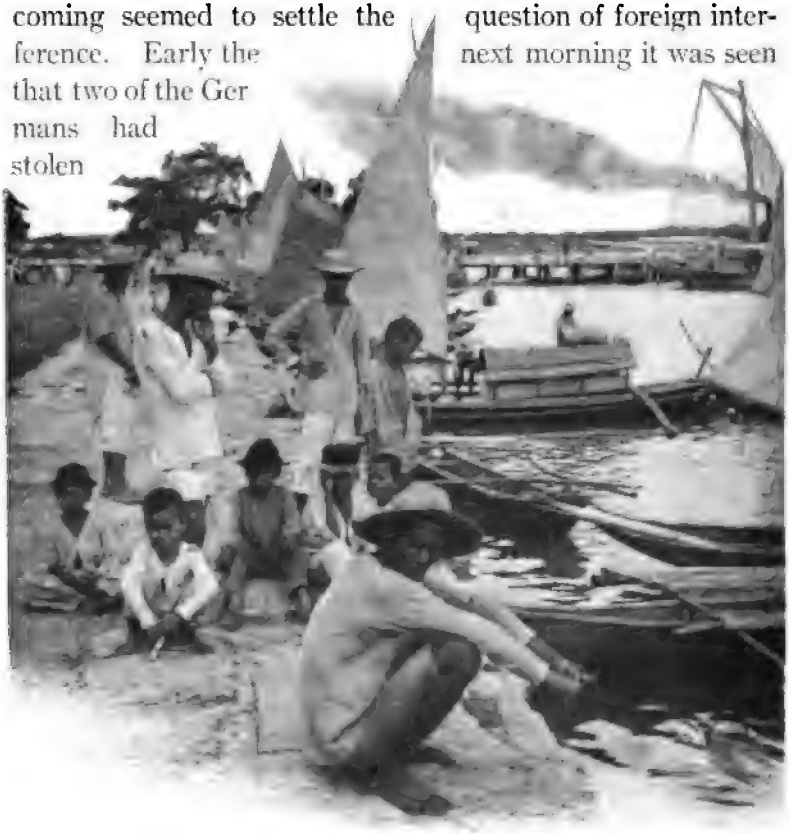
"Express to the admiral," ran his message, "my surprise at his gross breach of neutrality in allowing one of his vessels to land provisions at a port I am blockading.—And, lieutenant!" (the voice a trifle raised) "tell the admiral that if he would like a fight, he may have it right now!"

This may or may not have been diplomacy, in the European sense of the word, but it served its purpose, for in less than half an hour the lieutenant had returned with Admiral von Diederich's most profound apologies and regrets for the occurrence and his promise that no more such should take place.

With which little passage at arms, the hazard from foreign intervention may be said to cease, for when, on August 4, the monitor *Monterey* put in her appearance, her coming seemed to settle the question of foreign interference. Early the next morning it was seen that two of the German had stolen



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ON THE SEA WALL AT CAVITÉ

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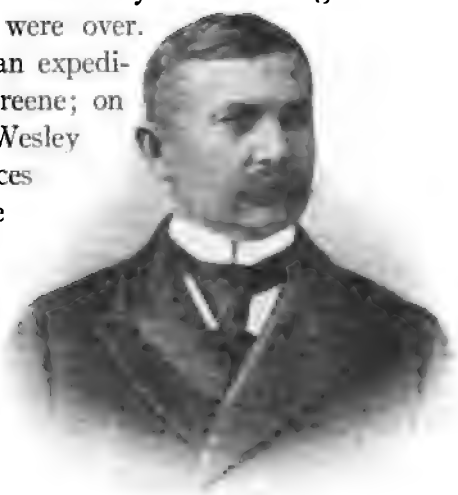
off in the darkness, and thereafter, one by one, the foreign war-ships slipped away till there remained but a small and friendly group of four. Admiral Dewey was free to devote his attention to the great business of the day — the taking of Manila. The days of delays were over.



FRANCIS V. GREENE

On July 17 the second American expedition had arrived, under General Greene; on July 25, the third, under General Wesley Merritt; and Dewey felt his forces strong enough and to spare for the thing he had set himself to do. General Merritt had been placed in command of all the military forces then in the Philippines, and those still to come, and he immediately held a council of war with the admiral. The matter before them was perfectly simple: there lay the city, behind the strong walls of its forts; to the south, spreading from Cavité northward to within two miles of Manila proper, lay the American lines; while commanding the bay, with its great guns trained upon the city, was the fleet.

There was but one small fly in the amber, and that was Aguinaldo. This personage, now grown so great that it was said he wished his servants to approach him upon their knees,— this patriot, entirely unmindful of the fact that he owed any power or position he might have to the Americans, now came to the conclusion that it was time he made himself a ruler. Accordingly, he sent a cool message to Dewey that he had been made Dictator of the new Filipino Republic. General Merritt he ignored completely. This ignoring would have fallen in only too well with American ideas, which were bent upon avoiding any possible

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recognition of a Filipino government, had it not been that the insurgent forces, with Aguinaldo himself at their head, had taken up a position near the old powder-magazine at Malate, in the direct line of what must be the American advance. Just when it seemed that this might be a serious obstacle, however, the sky was cleared by General Greene persuading Aguinaldo to move his forces eastward, leaving the path clear to the city.

WESLEY MERRITT

In that city, meanwhile, the situation was becoming more and more desperate. It was known, of course, that the Americans had received heavy reinforcements; it was known that the insurgents were armed in great numbers, and asking nothing better than a chance to sack the city of their oppressors. In addition to this, the food supplies were growing scarce, many of the soldiers were sick, and a state of general uneasiness and distress existed. The hearts of the Spaniards were not cheered, moreover, by the echoes and glimpses they could get of the work of the Filipinos, now out from under the Spanish yoke for good and all. Never a day passed that there did not float down the Pasig

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River, past the city, rafts or floats of logs, bearing on them the brown-robed and ofttimes frightfully mutilated bodies of Spanish priests.

Many the score, and dark, which the natives had to settle with these brown-clad brethren, and the city, knowing this, shuddered. And all this time the Americans were pushing forward their lines, cautiously, but steadily, under the cool guidance of General Greene. The first entrenchments selected, immediately facing the Spanish outposts, were found unsafe, and Greene pushed his trenches on within a short distance from the Spanish lines. This work of building the new trenches was done in the night, in the midst of a pouring rain; but morning found the advancing army safe in its new defenses. So near were they, indeed, that on the second night thereafter, the Spaniards made a desperate attempt to dislodge them.

For five long hours, during the pitch-black night, the firing continued without ceasing. The rain came down this night, too, and between the thunder of the heavens and the guns the night was rent. But in the morning, when all fell quiet and the sun poked a red eye over the eastern sky-

A Bamboo Lumber Yard, Manila

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line, the Americans held their trenches as before. No child's test, this, for untried troops so to battle in the blackness! But not a man wavered, and not a foot of ground did the Spaniards gain. They withdrew into their lines, and awaited the next move of the investing army. General Augustin, he who had issued the bombastic proclamation only three short months before, telling how he and his brave *caballeros* would sweep the Yankees from the earth, had stolen off in the night, making use of a German gunboat's friendly aid; and General Jaudenes, a true soldier and gallant gentleman, was left to face the issue.

Bacilio Davila y Augustin

He had not long to wait. On August 7 the word went in that two days were given in which all non-combatants might leave the beleaguered city, and that when those two days were passed, the bombardment of Manila would begin. Sad reading, this, for General Jaudenes, thrust forthright into a dilemma not of his own making, and one which a wiser man than he might well fail to solve. He replied with a manly and courteous note, saying that, owing to the presence of the insurgent forces, he was unable to find a place of safety to which he might send the non-combatants, the women and children in his care. This was obviously the truth, but General Merritt was not disposed to forego his attack even on this score. The point was, of course, that the Spaniards were playing for time. They did not dare surrender, for fear of what Madrid would say. On the other hand, they dared not expose themselves to the dangers which

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would result from a sack of the city by the insurgents. But at the last the first dread proved the keenest. They would not surrender. The Americans must attack. Spanish honor must be preserved. And so the matter stood.

George Stevens had at last won the chance for which he had been seeking. During the early part of the operations around Manila, George, like every one else save the admiral himself, had been merely one element of a well-trained and noiseless-running mechanism. There had not been much chance for individual effort — everything personal had been of necessity submerged in the great sum total. George had served his gun with the best of them. He had had the satisfaction of seeing almost every shot from his battery take effect, and he had glowed with pride over a low-voiced word of commendation from the admiral himself, when the sun upon that First of May was nearing the western horizon. He had borne his part in the mighty war game, but still there was within him a wish for more intimate, more immediate action than seemed likely to fall to his share.

THE BATTLE IN THE RAIN (*From the drawing by F. A. Carter*)

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When trouble with the Germans had threatened, it must be confessed that George, together with his fellows, wished rather for the beginning of hostilities than for any avoidance of them; and when that danger was over, there was many a murmur of regret from the men behind the guns — having felt the thrill of action once, they desired it again. Cooped up in their vessels, with not too much opportunity for the escape of animal spirits, the men expressed themselves as wishing most devoutly that "something would move soon." Even from the attack of the city, they did not hope for much; the Spanish ships being gone, General Jaudenes would hardly risk a battle on the harbor side as well. It was pretty well understood that there would be little or no bombardment from the fleet. It seemed to the sailors that the land forces were going to be in for all the fun, and they grumbled accordingly.

George Stevens was disposed to accept the inaction philosophically and did his best to instill a similar cheerful willingness into his mates, but at the bottom of his heart lurked a secret longing for something to happen. When the preparations for the fight began, and the word went

A Native Market, Manila

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forth that August 13 was to be the day, the men began to find their spirits mounting. But there was a well-defined feeling amongst them all that the Spaniards would not fight; they were just endeavoring to "save their face," and the talk went freely between decks that at the first shot the Spanish flags would fall.

As it happened, however, George need not have mourned at the desert of inaction which seemed to lie ahead of him, for on the day before the battle he was summoned to report to the admiral. There, in a few quiet words, he was delegated to the position of Dewey's representative with Greene's army. Five minutes later, with fingers trembling with eagerness, he was throwing a small kit in a gripsack, making ready for his sojourn ashore.

"You 'll see no action ashore," grumbled his roommate, not without a hint of envy in his tones. George laughed cheerfully, lightly, in response.

"Well, I 'll get a chance to stretch my legs a bit, anyhow," he said.

Not without a pang, however, did George go ashore, for, after all, he was a man-of-war's-man and not a landlubber. And as it happened, the fleet did after all get into the fight, for the Spaniards fought more tenaciously for their point of honor than

NATIVE COMMERCE ON THE UPPER PASIG RIVER

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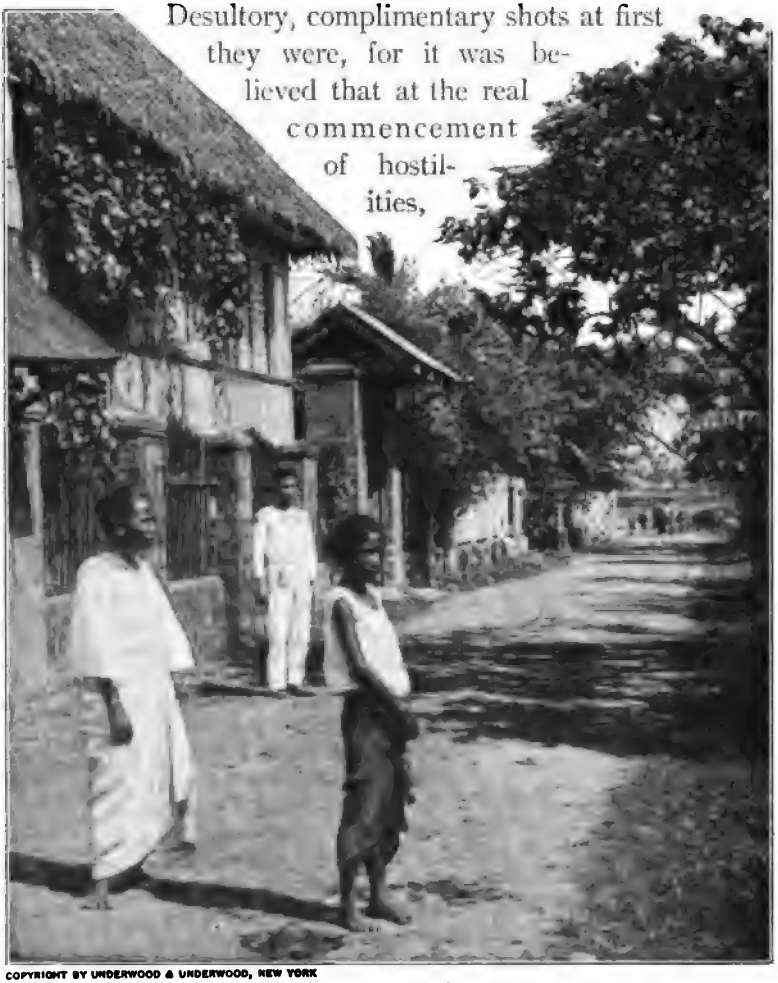
any one had supposed. That night George spent in a pup-tent in General Greene's staff quarters, ready for the last act of the drama. At the first streak of dawn, August 13, 1898, the American forces, land and sea, moved forward on the city of Manila.

The ships, starting northward from their anchorage at Cavité, steamed slowly along till they reached the Malate forts. Here they paused, and three of them opened fire. Desultory, complimentary shots at first they were, for it was believed that at the real commencement of hostilities,



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A Street Scene in Ermita, a Suburb of Manila

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the Spaniards would surrender. This was found not to be the case, and for some time the vessels poured in a hot and accurate fire upon the brown walls of Malate. For perhaps an hour this fire continued; then, at a signal from land, the ships fell silent, and the forces of General Greene, in charge of the main column, advanced. Steadily and with cheers they went forward through the streets of Malate, their alignment unbroken, their speed unchecked by the scattering Spanish fire which met them as they proceeded.

Malate itself they found deserted, or virtually so, but just to the north, outside of Ermita, they met with determined resistance. For a few moments the firing was tremendous. The Spaniards had evidently selected this as the place for a rally, and viciously their bullets whicked upon tree and wall, upon everything, in fact, except the advancing columns, for during all this movement, during fighting lasting, from start to finish, more than two hours, Greene lost but one man killed, and but half a dozen wounded. As the American vanguard reached Ermita, the defense slackened; the Spaniards were running now, and could be seen retreating with celerity through the paths and lanes that led on to Manila itself. George, following closely with the general's staff, and hearing the bullets singing over his head, smiled to himself. This was better, at any rate, than standing on a motionless deck and firing at an enemy that dared not fire back.

Meanwhile, on the right, along the Pasay road, General MacArthur and his column were encountering the most serious resistance of the day. It took more than an hour of furious firing to dislodge the Spaniards from their trenches. But it was done at last, and on to Paco, and on again into the open space at the Luneta, in full sight of the city walls, the right wing advanced.

There, floating from the brown ramparts, its white folds

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drooping in the hardly stirring air, was the flag of surrender! Not a strong defense, it might be thought, considering the number of men and the equipment of the Spanish forces. With the advantage of position, with forces outnumbering the Americans by three to two, with arms and ammunition galore,— the victory came singularly cheap.

ARTHUR MACARTHUR

On the other hand, the Spaniards were fighting, not in hope of success, not with any idea whatever that they might win,— but simply for their "point of honor." They did not dare surrender Manila without a fight; and a fight they made.

If they had, by any chance, been victors for the day, it could have availed them nothing in the long run. The Americans were masters of the harbor, and could afford to await their time. On the other hand, Jaudenes feared that too vigorous a defense might anger his foes, and that the malignant hordes of the long-oppressed natives would perhaps be given chance to avenge their injuries. So the Spanish general adopted this middle course, and carried it through till it could be carried no longer. Manila was in the hands of its conquerors. The battle for the supremacy of the Philippines was over.

The representatives of the various branches of the army and navy met at once — Brumby, Whittier, Merritt, Greene, the first-named being Dewey's own flag-lieutenant. Before

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the chapel of the cathedral their conference was held, and in full sight of the staring Spaniards and the townspeople. When the first agreements were reached, word was sent in to General Jaudenes, who came out from the chapel. At a little bench in the ante-chamber the capitulation was signed.

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On Top of the Ancient Wall of Old Manila

Lieutenant Brumby and a cordon of jackies from the *Olympia* let fall the Spanish colors from the flag-staff on the walls.

Utterly in silence descended that great banner which had waved over the lone green islands for so many years. And in its place went up a flag from the *Olympia*. The simple ceremony was done.

George Stevens, watching with full heart the bright banner break out over the fortress walls, did not join in the cheering which came from the shore and from the outer walls. It seemed to him too much like exulting over a fallen foe, and there was something indescribably pathetic in the way the Spaniards watched their proud flag sinking

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to the ground. For the moment George felt with them; he could not quite even imagine how it would feel to see his own flag lowered in defeat, yet the pity of it all came deep into his soul. The sight of tears in Spanish eyes, even though they might be the little and crafty eyes of some sorry and unkempt soldier, seemed somehow utterly pathetic and tragic. To be so far away from home, and to be so stricken by the inexorable hand of Fate! The joy of the victory must forever be tempered in George's mind by the memory of that moment.

He pulled himself together soon, for there was business to be done. He reported again aboard his ship, glad to be afloat once more, and his quiet mood contrasted sharply with the hilarity aboard the admiral's flag-ship. When the swift tropic night descended, the sounds of the rejoicing men could still be heard over land and water. And all through the early twilight and evening echoes and rumors of movement and gaiety came from the city, for the people there were beginning to make merry. Spain was no more! Long live the Americanos! Silence came at last, and the velvet night resumed its own.

On the morrow would come the word that the war was over — that Manila had been captured just in time. But for this night, silence. And in the dark, vaguely black against the sky, a new flag stirred in the night wind, under the everlasting stars.

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CHAPTER XXI

MEMINISSE JUVABIT

IN the kindly gloom of the main-deck of a Pacific liner there might have been seen one evening two persons, a man and a woman. The man was not in the habit of admitting that the woman was really a woman at all, and he could support his contention by no little weight of evidence. She did not look like a woman, she did not talk like a woman, — there were a number of other particulars in which she held no resemblance to a woman, and there could be no doubt whatever in any sane mind that this was no woman at all, merely a girl, and hardly a grown-up girl at that. Whereat the person whose character and attainments were thus aspersed, usually drew herself up haughtily, and remarked:

JULES CAMBON

"I am a married *woman*, señor!
Behold the diploma which I bear!"

And from a dainty fourth finger would flash at him the gold gleam of a wedding-ring.

It was by this time an old quarrel, nearly four months old, for this gold ring has been upon the finger it so adorned for four months and a few days. It would be a little difficult to state the exact number of days, but doubtless one could have been found who could have told. Four

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months is near enough for the purposes of this history; and this couple, having been married for that length of time, still retained sufficient interest in each other to drive them out of the warm and lighted cabin, to walk the deck this cold December night, and feel the wind come blowing, blowing from the West toward which their course was taken, and which, when they should reach it, would be the East. As they walked, keeping as much as possible in the shelter of the superstructure, they talked softly together. What they said the stars and the night-wind knew.

"You should always wear an oil-skin cap," the wind heard as it whipped keenly around a corner, and blew a twisted strand of dark hair across a face whose lips smiled brilliantly — for only two eyes to see.

"I remember listening to a dissertation, not so many years ago, by a young American man, upon the extravagance of language of the Latin races, especially the male portion of them. I gathered from this person's discourse that young American men always spoke with probity, with reason, with a certain amount of regard for good sense. May I be pardoned for pointing out that the last remark which came to my ear appeals to me as being lacking in all of those amiable qualities? It would not be possible for me always to wear an oil-skin cap; there are a great many places where it would not be seemly, — where the authority I quoted recently, would be the first to condemn it!"

They laughed in each other's eyes; and resumed the interrupted walk along the throbbing deck. The December air above the great Pacific was crisply cold and there was an electric tang and clearness to it. Over the prow, at intervals, came daring whiffets of spray, that sailed through the dark like level rain-drops. Some of them had gotten tangled in the wind-blown hair beneath the ever-to-be-desired oil-skin, where they glistened like jewels.

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Nelson A. Miles
Lieut. General
U.S. Army

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He who saw them found them so utterly adorable above the laughing face that he gave them a moment's scrutiny all their own, while the face mowed its pretended displeasure at being thus ignored for mere drops of water. But the fickleness was not for long, and the diverted attention returned to listen in charmed silence to an exposition of the manifest folly of such conduct.

"Perhaps I am foolish," he admitted gravely, when a pause was reached; "if I am, it is merely because I am so very happy, sweetheart! If I cannot be foolish now, having proved myself so wise —? And after all, Elaine Stevens, most beautiful girl upon all this Pacific Ocean, or any other ocean, — has not my folly a virtue in your eyes, in that it has been kept for you? Never before has such divine impulse to folly been mine! I forget what great man it is who has said: 'Our wisdom, our gravity is for the world; our foolishness is sacred to those we love!' And I love you more than all the world!"

"And I," she whispered. "I love everything about you, my lover, foolishness and all. And I would not have it otherwise, — for after all, I think it is our follies whose memories are the sweetest; at least, they are so when our hearts are in them, as my heart, and your heart too, are in this folly of yours. '*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*'? does n't the old line go? For, indeed, some time we shall rejoice in recalling these things. These are the hours that we shall never forget in all our lives, my dear!"

Gazing misty-eyed into her face beneath the midnight, he knew that it was so. She, having gained prescience of older, graver days when love's hair might be turned grey, was silent, thinking, for a little space; and Hernardo, guessing a little of this, broke not her reverie. He, for his own part, fell to musing on these golden days, which were so apart from life, and which could never come again, — others,

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perhaps, as golden, but not with the same gold. Their first marriage-months had been, perhaps, more mysteriously beautiful by reason of the long waiting and that sorrow that lay behind them, the dreary years when the road to Elaine seemed ages long, when no letters had come from Cuba, and the black shadow of dread had never been long absent from

PAYING CUBAN SOLDIERS FROM THE $3,000,000.00 APPROPRIATION BY THE UNITED STATES

his soul. He remembered the weight that lay on his heart when he and Benny, having followed the old man through the forest, came upon the tattered little figure in the old garden. Unconsciously he reached forth his hand to Elaine, to make sure that she was really by his side; and she, guessing his thought in her turn, placed her hand quietly in his. They resumed their walk along the wind-swept deck.

Many things had happened since the day when, in fallen Santiago, Hernando and Elaine had found an old man dying in a prison,— since, believing his daughter to be the

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woman whose likeness she bore, John Cabanel had gone smiling out of life, so peacefully and beautifully that hardly a regret was left even in Elaine's own heart. She had reached him in time, and he had died happy — more could not have been asked of Fate. Nothing more in all life could be asked of Fate, thought the two who walked here in the night; for they had all the world within reach of their hands, in the clasp of their hands. As the hour grew late they descended at last to their cabin, leaving their promenade to the elements. And through the slow surges the vessel held her course.

The fall of Santiago had, of course, put virtually to an end all warfare between American and Spaniard in the island of Cuba. When the word of that capitulation reached Madrid, it was recognized there, as elsewhere, that no further hope was left. Of course, equally, it was not in Spanish nature to admit this, and for any signs Spain made, the war might have been thought to be a perpetual one. Taking the cue from her, the United States made preparations for further hostilities. The Porto Rican expedition had already started for the smaller island, as Hernando had seen from Santiago quay; and General Miles had already planned the masterly campaign which was all that the Cuban one might have been, and was not. Richard Barnabit, still under his dashing and intrepid chief Wainwright, on the *Gloucester*, found himself a busy and interested item in one of the most precisely planned, faultlessly executed campaigns of occupation in the history of warfare.

It has been alleged, in various quarters, that the Porto Rico episode was more or less of a picnic, an afternoon tea-party. This was far from being the case — and that it was so at all, was due simply to the generalship of those in command of the several divisions, and of General Miles himself. The Spaniards were just as eager to make trouble

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as they had been in Cuba; but they were out-marched, out-manœuvered, out-fought. And in a very short while from the time the lookouts sighted the island, Porto Rico was in the hands of its conquerors.

Back in Cuba, meanwhile, the amiable Shafter was issuing his valedictory orders with his usual display of sagacity. The climate had begun to tell frightfully upon the men, especially the raw recruits of the volunteer regiments. The regulars were in fairly good shape, and had it not been for the contagion to which they were exposed, and the scarcity of proper food, they would have been in condition to remain in Cuba indefinitely. There was, however, in the opinion of almost every one except Shafter, no need of their remaining. Their work had been done. The worst of the hot weather was coming on; and a large part of the army was reduced by sickness or wounds to a state which demanded their immediate removal to a healthful climate.

The last good work of Theodore Roosevelt as Rough Rider was done when at his solicitation, supported by all the other heads of departments in the army, the order was finally obtained from Washington to ship the troops as promptly as possible to Montauk Point, Long Island, where the convalescent camp was made. Yellow fever had put in its appearance; and it was high time that the dust, or more truly the mud, of Cuba was shaken from the army's feet. Roosevelt had at first tried to have the Rough Riders detailed for the Porto Rican expedition, but the decision was against him; and finally, after long and terrible delays, the transports began to move northward to a place where the "yellow jack" could not follow.

In America, meanwhile, Admiral Watson's fleet was being made ready to cross the Atlantic. It was no comfortable reflection for European minds, that of the sound of American

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THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE PROTOCOL

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guns in Mediterranean waters — and other cabinets than that at Madrid began to bestir themselves. It was clear that Spain was beaten, that any effort to prolong the unequal struggle was folly of the most arrant description. It could not be allowed, — especially could it not be allowed when it might result in the presence of a hostile American fleet in such close proximity to the gentle and sensitive ears of Europe. So it came about that there came to call one morning late in July at the White House, one Monsieur Jules Cambon, of France, empowered to open the negotiations for peace, on behalf of the Spanish Ministry.

A few days later the terms upon which peace would be declared were given to M. Cambon by President McKinley and Secretary of State Day. M. Cambon's powers were extended by this country to give him authority to treat actually with the Spanish cabinet. The business moved reluctantly, but steadily, forward to its consummation. The terms demanded by America were these:

Spain must relinquish all claim to the island of Cuba; she must at once evacuate that island; she must evacuate and cede to the United States the islands of Porto Rico and the other smaller islands in the West Indies, as well as one island, to be selected later, in the Ladrone group in the Pacific. The city and harbor of Manila were to be held by the United States, pending the final adjudication of a joint commission, which should also conclude the final treaty of peace upon the conditions thus set forth. No pecuniary indemnity was demanded from Spain, and it was repeated that America had no intention of annexing or absorbing the original ground of contention, Cuba. Under the circumstances, the terms were admittedly liberal; and while Spain could not altogether free herself from her habit of delaying, there was no doubt in the mind of anyone that the terms would be accepted.

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They were accepted. On the afternoon of August 12, at 4 o'clock, the protocol was signed. The next day the great news was thrilling through the world. To every corner of America it went, where, for the most part, it created little stir — for it had been a foregone conclusion. It stopped the sailing of Watson's dreaded fleet for the Mediterranean. It reached Cuba, and halted Goodrich's gunners as they lit their fuses to raze Manzanillo. It reached Porto Rico just as General Brooke was ready to begin his assault on the Spanish forces intrenched near Guayama. The artillery had been brought within range, the regiments formed, and the conflict was about to begin, when a message came from General Miles, announcing that hostilities had ceased. Turning to Lieutenant McLaughlin, the messenger, General Brooke, said:

JOHN C. WATSON

"You came fifteen minutes too soon. The troops will be disappointed."

But the news of the signing of the protocol could not stop Dewey and Merritt and Greene, and the men in blue whom George Stevens followed into the ancient town of Manila, beneath that tropic sun. The protocol was, in

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reality, signed the day before the capture of Manila, — but the news did not reach Dewey until the day after, when the work was done! So his good fortune, which was so utterly deserved, held until the end, and it was given him to complete the conquest that waited for his hand.

In Cuba, the news of the coming of peace was received with mingled feelings. As it had been impossible for the

THE JOINT AMERICAN AND SPANISH EVACUATION COMMISSION IN SESSION AT HAVANA

Spaniards to realize that America was intervening from motives of humanity, so now was it found impossible to convince the Cubans that the strict military discipline of the American forces was altogether friendly to the cause of free Cuba. Having sat idly by while the Americans defeated the Spaniards, the Cuban insurgents now wished to go merrily in and fatten on the fruits of victory not their own. It became difficult to make General Garcia and his comrades understand that they could not sack the surrendered cities, and wreak their spite upon the now helpless Spaniards. It is not certain exactly what Garcia's idea was, but it was most certainly at variance with the instructions from Washington.

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Shafter, acting under these instructions, endeavored to explain to Garcia that it was not in the power of the American general to consider the question of Cuban independence,— that would come later; but Garcia, who had apparently expected to have the reins of government immediately turned over to him and to Gomez, was deeply incensed.

"Are we really free, or have we only exchanged one master for another?" exclaimed Garcia.

He immediately withdrew his men from the neighborhood of the American forces, and behaved generally like a spoiled child. It was, in fact, the attitude of Garcia and Gomez at this juncture, which did more than anything else to show the wisdom of the President in refusing to recognize the Cuban Republic, until Cuba should be ready for its independence. Accordingly Leonard Wood was made military governor of Santiago and thus was begun the rejuvenation of the beautiful land of Cuba. Wood showed that he could fight disorder and disease as bravely as he could Apaches and Spaniards. It was while all these matters were going forward, that Hernando Stevens left Cuba, as he supposed forever. Having Elaine in his care, he had at first not known quite what to do, — but even as he was hesitating, the matter settled itself. The wife of one of the American officers, called to Cuba by her husband's illness, was returning to New York from Santiago with a party, and to her care Elaine was consigned. Hernando himself, sailing on one of the transports, landed a few days later with his regiment at Montauk Point, and was mustered out in due order. The next day he rejoined Elaine in New York.

It was high noon of a warm summer day when Hernando brought his betrothed bride home to his mother's house. He had not sent word as to the exact time of his coming, nor had he said that he was coming not alone. Elaine demurred at first to this, and would have had him go by himself, —

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but there was no proper place for her to stay, in New York, and besides, Hernando confessed that the other course had possessed his imagination. He wanted to take her home to his mother; and as he wished it, so it came about.

As they walked slowly up the well-known avenue of lindens, the air was full of the meadow's hint of bloom; very different was it from the overpoweringly sweet perfumes of the southern island they had quitted; and as Hernando sniffed it into his nostrils, he found that it was good, — it had the savor of home. A few moments later, when they stood waiting on the wide veranda, Hernando took his companion's hand in his own, and turned on her a smile in which was all his heart. He bent over and whispered in her ear, softly, very softly.

"She will love you because I do, sweetheart," he said, "at first; and then she will love you because she cannot help it!"

She smiled bravely, if unconvincedly, in his eyes for answer. But afterward, in the cool upper room, when the meeting was over, and Hernando had been banished to regions unknown, the two women looked at each other, heart searching heart; and at the end of that looking, they were in each other's arms.

Three charmed summer days passed over the reunited family, and Hernando hesitated to speak the word that should break the spell. They were to be married almost at once, he and Elaine; there was no reason for delay. But first Hernando wished to go to New York to see if his old position was waiting for him, for, as he put it, "we would find it hard to live on my back-pay." So on the fourth day he went down to New York, and interviewed his old employer. When he would have sent in his name, he found the news of his coming had preceded him; and hardly had he entered the open office when his "boss" came running

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out of the inner sanctum, and fell upon him like the Assyrians. The office grinned its delight, and for once discipline was relaxed.

"Is my job waiting for me, then?" asked Hernando, when the two were back in the inner room once more. His companion looked at him with an effort at austerity, through which was successfully breaking a most undignified hilarity.

"Well, no," he said. "No, that job is filled . . ." He managed to achieve an air of decent regret. "No, I 'm sorry to say I have n't been able to hold your old position for you." Here pretense went to the winds! "But I 've got a position, of a sort, of–a–sort. It will not pay much more than about twice as much as the old one, and there is a good deal of work and responsibility connected with it. . . . Perhaps you would not care to take it?"

Later, when he had played his big-hearted comedy out to the full, Hernando found out the kindness of the world. He attempted to thank the man who was placing so great an opportunity in his way, but the other pooh-poohed him into silence. So Hernando, in order to thank him in the only way he could, told him of the thing now nearest to his heart, his approaching marriage; and asked his presence at the ceremony. They returned to Hernando's home together. Now that this matter of livelihood was straightened out, there was no reason for waiting. Hernando wished that Richard Barnabit might be there, but he was still in Porto Rican waters, and no letters to him gained an answer.

On a Wednesday evening in the last of August, as the dusk descended upon the meadows and the town, Hernando Stevens and Elaine Cabanel were united in marriage. Only six persons were present, and Elaine, seeing that only

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one of Hernando's family was there, felt not so much the loneliness of herself. If she wished in her heart that her father, or the brother who had loved her so, had been with her, she gave no sign; and when, in the cool evening, with the drowsy crickets chirping amongst the trees, her husband took her in his arms in the gloom of the garden, she was at peace. The sound of the low voice in her ear, that said "my wife" so tenderly, drowned out all regret for all other voices which were stilled forever. Elaine looked up in her husband's eyes and smiled.

JOHN R. BROOKE

For the first two or three months, Hernando's work kept him in New York; and Elaine had her first real experience of that city, now wakening to light and life after the long somnolence of the summer months. She felt for the first time the glamour of the white lights and the glowing streets, and an ethereal affection for them awoke in her heart, such as is felt by those who have seen them longest and love them best. Richard Barnabit had now returned, and the three had many a golden evening. Richard was a new

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man; his old indifferent pose was a thing of the past, a garment doffed for good. He was thinking of going to work at once in his father's office; and did in fact do so, much to the surprise of his sire, who found Richard's unwonted industry a mystery beyond all hope of solving. But Hernando understood, and smiled. He told Richard he had always known it, and that it would come out some time.

On the Prado, Havana

"No," Richard would answer, with a grave bow to Elaine; "it was really the conversation of this socialist here, which converted me, and showed me the error of my ways. Do you remember her stump-speech, back in Maine?"

To which Elaine replied composedly, "I really believe you are right!"

But Hernando knew, and Richard knew, that it was the night in the Paris café, when the flag of his country was hissed, that had burned the sloth from Richard's soul forever. As the autumn wore on, Hernando found that he had work which would take him to Havana; his firm

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had some large government contracts under way and Hernando must go to Cuba. Since he was to be gone but a short time, it was not thought best to take Elaine; and he went by himself. Great the change, even in the short time since American intervention. Streets were cleaned; business was flourishing; railroads had resumed; General Brooke had recently been appointed military governor of

THE MALECON, HAVANA'S NEW SEA WALL, BUILT SINCE AMERICAN INTERVENTION

Cuba. It was a fair portent for the future. Hernando, who, so short a time before, had seen in Cuba so much that was different, felt his heart swell with satisfaction, looking at the work of which he had been a part, and seeing that it was good.

Singularly enough, he chanced to go to Havana at the time of an impressive and remarkable spectacle. This was the removal of the bones of Christopher Columbus from the cathedral vault, where they had lain so long, to a ship in the harbor, which was to convey them back to Spain.

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Flags were at half-mast, and cannon boomed, when the steel casket passed solemnly through the streets, down to the quay. As it was lowered into the launch, the chimes rang out from the cathedral their farewell to him who was perhaps the greatest Admiral of all. The dust of him who conquered the sea was to cross the sea yet once again. Hernando, with an awakened kinship in his soul for the great past that slept within that sacred casket, watched the floating cortége as long as he could. In his veins ran the blood of that great ancestor of his who had followed those bones, that dust, when still they held the vital spark of life; and there quickened in Hernando's breast the sense of the wonder of Life, which could keep the dead immortally alive, after so many years.

Interior of Columbus Cathedral, Havana

Hernando remained in Havana for several weeks after the sailing of the vessel which bore Columbus home to his eternal tomb in Seville. Then back to New York he went, only to find that greater journeys still lay before

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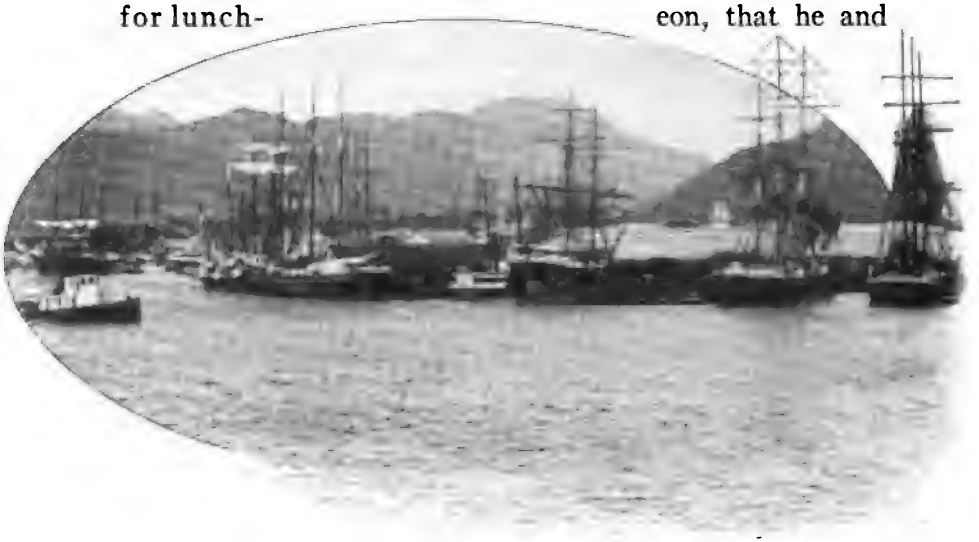
him; at least the chance was his, and it came to him in a manner he could not refuse. His employer left him free to choose, but Hernando's answer was a foregone conclusion. Thus it happened, that, when the Pacific mail left on December 20 for Honolulu, she bore with her the two people who walked the pulsing deck that night, with the Pacific spray glistening in their hair. All too short did these happy travelers find the voyage to Hawaii. It was Christmas morning when they arrived at the first stage of their journey; for they were to stop in Hawaii a day or two, awaiting the sailing of the steamer for the Philippines.

It might perhaps have been a lonely Christmas for any but these two, so far away from home, in a strange country; but not to these. They wandered happily through the strange streets, and held a quiet festival all their own. Then, too, Hawaii, now a part of the United States, having been annexed as one of the first great results of the Spanish War, proved a royal host. The news had but just come of the signing of the final treaty of peace, and the Americans in the islands, more ingenuous than those at home, were still celebrating the event. It being known that Hernando had fought in the war, he found, on returning to his hotel for lunch- eon, that he and



HONOLULU HARBOR, HAWAII

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PANORAMA OF THE PALACE AND GROUNDS, HONOLULU

Elaine were invited to attend a ball at the assembly hall that evening. It was a great occasion; there were toasts to the United States, to the Philippines, to Cuba, to the army, to the navy, to Dewey, to Sampson, to Schley, to Merritt, to Hernando and Elaine — after that Hernando lost track. But when, two days later, they left on their belated steamer for Manila, they carried with them the warmest of memories for their welcome in Uncle Sam's new island territory, Hawaii.

When the last little islet had dropped below the horizon, the two travelers began to turn their thoughts upon the lands to which they were going. Elaine had heard a great deal about George Stevens, but she had never seen him. Hernando told her what he could, so that she might feel she was to meet a friend in Manila, rather than a stranger. He told her of their days in Paris, his and George's

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and Richard's, — and of George's careless words then regarding the chances for war. He told her too of his cousin's family, and how the two branches of Stevenses had fought on different sides, only a generation before.

"But we fought under the same flag this time," he ended; "and the family, which was sundered then, is united now, as though no sundering had ever been,— just as the country itself, having fought for the same flag once more, is welded more thoroughly together now than it ever was before."

There had not much news come from George since he had been in the Philippines, but what had been received had been of the most cheerful and enthusiastic nature. His letters to Hernando, two in number, had been full of praises of "the greatest admiral in the world," and he had advised Hernando strongly to come out to the Philippines for it was a "great country." "He is nothing if not enthusiastic," Hernando interpolated; "you will like old George — you cannot help yourself!" And Elaine, looking at her husband, felt that she should like anybody in the world whom he liked, for his sake.

Meanwhile, the steamer was rapidly leaving behind the New World, and was drawing near to the shores of the Old. Guam, over which now floated the American flag, was already passed. It was an inspiring sight, the waving Stars and Stripes in the breezes of the farthest Pacific.

They were nearing the end of the journey; the warm hints in the air spoke of a sunnier country ahead. Then one night, there was a stir on deck, and the words rang through the air, "The Philippines!"

At noon of a mid-January day, their steamer came to anchor in the quiet waters of Manila Bay. The long voyage was ended. But before that day was done, Hernando learned that his kinsman was not for seeing; for George Stevens was now a prisoner, in the hands of Aguinaldo!

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CHAPTER XXII

IN THE HANDS OF FILIPINOS

IT was with a grave face that Hernando returned to Elaine with the news of George's disappearance. At first he had debated with himself whether or not to tell her, but finally decided it would have to be told. The information he had been able to obtain was painfully meager, hardly better than none at all, so far as its usefulness went. Screwing his courage up to the highest of notches, he went straight to the point.

SCENE ON THE UPPER PASIG RIVER

"George has been captured by Filipinos," he said, grave-faced; then, before she had time to speak, he proceeded to give her the few details he had been able to learn. It appeared that George had been one of a party of four young officers from the fleet, who had been granted shore leave for a couple of days; George, having a friend in the surveying squad, had started out upon a little journey of exploration connected with the laying out of the neutral lines around Manila. At this time the boundaries of Manila were in doubt, and as the first reading of the treaty had specified the "city of Manila," the Filipinos had insisted on having it precisely settled where those boundaries lay.

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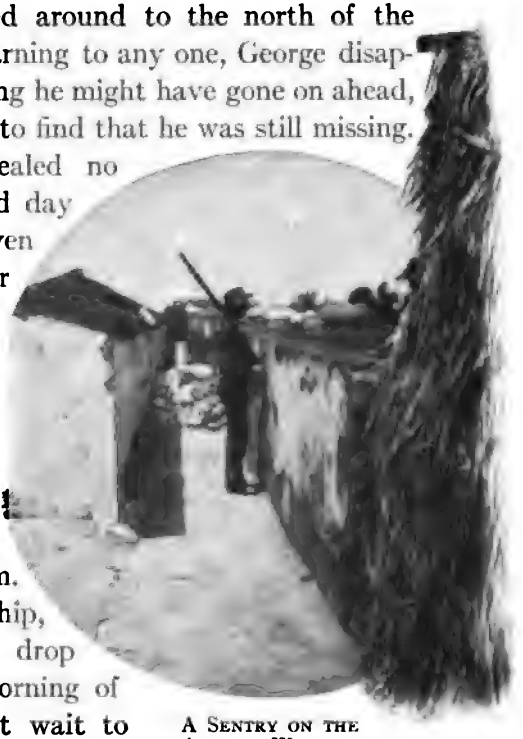
George and his party, widely separated at times in the straggling outskirts, worked around to the north of the city, and there, without warning to any one, George disappeared. The party, thinking he might have gone on ahead, returned without him, only to find that he was still missing.

A hurried search revealed no trace; and after the second day the authorities had been driven to the conclusion that either he had been lost in the morass which lay near the point where he was last seen, or that he had been captured by one of the roving bands of insurgents which prowled around the city, now forbidden to them. Admiral Dewey and his ship, having been compelled to drop down the coast on the morning of the second day, could not wait to hear the outcome of the search. But on the third day it was reported by a private that he had seen a little band of Filipinos hurrying north across the Pasig River, a prisoner among them, at almost the very point where George had last been seen. So all reasonable doubt was removed. And Hernando, having told the whole of the poor little story to Elaine, looked at her gloomily and in silence. She, at first, could not understand it at all.



A Sentry on the Ancient Wall of the Old City of Manila

"But I thought the Filipinos and the Americans were fighting together," she protested. "Why should they capture an American seaman?"

"Well," Hernando answered, "they were allies at first;

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but when Aguinaldo and his friends found that their independence was not to be recognized, that, in short, it appeared they were merely exchanging one master for another, why, they rebelled. And looking at it from their standpoint, I cannot say that I blame them. I should probably have felt the same way had I been in their place. They had fought for their liberty, and felt they had earned it."

"Yes; but that need not have made them enemies of the Americans. How did they become openly hostile?" Elaine persisted. "Could they not have waited until some definite basis was agreed upon?"

"I don't know, exactly. The Filipinos probably expected that we would do as much for them as for Cuba, and their faith has been rudely shaken by the proposed annexation of the Islands. Of course, I don't know the inside facts, but it seems to me," continued Hernando emphatically, "there could have been some way of settling the difficulty without hopelessly antagonizing the Filipinos. But it is too late now; the mischief is done; the split is complete; and our allies are now our foes, ready to fight us as bitterly as ever they did the Spaniards. And I don't know that I blame them!" Hernando ended with a snap, his anxiety over George making him perhaps speak more bitterly than he would have done otherwise.

"But they will not dare — harm George in any way?" queried Elaine.

"Oh no; he is safe enough, I think," said Hernando absently; his brain was busy already with plans for the rescue of the prisoner. He fell into a brown study and Elaine, seeing that he was deep in thought, forbore to question him further. When at last, he came to himself, he raised his head abruptly, and started for the door without a word. Once there, however, he turned and came back.

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He put his arm around Elaine tenderly, and turned her drooping face up to his own; but what he whispered in her ear could not be heard. Before he left her, though, he had told her what was in his mind to do.

"I must first find out whether the men I have to see are in Manila," he said. He could not fail in the duty which had brought him so far. So he went straight to the American headquarters, and put his questions. Fortunately, he learned that the men he must see on matters of business were at that time in Hong Kong, and would not return for ten days, perhaps two weeks. He had then two weeks free and clear, in which to work; and those two weeks he determined, should be busy ones. Seizing the first instrument which came to hand, he fell into talk with a young man in the old governor's palace, a young American from New Orleans, who, having been in the Philippines from the first days of the war, was well informed about most things concerning them. His friendly manner attracted Hernando's attention from the start, and the two became friends at once. This young man, whose name was Talbot, gave Hernando much valuable information; more than that, he promised to bring him a Filipino who could be of the greatest service to him in the mission on which Hernando was determined at once to set out.

WHERE DEWEY KEPT HIS PRISONERS. THE BUILDING WAS USED LATER FOR MILITARY QUARTERS

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The two started off together in search of the Filipino, who had been a scout and who was perfectly acquainted with the country. They found him with little difficulty, and with still less difficulty did Hernando persuade him to promise his assistance. Patro, the Filipino, asked for two days, at the end of which time he felt certain he could tell in what place George was confined; for some reason he felt convinced from the first that this place was Malolos prison, and offered to prove it in forty-eight hours; after which they could make their plans for the next move.

Forty-eight hours later Patro returned. Hernando found him waiting for him in the corridor; and the Filipino, smiling with pleasure, made haste to tell of the success of his detective work. He had made sure that George was one of a party of six suspects who were confined in Malolos; they were all either Americans or English, and they were being very closely guarded, indeed, for fear that news of their presence might leak back to Manila and further enrage the Americanos. That evening there was a council of war in Hernando's rooms, with the result that Patro went smiling off into the night, with a merry clinking weight in one pocket of his highly colored jacket. He was empowered to enlist a little force of his own selection; and the morrow morning was to behold the departure of the rescue party.

Elaine, who was to be left under government charge the while, was the only one who looked on the expedition with dread. Hernando's efforts at reassurance proved utterly without effect; he pleaded with her in vain, — she would not ask him to stay, but she did not wish him to go! Was there not some other way? Could not the friendly Filipinos rescue George by themselves? Yet all the time she knew that her husband could not do otherwise, and that she was only making it the harder for him. So at last, swallowing her grief and attempting a brave little smile, she accepted

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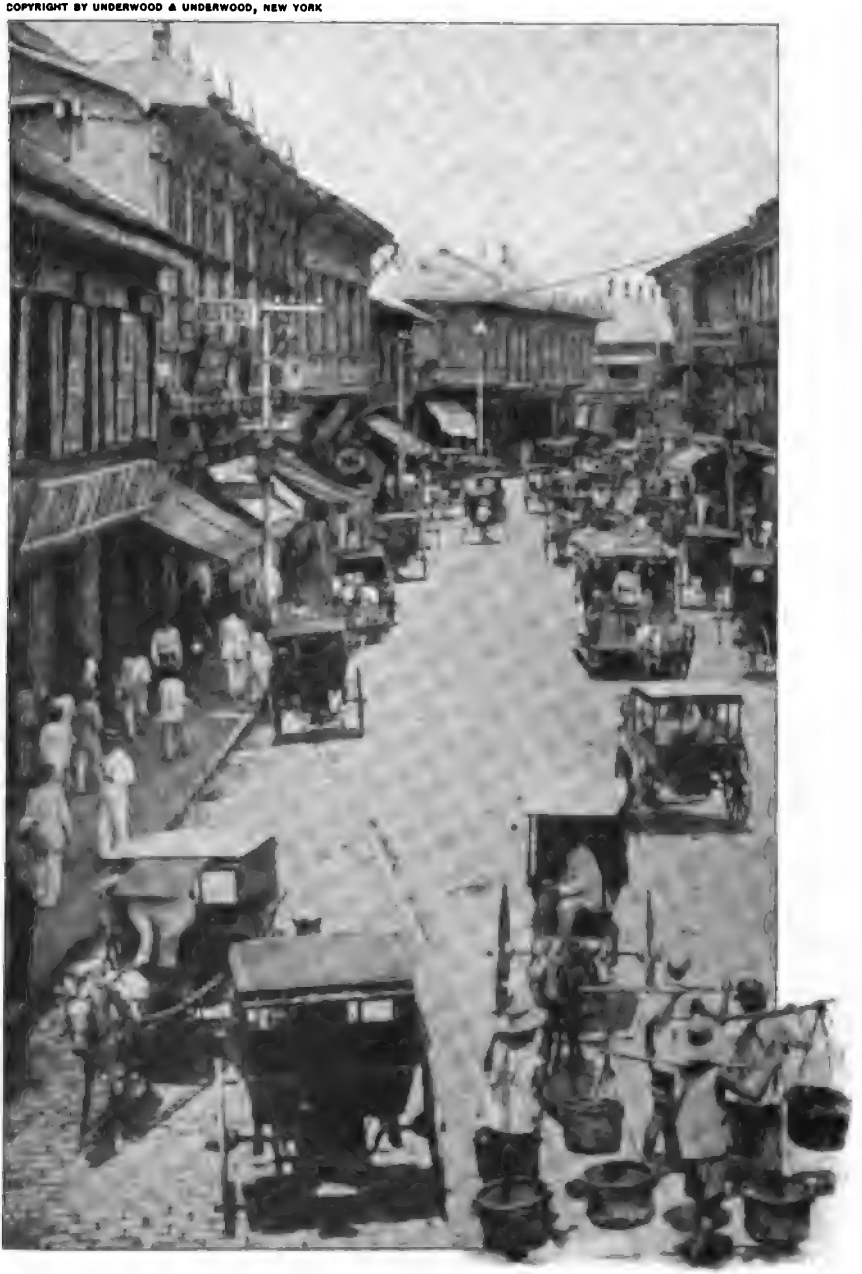

THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF MANILA

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the inevitable. Before the sun was up, next morning, the party was picking its way northward out of the outskirts of Manila.

Meanwhile, at Malolos, a young man lay quiet upon a wretched bunk in an old stone room in the prison. In the same room, lying on straw or miserable cots, were five other men, dimly seen in the half-gloom, for the high window, barred heavily with *narra*, a wood tough as steel, gave scant room for light to enter. George Stevens, accepting his situation with the best grace possible, was enduring his captivity fairly well; his comrades were all of English speech, two of them Americans, one a newspaper correspondent, two Englishmen, and an Irishman, who confessed also to French blood. They had at first been in the large room, together with thirty or forty other prisoners, mainly Filipinos suspected of being in sympathy with the Americanos, and a few Spaniards. For nearly a fortnight had this indiscriminate imprisonment continued, when suddenly, one day, the six white men found themselves roughly ordered to follow an important guard, who had led them to this smaller room; and there they had remained.

George, when the first indignation at his capture had spent itself, found that his case was far from being desperate. They were closely guarded, but there was no attempt at brutality, neither was their food objectionable. Besides that, George was learning things. One of the Englishmen had been in and out of Manila for many years and was familiar with the manners and customs of the Filipinos to an unusual degree; to this man George felt especially drawn, and the two had long talks. At first, as was natural, George's attitude toward Aguinaldo and the insurgents had been that prevalent in the ranks of the American army; he had had no patience with the arrogance of the Filipino leader, and he believed firmly that the

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Americans were always right and never wrong,—a patriotic enough belief, but one which he found, after conversation with Mainwaring, to be untenable in the face of the facts. He found that the Filipinos were not, by half, as black as the soldiers pictured them, and that perhaps their worst national characteristic, their capacity for falsehood and double-dealing, was merely a reflex of what they had seen so long in their Spanish rulers. He found that there was a notable trace of good Aryan blood in their veins, that they were almost, if not quite, as quick mentally as the Japanese whom they so much resembled; he learned too that there were men in the insurgent ranks, of fine family, of European education, whose ideas looking toward Filipino independence were not chimerical vaporings, but the practical hope of intelligent people. In short, he found that an idea gained from looking only at one side of a question is likely to be a one-sided idea; and his opinion of the insurgents was altered from that day.

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A WATER WAY IN MALOLOS, AGUINALDO'S CAPITAL

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None the less did he desire his liberation, and many were the plans discussed by the six men. Their first thought had been the window, which they had at once examined, only to find that it opened on an inner court-yard in which was stationed a squad of insurgent guards, day and night; this discovery damped the enthusiasm of the advocates of the window plan, and they were compelled to look for another exit. Twice a day there appeared at the cells a little company of natives, usually one at a time, bearing fruit and other eatables, which they offered for sale to the prisoners. George Stevens expressed it as his belief that through these people lay the best chance of escape; he did not know precisely how it could be managed, but it seemed as if a way should be discovered; and to the subject he devoted himself.

Mainwaring, the sophisticated, could not see any possibilities in this idea, but pinned his faith to the chance of bribing the guards; he had been careful to maintain the friendliest relations with one little brown man in particular, and he declared his intention of trying to purchase this man's aid. He did so; the man took his money, promising many things. Then he disappeared as utterly as though he had never existed; they never saw him again. Thus ended Mainwaring's well-meant effort; and the long task of waiting was to be begun all over again.

A Street Scene in Malolos

In the meantime, between Americans and Fili-

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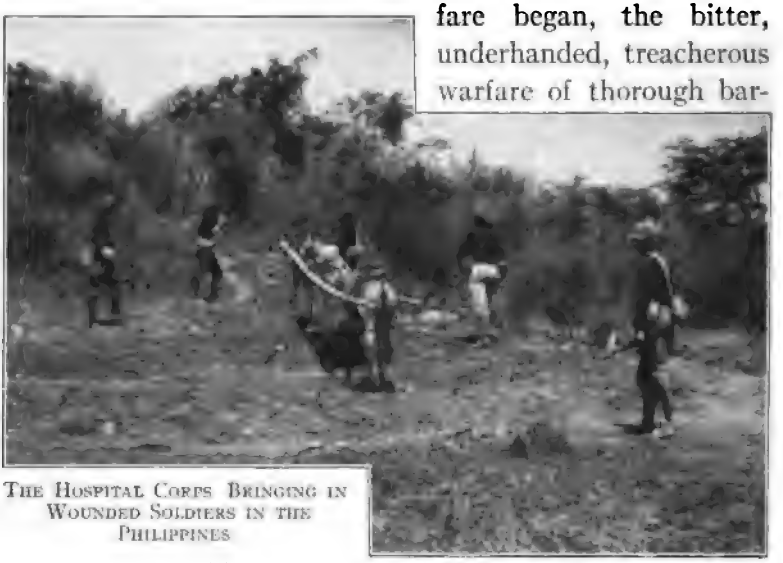
pinos, the situation had been becoming daily more strained. All pretense at friendliness was now at an end; Aguinaldo expressed it as his opinion that the American rule was going to be even worse for the Islands than Spanish rule had been, and he arrayed his troops in open defiance to American authority. In February, 1899, it was that open warfare began, the bitter, underhanded, treacherous warfare of thorough barbarism. The Filipino forces under Aguinaldo himself maintained some, at least, of the usages of civilized warfare; but Aguinaldo could not be everywhere; and the roving bands of his men chose their times and weapons to suit their whims. Thus began the weary conflict. The opposition from politicians at home grew bitter, while the tragedies in the field continued. Many a brave soldier perished from wounds or fever. The gallant Lawton was sacrificed in the battle at San Mateo. Finally the native troops were so hard pressed that Aguinaldo was compelled to flee to the mountains. There the fighting continued until he was captured on March 23, 1901, by Funston. And despairing of the unequal contest, Aguinaldo himself took the oath of



THE HOSPITAL CORPS BRINGING IN WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINES

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allegiance to the United States, and the contest for the possession of the Philippines came to a belated end.

At the time of George's capture, all this was just beginning. In the fields and swamps around Manila lurked Aguinaldo's men, and strayed as near the American lines as they dared; and they dared much, at the first, for they knew that the Americans did not wish for open hostilities. There came a day, however, when there was news of retaliatory movements from the city; and the Filipino ranks pricked up their ears, and made ready to exercise that discretion which was ever the better, if not the only, part of their valor. To George's prison came the word:

"Make ready to march!"

Two days later, out upon the winding northward road, wound a long cavalcade of mixed horsemen and footmen. The prison was emptied, and the prisoners found their faces turned away from Manila once more. On over the dusty road they went, getting farther from hope with every footstep.

There were in all about 400 men on the march, of which number somewhat less than 100 were prisoners. The six white men of George's company were near the rear of the column; George's eye, quick to note a chance for escape, was glad to see this, and to note also that there was but one mounted soldier

THE GRAVE OF GENERAL LAWTON, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

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near them. As the line left the city walls behind, the road narrowed suddenly, and the marching column stretched out into a more and more tenuous thread. At George's left marched a mild looking little native, with a big carbine; and once or twice it seemed to George that this man looked at him with acute scrutiny; but when he strove to catch the native's eye, he could not do it.

A Chief of Mindanao

Presently the forest was reached; the road went out of sight, as did the slowly marching men ahead; George could see only four or five paces ahead. His arms were bound behind his back, as were those of Mainwaring. The other men who had shared their cell were nowhere to be seen; and, in fact, George never set eyes on them again. The little soldier at George's side pressed close as the woods drew in. The weight of his huge carbine caused his right shoulder to sag; and a moment after entering the woods he lurched lightly against the prisoner's shoulder.

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FREDERICK FUNSTON

He sent a swift glance forward and back; and found himself unobserved.

"When we reach the stone bridge, jump!" he said, in passable English.

George stared, open-mouthed; then, quickly recovering himself, he nodded comprehension; and marched on as before, the soldier falling back so that his gun might cover both his captives. In a low voice George told his great news to Mainwaring; and they peered with wild eagerness through the leafy way ahead, in search of the stone bridge.

On the top of a little hill, where the road turned to lead down to a ford over a creek, George stood an instant at gaze; and beyond the ford, at the second crossing of the stream, he beheld the bridge he sought.

PICTURESQUE COSTUMES WORN BY NATIVES AND WARRIORS OF MINDANAO

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"There 's the bridge," he said, low-voiced, to Mainwaring.

Slowly, oh, very slowly, to the waiting men, whose hearts now thumped painfully with eagerness, the column marched down that incline to the bridge. At last they reached the level; the bridge was but twenty paces ahead.

The guard pressed close behind them. George felt a stealthy hand cut the bonds that bound his arms. A similar cut freed his friend Mainwaring.

PRIMITIVE METHOD OF THRESHING RICE IN PHILIPPINES

"*Un minuto!*" said a guarded whisper in George's ear.

Just at the bridge the road swung sharply across the river.

As this bend was reached, the two freed men heard a quick signal behind them. They saw the bushes at the roadside waving; and like frightened rabbits they scuttled into the underbrush, followed by the little guide. This individual took the lead, and for perhaps a minute they ran at full speed, crouching, through the woods. Behind them they heard startled shouts; but they gave no heed. Suddenly they came out into an open space; and there, standing beside some tethered horses, was an American.

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PRIMITIVE METHOD OF PLOUGHING RICE FIELDS WITH CARABAO IN THE PHILIPPINES

George gave one swift look at him, then raised his voice in a half-shout of exultation, of wonder:

"Old Hernando!" he cried. "Where under the sun did you drop from?"

Hernando gripped him by the hand, grinning cheerfully, but there was no time for greetings now; more important work was at hand. Thirty seconds later three white men and one Filipino rode away through the tropical forest. Behind them they could hear the sounds of pursuit die away to nothing.

Half an hour from that time they were riding calmly southward along the highway. When the road branched to eastward, they followed it; for the native explained that this road led around Malolos, and was just as short a way to Manila; and Malolos would be well to avoid, for

CARABAO TAKING A MUD BATH

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there were still Filipinos there. Night found them at Manila's outskirts.

The two cousins spent most of the time in mutual jubilation, Hernando that he had found his cousin so easily, and that all had gone so well, and George sharing his delight. As evening fell and they drew nearer to the city, they

A Tobacco and Fruit Store, Manila

were forced to go much more carefully; for Aguinaldo's men still patrolled the roads around the capital. They reached the walls without mishap; and at eleven o'clock their triumphant journey came to an end. They bade Mainwaring a cordial *au revoir*, and under Hernando's guidance set out for the hotel.

Here, when the clock still lacked some half an hour of midnight, there was another reunion; and Hernando was holding Elaine in his arms, while she wept out her relief on his shoulder.

"I am here, sweetheart," he whispered, over and over;

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and other things too, not the least of which was the fact that he loved her more than all the world, more than "*todos otros mundos!*" With this information she was fain to be comforted; and it was a smiling face that she finally turned to welcome her new-found cousin. George, true to his southern blood, and to his navy training, capitulated

A Group of Filipino Children

to Elaine inside the first minute and a half; and it was the merriest of little supper parties that sat down in the quiet old hotel, and ate ravenously whatever viands the hour could provide.

A happy gathering it was; and when at last George Stevens declared he must say good night, a happy pair of married lovers were left to talk the whole thing over yet again.

Golden days followed, in the old town; for George's ship had not yet returned, and Hernando must still await the coming of the contractors he had come to see. They

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ELWELL STEPHEN OTIS

roved through the streets, visited the forts, the arsenals, the cathedral, all the spots of interest with which the town was filled; and it was with a sigh almost of regret that George at last saw the *Olympia* coming placidly up the bay, and knew that his unasked-for furlough was at an end.

Hernando and Elaine waved him good bye from the quay; for the *Olympia* was ordered to America; and her Philippine days, which had been so glorious, were done. Down the bay she dropped, past the upper forts, past the lower forts, past Cavité, the scene of her most wonderful triumph, past Corregidor the malign, and so outward to the open sea.

Hernando and Elaine watched her out of sight; and then, hand in hand, they wended their way back to the hotel.

While Hernando's business detained him in Manila, he had opportunities for first-hand observation of the work that was going on in the islands. That the government was greatly hampered at first by a lack of knowledge of the situation, Hernando was willing to concede; but the President had done what could be done to meet this difficulty, and had acted promptly. A commission consisting of President Schurman of Cornell University, Admiral Dewey, General Otis, the Honorable Charles Denby, and Professor D. C. Worcester, was appointed in

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January, 1899, and early in the same year began their labors to conciliate the Filipinos and build up a party favorable to American rule. The efforts of the commission were seriously handicapped by the vigorous prosecution of the war. Little headway was made by the army at first, most of the engagements being within a radius of fifty miles of Manila, but as the year wore on, the native army was driven into the mountains.

The principal events of 1900 were in connection with the establishment of a provisional government, entrusted to a civil commission of five members, at the head of which was that brilliant jurist, William H. Taft of Ohio. A difficult problem it was, this administration of strange white people over still stranger peoples; but Taft did his work well, as he has all tasks that have been given him to do. A great work it was to

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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY (*From a recent photograph*)

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prepare for the Filipinos a republican model of government, destined to leaven the whole of the Oriental races. In selecting the man for this important work, President McKinley displayed his usual capacity for choosing the right man for the place.

Out of ruin and chaos there gradually emerged order and peace. The Filipinos were provided with a form of government built as closely as possible upon American ideals. A system calculated to teach the people the art of self-government was inaugurated; and so we fulfilled our obligations to mankind and our pledges to the Filipinos.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Gradually Hernando came to feel quite sure that though the government set up by the Filipinos themselves might have been in name a republic, it would not have been a pure democracy. Here was a people aspiring for freedom and independence, groping for means by which those benefits might be secured; and now America had come to lead this alien people along the path she had trod. It was a new and higher step among the nations of the world, and Hernando felt proud that it was his country that had undertaken the task.

The work of the commission had only fairly begun when Hernando and Elaine returned to America. Rumors of war continued to come from the outlying districts; but in

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JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

Manila all was quiet; and their last memories of her were peaceful ones. Some day not far distant the whole land would be as quiet as that slumbering city on their last night in it.

Bright and early, on a beautiful spring morning, their ship began its long eastern voyage, back to the Golden Gate.

Eastward went the ship, and with it these two, Hernando and Elaine, to their work in a world made wonderful by the fairest thing in life. Behind the stern of their vessel a blue haze arose from the sea and whelmed the islands in its veil, the islands over which floated a new flag, that not all the thunders of heaven could shake from its place.

Two young folks, smiling in each other's eyes, turned their faces happily toward home.

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE EAGLE'S WINGS

FIVE men of America and five of Europe had signed a treaty of peace in one of the world's loveliest cities, and the war between Spain and the United States was over. To the superficial historian, to all those, indeed, who measure events by cataclysms rather than by the slow and silent movements of time, the Spanish War was but one war in the story of a world whose whole record is one of combat, one long succession of wars.

Judged by the number of men engaged, by the number of men slain, it was a small affair. Napoleon killed as many in an afternoon, Grant more in an hour. Judged from the point of view of the sportsman, it was not much of a war, either — it was too unequal, too one-sided; all the victories on one banner, all the defeats to the other. There never was a time, from the commencement of hostilities, when Spain had even a fighting chance. It did not need the heroism displayed so prodigally on every hand — the issue would have been the same. Why?

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THE MCKINLEY MAUSOLEUM, CANTON, OHIO

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There are those who maintain that it is simply, in these days, a question of dollars and cents — that the nation with the greatest resources wins; there are those who take, perhaps, a higher view, saying that it is resources of courage, will, intelligence, which win for their possessors over those less bountifully endowed; but there are also those who firmly hold the high belief that God still defends the right.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Take it as you will: for one or all of these reasons there was no hope for Spain. Her castle, reared on sand, could not withstand the sweep of a flood mightier than she. So her flag was dipped forever on the islands where it had waved so proudly and so long, and another flag, that of the child among nations, took its place. Whose are the great traditions which go to the making of a nation? To whom belong those which lie in the brooding heart of the wondrous new world that Columbus found? To Spain, whose flag flew from the caravel's peak? or Italy, which

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gave the mariner birth? Do they not rather belong to the land which he gave his soul to discovering, and on which his dreams were bent? They are an heritage of the land of which they became a part, welded and fluxed forever into the substance of its being. Who loves a thing, owns it! So it is not alone Florida, Louisiana, Cuba, Manila, that Spain has lost; it is also the memory, the greatness of the memory of the names that ring like a clarion call

THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE AND THE SENATE BUILDING, HAVANA

down through the ages, the names of the men who won or found or saved those virgin lands of old.

They are wonderful memories which Spain bequeathed to the New World; and now her part in them is gone forever. Columbus, Balboa, Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto, Coronado, Las Casas — these are great names, the mere memory of which cannot but make higher and more courageous the millions who follow them. They are forefathers worthy the name; their destiny is mingled with America's, and every native-born must own it part of his.

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Not alone by the more ethereal link of spirit and of tradition are those great names bound to the men and women of to-day. Many are the families who, like the Estévans (now become the Stevenses), can trace their lineage back to the wild days when Ponce de Leon sought for magic fountains, when De Soto was flung dead into the river that the foe might not think him the less a god! Many more families are just as truly descended, save that they know it not. So the ties of blood run back, generation before generation, and every drop of brave blood of 400 years ago has its blood-descendant now, to keep up the flowing, flowing which not any death of any man can stay.

ENTRANCE TO THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA

The belief that physical courage is the virtue *par excellence* — eldest of our traditions — is perhaps more human than ethical; but granting that it be so, has the present generation anything to fear by comparison with the last, by comparison even with the older ones where

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physical courage was the only virtue known — where honor and charity were the most nebulous of vapors, mere nothings with a name? It would not seem that the blood has thinned; it is from that aspect, perhaps, that the Spanish war shines most clear. Take the heroes of that war: take Rowan, at the start of it, carrying indomitably his message to Garcia; take Hobson, warping in his forlorn hope into the bottle's neck amongst a very hell of shot and shell; take Dewey, leading his squadron calmly into battle through waters filled with a hundred mines of death; take Roosevelt, riding high upon his horse, a mark for five thousand Spanish bullets, in that desperate charge up San Juan Hill; take also the men who went with him up that hill, no less indomitable than he; take the men who won the sea fight off Santiago; take Clara Barton and her Red Cross nurses; take the wounded who would accept no service till weaker men were safe; take the unknown sailor who flung an all but exploding bomb into the sea and refused to give his name — take these, and a thousand others, the mere rank-and-file of bravery. Are they not worthy to carry on the traditions of a Lawrence, a Decatur, a John Paul Jones; a Standish, a Bradford, a Penn; even a Washington, a Lincoln? We cannot doubt or question it for a single moment; and grateful, indeed, is the assurance that the kingly heritage of courage from olden days and older veins has not grown poor.

There were other things, too, which were fair to see, coming as a result of this war. One of the most welcome, perhaps, was the welding of North and South, brought about by their fighting side by side in the field, against a common foe. The rift that the Civil War had left was healed at last, as far as anything but Time can heal it. It was the South that answered most eagerly the Cuban

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with the best wishes of
Theodore Roosevelt

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pleas for aid, the South also that gave the first martyr to the cause of "*Cuba libre*;" and many the veterans, both of the blue and the gray, who strove to induce young muster-sergeants to overlook their whitened hair, that they might fight once again, beneath the same flag.

These things, which are beautiful, came from the Spanish War. Other things, not so beautiful, but of import nevertheless, came also, not the least of them being the effect of the American victory upon the powers of Europe. It was none too sweet a pill for the arrogant old nations to swallow, this seeing the ease with which the youngest of the nations defeated one of the oldest and proudest. It caused grave concern in every court in Europe, save one. That one was England. There was no envy in England's eye; Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Saxon came closer then than they had been in all their dual career. After all, the feeling grew, we are the same people, we think the same thoughts, strive for the same ends. Hardly less important than this feeling was the fact that England allowed it to be known. In the hour when all Europe blazed in an endeavor to shut out America from the Philippines, England was not of the cabal; she was, on the contrary, so strongly unfriendly to the Continental conspiracy that it died a natural death. But all Europe knew in that hour that England would stand by America, if need should ever be.

Thus, the little war, with its short but memorable battles, was responsible for a tacit admission that Europe would have sacrificed much to prevent. There is nothing soothing to the Continental idea in an Anglo-Saxon alliance. But the soothing of Europe must be Europe's own concern.

So much for the side-results, what might be termed the by-products, of the war with Spain; and now may be con-

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INTERIOR OF THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA

sidered the end for which the war was waged, and that other great end which grew therefrom, the Philippine question. As to Cuba, there is little doubt. From the bleeding shoulders the yoke has been raised, from the cramped limbs the gyves have fallen. Nor was that all; Cuba was not left to stand alone. President McKinley sent General Brooke to Havana, with instructions to prepare the island as rapidly as possible for an independent government. He was succeeded, at the end of a year, by General Wood. From an utterly prostrate colony, seventy per cent of whose population were illiterate, a republic was to be formed. Here was a task for a big man, superbly equipped and thoroughly devoted to his duty.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER IN THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE

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AMERICA'S MISSION IN CUBA FULFILLED: THE CRUISER "BROOKLYN," CARRYING GENERAL WOOD FROM HAVANA PASSING MORRO CASTLE

The courts and prisons had to be reorganized, general election laws prepared and promulgated, municipal governments made self-supporting, and a public school system established in a land where the public schoolhouse was unknown — for previous to American intervention, Cuba owned not a single school building. Meanwhile, a sanitary campaign was carried on throughout the entire country, with the result that the dreaded scourge of yellow fever was driven from the island — an achievement worth in itself the entire cost of the war.

At the end of the three years, when America's mission

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PRESIDENT PALMA AND HIS CABINET IN THE PALACE, HAVANA

was fulfilled and the government turned over to President Palma, it was a going institution. The offices were filled with trained employees, most of whom were Cubans. The island was not only free from debt, but there was a surplus of $1,500,000.00 in the treasury. "This record stands alone in history. The benefits conferred upon the people of Cuba were no greater than the honor conferred upon the people of the United States," is the unstinted praise accorded

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General Wood by Elihu Root. Lord Cromer is said to have expressed his regret that he could not have been succeeded in Egypt by an administrator as capable.

Once since that day in May when General Wood left Havana has it been necessary to extend to Cuba a helping hand. It may be years, generations even, before Cuba will take her place freely and fully as a nation among nations; but she is working to that destiny, even as we strove, after the Revolution. There are many who hold that this day will never, should never, come, and that the eagle's wings, under whose shadow Cuba rests waiting the fledging of her own, will cover her utterly one day. It may be so; but that is a problem for the future, and Time will settle it as he settles them all. For the Philippines, the case is much the same. There was no pledge here, no promise; the Philippines came to the United States as one of the responsibilities, as well as one of the spoils, of war; and we may do as we will with our own, saving only honor, without which nothing may endure.

Since the day when Hernando Stevens and his bride set sail away from those islands in the sea, many the skies that have changed from dark to gray, from gray to blue. It was a vexing problem which confronted the first administrators in those unfamiliar isles, for it was the Occident dealing with the Orient, and these things be more widely different than day and night.

It is unfortunate that the understanding between the American forces and the insurgents should have reached the dimensions of open warfare. Perhaps we demanded too much in expecting from the Filipinos virtues which the Spaniards, by precept and example, had ruthlessly exterminated. Perhaps, after all, the Filipino was as deserving of his independence as the Cuban, and a friendly autonomy would have been the wisest and best hold to retain over

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THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO

these islands so far away, and of such wide divergence in customs, race, idea. But be that as it may, in spite of the poverty and misery resulting from the Spanish and insurgent wars, the Philippines are bent for a higher destiny, a purer happiness, a freer future, than would ever have lain before them under other than the eagle's wings.

Still, in the far corners of Luzon, are little bands of outlaws; men who are yet unreconciled to the new order of things, and who never will be reconciled, probably, while life remains in their savage breasts. But their number is few, and save for them, the islands are at peace, and will, in the fulness of time, attain whatever destiny they will. With a free tariff between the Philippines and this country, with a few more years of undisturbed peace, and above all, with a young generation growing up to speak the English tongue, and to understand American ideals, there need be no fear for the future of the islands. They have naught

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to fear from Time; and in Time's hands they may be left in safety.

In the years which have passed since that great First of May, when seven ships advanced along Manila's shore, the world has not been idle. To the land whence those ships sailed, many vicissitudes have come; the men who manned the guns on that bright morning are scattered far and wide; but the one man, the man who said the word that drove those ships to war, has fared farther than any mortal ships may fare. William McKinley, beneath whose hand the war was fought, lived only to see the triumphant end of the contest in the Philippines; then, the work done which he had come into the world to do, he fell a victim to a fanatic's bullet — strange instrument of Fate as it was.

May 1, 1901, there opened in Buffalo the Pan-American Exposition, the purpose of which was to show the progress which had been made in this country in the nineteenth century just ended. All through a glorious summer vast crowds roamed the streets of the bright summer-city, or watched by night the illumination of ten million lights against the sky.

In September it was that the President came to the Exposition to deliver an address, and to hold a reception to the people. He was never so popular as at this time, the first year of his second term in the Presidency. For the country, flaming to enthusiasm over his wisdom and probity in the war, had re-elected him in 1900, in spite of the second magnificent canvass of William Jennings Bryan. With Theodore Roosevelt, the leader up San Juan Hill, for his running mate, McKinley entered upon his second term beneath a smiling sky; and surely one would have thought that here was a man without a foe — except perhaps a political foe.

Time, or Fate — or what you will — selects strange

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pawns. Mingling in the crowd that thronged the Temple of Music that September day was a man of Polish descent, a man in whom wild thoughts burned, and whose smouldering eyes caused him to be regarded curiously by all who looked his way. Few, however, had eyes for him, for the President was holding open house in the big building and stood welcoming all who came. Stealthily toward him in the crowd moved Leon Czolgosz, anarchist. One hand was hidden in his breast, and in that hand he held a pistol. Nearer and nearer he came; slowly he edged his way around to the back of his unsuspecting victim, who greeted his fellow-citizens one by one as they advanced,— calm, courteous, unhurried.

"Crack!" came the sound of a pistol shot. Again, while the crowd stood still in horror, the pistol sounded. With a wild cry in his throat the murderer stood, flourishing his smoking weapon. He was led into custody by hands that trembled dangerously near his throat.

It was thought at first that the President's wounds were not mortal. Then, when the danger seemed rather less, blood-poisoning set in, and on September 14 William McKinley breathed his last.

To the echo of the mourning of the whole land he was borne to his sepulcher; and Roosevelt was inaugurated President in his stead. McKinley may or may not have been one of the world's greatest; but he was one of this land's best beloved, as the tributes to his memory attested. It is something to have lived if one can achieve a death so beautiful, so significant,— even though the hand that dealt that death was that of a madman. The world went on without William McKinley, but was the better for his having lived in it.

Into his place now moved the man whose polka-dot handkerchief led the memorable charge up San Juan Hill.

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THE STATE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY: THE ARRIVAL OF THE BODY AT THE CAPITOL

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To tell of Theodore Roosevelt's activities while at the head of the nation, a volume would be too brief; to assess rightly his place in history, the time has not yet come. For seven years he abode in the White House; and busy years they were, so busy, in fact, that a new phrase, "the strenuous life," has been coined to describe them. There are those who claim that his greatest service to his country while President was the moral uplift the nation received from his having spent seven years in the White House.

Perhaps no incident illustrates so well Roosevelt's influence upon the millions of his countrymen, as the christening of the boat by whose aid the indomitable Peary hoped to plant the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole, the most inaccessible spot on earth. When it came to choosing a name, the "one and inevitable" choice of this man, whose task was the greatest exploring achievement of centuries, a lifetime effort, demanding endless perseverance, the keenest foresight, indefatigable strength, peerless leadership, and unswerving loy-

THE "ROOSEVELT"

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alty, was *Roosevelt*, because the name not only held up those qualities of strength so necessary in the undertaking, but it signified triumph over every obstacle.

To the country under the guiding hand of Roosevelt came the thousand happenings of modern life. There were great achievements, bitter calamities, weird burlesques of life and death. In a far Western city, the same whence

A Panoramic View of the San Francisco Fire

an army left to bear good cheer to the great Admiral waiting seven thousand miles from home—in the city beside the Golden Gate ruin has been, and has been conquered, and has been forgotten. A conflagration no less terrible than that which the Romans mourned came with the earthquake, and San Francisco's miles of streets were abandoned to the ashes and to the dust. But not for long; hardly had the hot pavements begun to cool when the builders were walking them again, planning prouder towers to replace those which the fire had taken.

One of the big things to which Roosevelt set his hand

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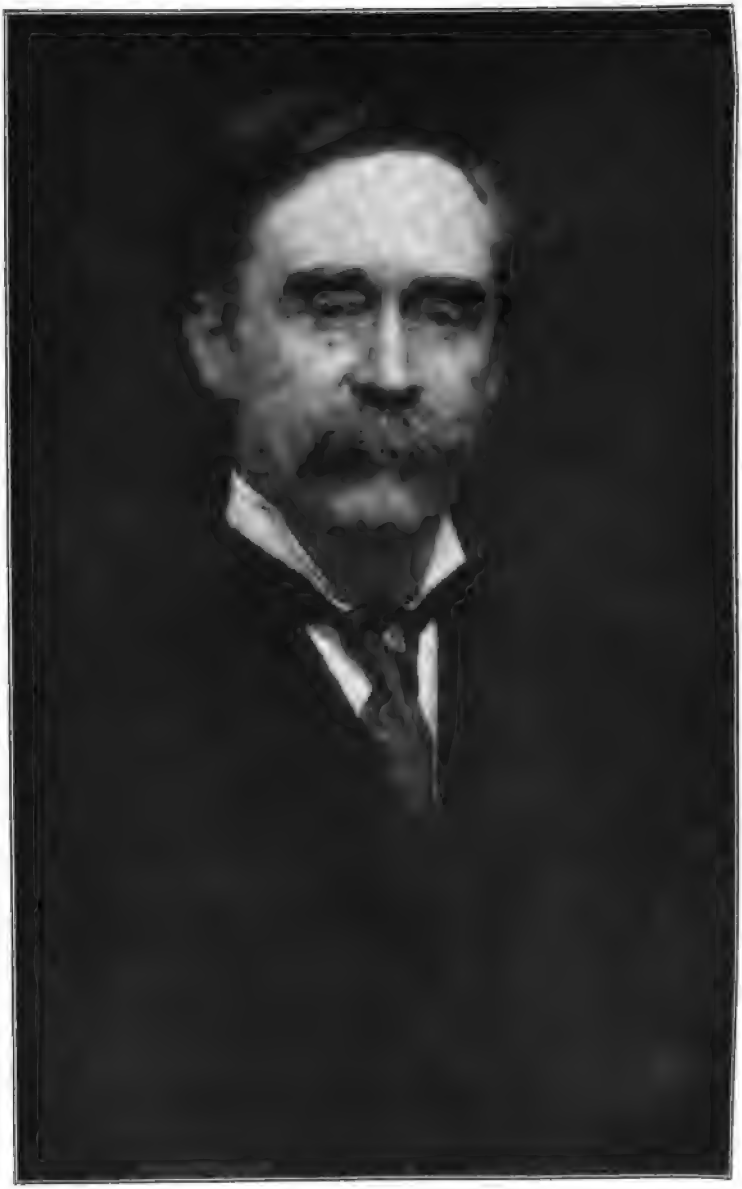

Very Sincerely
R. L. Perry

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was the beginning of the great canal that is to join the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans — a task, it would appear, that Nature herself had undertaken and failed to accomplish. Samuel de Champlain, who visited the Isthmus, was the first to point out the benefits of joining the two oceans. Three centuries later another distinguished Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps by name, undertook the task.

San Francisco in Ruins: A Panorama from the Crocker Building

He spent many good years of his life, and nobody knows how many millions of dollars, trying to cut a canal through the mighty Isthmus of Panama. Fever and starvation and scandal did their worst for him; but the work was not to end there. In February, 1904, a treaty between the new Republic of Panama and the United States loosed the eager mouths of a thousand steam-shovels. The two oceans were betrothed anew when that treaty was signed; now it is a mere matter of cubic yards of earth. The man under whose direction, as secretary of war, the work was begun, is now President. Mr. Taft has shouldered new

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responsibilities, but he has not relaxed his supervision over this great work. Under the personal direction of Colonel Goethals, the work is going forward even more rapidly than was anticipated by those who knew and appreciated the obstacles to be overcome.

Not alone at the Equator has the world moved. In July, 1908, Peary started on his eighth and last journey into the frozen North, along the way that so many brave men have followed to their doom. Early in September of the following year, Peary flashed over the wires from Indian Harbor the great word that the North Pole had been discovered. The goal of so many centuries of endeavor was found at last! On April 6, 1909, Peary and his party reached the Pole and won for the United States that great world-trophy, which practically every civilized nation had struggled for three centuries to win. Judged as stray incidents, these things are not unworthy of note. But they are not stray incidents; they are a part of the same feeling that sent Christopher Columbus beyond sunset seas. They are the joy of life, the fire of Spring, the hope of the race.

George W. Goethals

Men are pursuing a new phantom now, the conquest of the air. To the people of America, it is a matter of pride that two Americans, the Wright brothers, should be the

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first to solve the problem of aerial navigation. Since they began their successful experiments, others have made and perfected air craft of various types. Such progress has been made that experts in the science predict that the day is not far distant when aerial navigation will be the recognized means of rapid long distance transportation. It is only a matter of time until air, hitherto the untamable element, will recognize the domination of Mind. But the price of this conquest is appalling! For the year 1910 the aeroplane's death toll was over two score. The year ended with the deaths of two daring aviators, Moisant and Hoxsey. The latter had won distinction by carrying Ex-President Roosevelt in his aeroplane, at Saint Louis, and only a few days before his death at Los Angeles had established a new world's record for altitude.

THE RESIDENCE OF FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, AT COLON

These are symbols, worthy the ambition of a nation that strives ever for the highest. There are those who say that ambition is as near to being a fault as a virtue. It may be that many ambitions, those, for instance, which sacrifice honor or beauty or humanity to gain their ends, are vices absolute. But the ambition which strives for the highest idea, the highest ideal it can conceive, is not unworthy.

It must be the task of this country to keep her ambitions pure, to keep them free from alloy, from baser taints. It is an easy error for a young nation to mistake bigness for

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greatness. This has been done by many nations and many men aforetimes, and this, perhaps, is the pitfall more than any other, into which America is likely to stumble.

That is why it is incumbent upon her to bear eternally in mind her great traditions, never to forget the price which has been paid for the heritage of liberty she holds, never to lose sight of the fact that the end is not yet. This world is a thing of life, of movement; it is not possible for a man or a country to hold his place by merely standing still. Let America look to it, then; let the sons and grandsons of Hernando Stevens look to it; let the sons and grandsons of every American look to it, that the great past shall not die.

How magnificent an heritage it is may be seen with crystal clearness by comparison with other national heritages. The great nations of the Old World were founded, not on desire for freedom, but on desire for power, on greed for dominion, on thirst for glory or for gold. Their mightiness they gained by conquest, by aggrandizement; the Assyrians, marching with heavy tread through Asia; Cyrus and his

PANORAMA OF CULEBRA, A NEW CANAL TOWN

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THE CULEBRA CUT, PANAMA CANAL

Persians; Alexander and his indomitable Greeks; the Roman conquerors with their relentless and invulnerable legions; Tarik Beg, the scourge of the steppes; Attila the Hun sweeping through Europe like a devouring flood; even that modern Attila, Napoleon — all these, great men leading great nations, in most cases creating great nations, for what cause did they fight? Liberty? Not so. Ambition, empery, or greed.

Even the first faint spark of American conflict was higher ethically than any of these; for the War of the Revolution was an effort to preserve the freedom which the early Americans had come to this continent to find. Nothing especially exalted, some will say, in this,— many the down-trodden country which has done as much. True. But at least it was not a war for dominion, it was for an inalienable right.

Again, a generation later, another war was waged to drive home the lesson imperfectly taught in the first. Then, for a space, ethics went ahead no more, for the next fightings were mere bickerings, mere border warfares, inevitable enough perhaps, but of little moment. But in '61 came the next great movement toward the stars, when, to save a Union and to hold its freedom inviolate, the most terrible war of modern times was waged between North and South. Again a fight for an ideal, and again the ideal triumphed. Now comes the noblest war of all, the war for humanity.

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The history of liberty! What a history that would be, beginning back in the ages of universal tyranny and despotism, when the iron hand was the only law, and coming down through the vague gropings for equity, for some law other than that of brute force; through the central ages, when the little light which seemed to have been gained was lost again: through the terrible days when liberty was won, dearly and bloodily, by reigns of terror, by regicides, by anarchy supreme; down to the present, when so many liberties have been obtained and so many more begun, when the first glimmerings of perfect liberty are to be seen by those clear of vision. What a history would be this!

THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE WRIGHT BROTHERS BY THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA

In such a history, what country would have greater part than the land of the Revolution, of the Emancipation Proclamation, of the ultimatum to Spain regarding the "intolerable conditions in the island of Cuba?"

In the hands of Hernando Stevens' sons the honor of that country is left; it lies with them to see that her name remains "lovely among nations to the end." And there is little fear but her name will so remain.

The honor of his blood and the tradition of his race shine clear in the eyes of Philip Stevens, first-born of Hernando and Elaine. Born, as he was, in the first year of the dawn of the twentieth century, the young heir to the house of Stevens looks out to a great future. When, in the first days after the miracle of birth had been achieved, Hernando bent over the mother and the child, it seemed to him that

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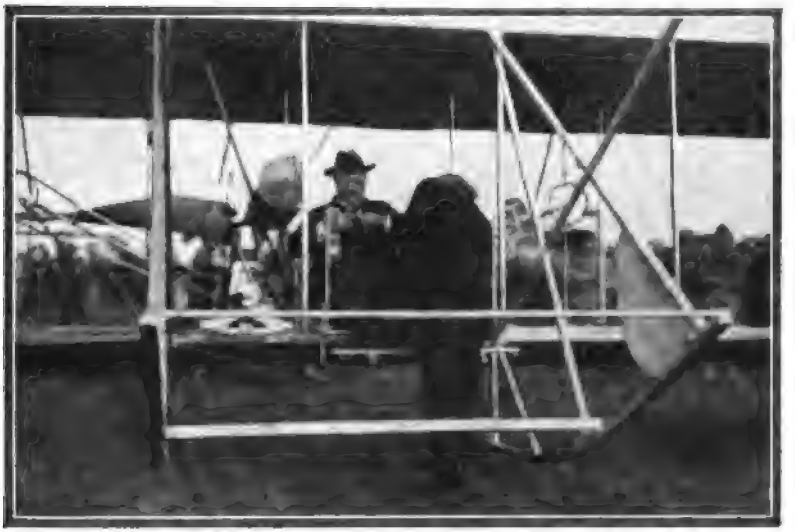
he was in verity beholding the cradle of the race,— a race that stretched backward into the shades of antiquity, onward into the mists of eternity.

They named the boy Philip, after the first known head of the great Spanish house of Estévan, old Señor Don Philip Estévan, marques d'Avila, born in the year of our Lord



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HOXSEY'S AEROPLANE, JUST BEFORE HIS FLIGHT AT SAINT LOUIS

1400, five full centuries before his small descendant who now bears his name. Things have changed between Philips: 500 years is a long time, even for the world's grey face.

For the old Philip, freedoms were few and far between. He had some, it is true, because he was of noble birth; but in his country they were scarce indeed. Men dared not think as they wished, still less talk so; to worship in any but the prescribed manner was death. The world has advanced a long journey from the days of the old Philip to those of the new, yet by studying the path along which it has come, it may be seen, or guessed, how long a path stretches ahead, before the snow-crowned peaks are reached.

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The feudal system, which old Philip Estévan knew and praised, is gone, never to return, and now men wonder how it ever could have been. Five centuries from to-day will not men look back at our imperfect freedoms and wonder equally at them? Does any one imagine that liberty has become absolute, that there are no loftier heights still to be scaled?— this when the world still lacks the liberties of property, of sex, of economics? We stand but midway of the rising pathway to the stars. Our way is up our towering Alp. But the other forces of the world move too, and to stand still is to fall behind.

As all great things come out of conflict, conflict there must be, will always be; not, perhaps, in the senseless forms of old, but conflict none the less. If liberty is to win in young Philip's hands, he must fight for it; and it is to nerve him for that fighting that his brave traditions are given him. There will be times when it seems as though every step were backward, as though the goal grew farther at every breath. Let him then remember the way up which he has come, and the victories of old; they are the milestones on the skyward way — let them not be forgotten!

If it rests with Philip's mother, there need be no fear of the end. Elaine, grown the more beautiful through the passage of the years, moves as lovely in the mind of her son as in that of her lover who found her in the ruined garden so many years before. The beauties of her heart and soul have with advancing years planted themselves only the more clearly in her face and eyes. Hernando, a little stouter, but as straight and tall as ever, tells her always that threescore years are all too short for proper worshiping of her. She it is who leads Philip's thoughts along immortal ways, so that in time he may be worthy of the love which gave him birth and the country which is his. Philip's destiny is safe in such hands as hers; and she is but the

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Sincerely Yours Wm H Taft

Dec 19 1910

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prototype of the motherhood of America. So in her hands we leave him, the young Philip; with brave eyes set dauntlessly forward, he passes on, out of our sight. To the care of him, as of all the rising generation, the world is consigned.

Twelve centuries ago, in the wild youth of Europe, the first wanderers from that continent came westward seeking this. Then, for six centuries and more, save for the wonderful pageant of Thorfinn and his galley, which is half a dream, the ocean's secret remained inviolate. No one dared cross those stormy leagues of sea, and on either side thereof life traveled separately and alone. Like two planets passing one another in a sky of utter darkness, the worlds of east and west lived and moved.

When the fifteenth century was all but in its grave, came the Man with the Dream; and two worlds came gropingly together. From the Old World tentacles reached, ideas sprang across the watery gap, motives began to urge brave men to action in new lands. At the end of it arose a new thing, a thing which had not been before — America. As time went by, the forces which had gone to mould her became more unified. Unconsciously they came to be working for a common end, and something which was more than merely a division of the globe was the result. It was a country with a soul.

It is because that soul had in it something of resemblance to the king of all birds, the eagle, that the soul became immortal. Had it been a soul of less courage, of less grandeur, of less loftiness, it must have perished in the storm ere this. It is because of the eagle in America's soul that there is hope for the future. For the eagle, true to his soul, as to his mate, for all his life, is a bird that knows no fetters in earth or sky. His is the skyey home of trackless spaces, of clear blue leagues above the clouds which hide the sun from less lofty eyes.

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What Cuba and the Philippines have been given is left still to give. As long as this country remains, it shall be left to give. To every living thing in need of freedom, let this country prove a friend! else it is true no longer to its soul. When that time comes, if ever, then fades the nation's daylight into dusk. Then, since their use is ended, shall be folded forever the Eagle's Wings.

THE END

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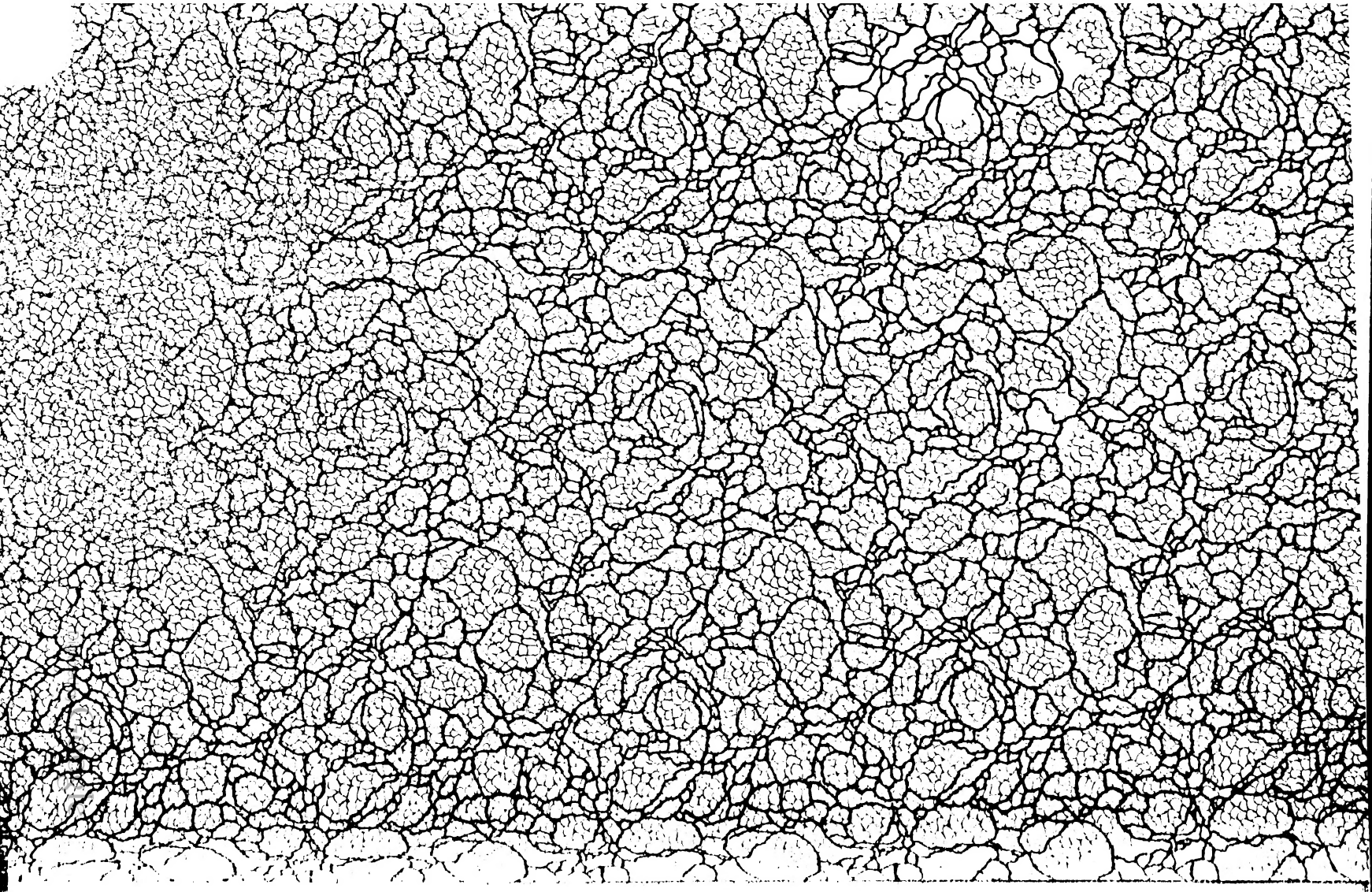

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